CD in back of Book
Do not put through
book check

PAUL GORMAN

Introduction by **Paul Smith**
Foreword by **Malcolm McLaren**

The Look

Adventures in Rock & Pop Fashion

INCLUDES LIMITED EDITION CD

★ ★ ★

1 MYSTERY TRAIN **ELVIS PRESLEY**
2 SMOOCH **MILES DAVIS**
3 I DIG EVERYTHING **DAVID BOWIE**
4 GRANNY TAKES A TRIP **THE PURPLE GANG**
5 PARIS DEUX **MALCOLM McLAREN**
6 SPINNING AWAY **JOHN CALE & BRIAN ENO**
7 SONG FOR A BOY IN DEEP WATER **BOY GEORGE**
8 KLACTO PART TWO **BLUE RONDO À LA TURK**
9 OPEL EYES **PAM HOGG**
10 RAG DOLL **KEVIN ROWLAND**
11 FIRST DAY OF SPRING **WORLD ACCORDING TO**

★ ★ ★

Images featured on the front cover:

- Elvis with Bernard Lansky in his Memphis store, 1956
- The Beatles wearing Dougie Millings suits, Paris, 1964
- Mick Jagger in a "dress" designed by Michael Fish, Hyde Park, 1969
- David Bowie in Kansai Yamamoto bodysuit, onstage, 1973
- Johnny Rotten in the first bondage suit by Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood, 1976
- Madonna in Jean Paul Gaultier, Wembley Stadium, 1990
- Andre 3000 at MTV Europe Music Awards, 2004
- Gwen Stefani and her Harajuku girls in Westwood at MTV Europe Music Awards, 2004

45 4060263 4

West Herts College

Learning Centres Service

WATFORD CAMPUS

HEMPSTEAD ROAD
WATFORD HERTS WD17 3EZ
TEL 01923 812554

4060263

Return on or before the last date stamped below.

ONE WEEK LOAN

14 NOV 2007
14 JAN 2009
16 OCT 2009
- 1 FEB 2010
10 FEB 2010

16 FEB 2010
- 9 NOV 2011
28 FEB 2012

The Look

Adventures in Rock & Pop Fashion

PUBLISHED BY
ADELITA
A DIVISION OF METRO MEDIA LTD
5 UPPER WIMPOLE STREET
LONDON
W1G 6BP

THIS EDITION PUBLISHED 2006

COPYRIGHT © 2006 **PAUL GORMAN**

AUTHOR **PAUL GORMAN**

COVER AND BOOK DESIGN **GRAHAM SMITH**
MANAGING EDITOR **JENNY ROSS**
PHOTOGRAPHY: SEE CREDITS ON PAGE 220

ISBN-10: 0-9552017-0-5
ISBN-13: 978-0-9552017-0-7

Printed and bound in China

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or, otherwise, without written permission in accordance with the provisions of the Copyright Act 1956 (as amended). Any person or persons who commit any unauthorised act in relation to this publication may be liable to criminal prosecution and civil claim for damages.

The publisher and author have made every effort to ensure that the content of this book was accurate at the time of publication. The publisher and author cannot be held liable for any errors and omissions in the publication or actions that may be taken as a consequence of using it.

While the publishers have made every reasonable effort to trace the copyright owners for any or all of the copyrighted materials in this book, there may be some omissions of credits, for which we apologise.

WEST HERTS COLLEG
CONTROL 202377
ITEM 4540602634
CLASS 391.009045 GOR
DATE 21-5-07

OWL

£24-99

PAUL GORMAN
Introduction by **Paul Smith**
Foreword by **Malcolm McLaren**

The Look

Adventures in Rock & Pop Fashion

This book is dedicated
to the memory of
David John Gorman
May 4 1946 – November 4 2005

"Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of a void, but out of chaos."

Mary Shelley, introduction to *Frankenstein*, 1831

PAUL GORMAN IS INDEBTED TO THE FOLLOWING:

Joe Beard, Colin Bennett, Rodney Bingenheimer, Celia Birtwell, David Bowie, Joanna Bradbury, Tony Bramwell, Pippa Brooks, Richard Bryers, Emily Bungert, Roger Burton, Cyril Cabellos, Kevin Cann, Richard Channing, Chris Clunn, Nik Cohn, David Connor, Fraser Cooke, Max Decharné, Gillian Dawson, Vanessa Denza, Jeff Dexter, Bernard Doherty, Keanan Duffty, Tony Farsides, Joe Foster, Bill Franks, Christopher Gibbs, Pat Gilbert, Peter Golding, Michael Gorman, Philippa Gorman, Timothy Gorman, Bob Gruen, Jonathan Green, Katharine Hamnett, Wayne Hemingway, Pam Hogg, Barney Hoskyns, Roxanne Houshmand, Betsey Johnson, Jill Johnson, Lloyd Johnson, Meri Juntti, Max Karie, Laurence Kleinknecht, Michael Kopelman, Bernice Kovak-Gabel, Gene Krell, Bernard Lansky, Hal Lansky, Don Letts, Jane Lewis, Ian McLagan, Malcolm McLaren, Bruce Marcus, Glen Matlock, Bill May, Alan McGee, Andy Melchior, Alex Michon, Sophie Mill, Dougie Millings (RIP), Gordon Millings, Johnny Moke, Andy Morten, Caroline Moss, Trevor Myles, George O'Dowd, Jimmy Page, Olaf Parker, Tim Parker, John Pearse and Dominique, Nick Pedgrift, Steven Phillip, Aimee Phillips, Eddie Phillips, Mark Powell and Siobhan, Antony Price and Dean, Steph Raynor and Tamsin, Mario Rebellato, Paul Reeves, Jiri Rezac, Sarah Roberts, Tommy Roberts, Mick Rock, Kevin Rowland, Eileen Schembri, Dave "Che" Shimeld, John Simons, Nancy Sinatra and Bill Moynihan, Hedi Slimane, Paul Smith, Joey Stec, John Stephen (RIP), Stevie Stewart, Emma Stirling, Jay Strongman, Phil Strongman, Chris Sullivan, Timothee Verrechia, Andrew Wade, Jo Wallace, Nigel Waymouth, Claire Wilcox, Ronnie Wood, Colin Woodhead, Richard Young.
Transcription angel: Anne Reuland.
Andy Webb, Claire Thompson and the team at Turnaround. Imad Douglas and the team at DL Repro. All at C&C Printing. Simon and the team at Zebra. At Metro Media: Emma Hayley, Adam Phillips, Graham Smith, Pat Morgan, Victoria Chow, Geraldine Beare, Chris Brockhurst, James Topham, David Love, Lee Mitchell, and especially to Jenny Ross, without whom this book would not exist.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Over the course of seven years, *The Look* has taken me from a sunlit studio in Santa Monica to an ornate hotel suite in St Petersburg, via tailors' cutting rooms, untidy offices, suburban villas, cutting-edge retail spaces, dusty libraries and genteel antiques shops, from the now sadly closed rock 'n' roll Denny's on Sunset to the enduring Picasso café in the King's Road, via St Lucia's serene Marigot Bay.

What a trip. It has been maximum fun, exhausting and rewarding. Along the way I've encountered many of the individuals of the last six decades who have changed the way we look at ourselves and others, as well as the way we and our pop stars look.

It heartened me to discover at the beginning of 2006 that Elvis' clothier, the octogenarian Bernard Lansky, still opens his shop daily at 6.30am. "Get here early," advised his son Hal when I visited. "After about 8am, when the customers start arriving, he'll walk off and start serving them."

It soothed me to chat with Celia Birtwell about her relationship with Ossie Clark in the sedate surroundings of her Notting Hill fabrics shop. It enthralled me to listen to the catty, on-the-button asides of Antony Price on the road with Bryan Ferry in Russia.

And it thrilled me to discuss insurrectionary, deeply informed views on pop culture with Malcolm McLaren in the appropriate setting of the student bar at the London School Of Economics, where trainer-shod youth eyed us in our suits with suspicion.

There are so many characters burnt into my memory: Boy George sewing, screen-printing, always creating at his New York loft, Paul Smith calm, collected and endearingly hesitant around the dining table at his Covent Garden headquarters, Ronnie Wood guffawing down the line from his Irish farmhouse, Gene Krell buzzing with Brooklyn panache from Tokyo ...

But it saddened me that the collective conclusion of these conversations is that the potency that occurs when fashion and music combust has been all but lost as celebrity culture goes into overdrive and big business dictates like never before.

These days, clean-cut youths appear in MTV heavy rotation wearing the T-shirt from that sleaziest of New York rock 'n' roll dives CBGB's, totally reducing its significance. This incubator for a cultural revolution becomes just another logo conveying a spurious notion of cool.

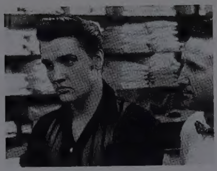
The stylist is now the most important element in the mix, not the wayward pop star or the sometimes even more unbalanced clothes supplier looking to make a buck or a statement, maybe both at once.

It's 55 years now since Elvis Presley pressed his nose up against the store window of Lansky Bros on Beale Street, hungering after the Afro-American "high fashion" which he would transform into the epitome of rock 'n' roll flash, setting the wheel turning for successive waves of rebellious youths.

It's most unlikely that the process can be repeated, at least not in this Starbucked age, but hopefully *The Look* invokes a more innocent time, when ambition, creativity and serendipity combined to create fashion which McLaren has described as "like jumping into the musical end of painting".

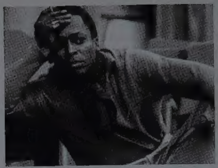
PAUL GORMAN
LONDON, 2006

CONTENTS



1

2



3

7

8

9

12

Cockell & Johnson
Clothiers Est. 1968
COCKELL AND JOHNSON
and the clothes no one else can sell

13

14

17

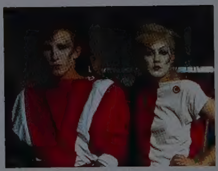
PARADISE GARAGE

18

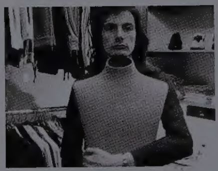
19

22

23



24



27

international Stüssy
TRIBE

28

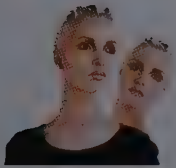
29

4

5

6

10



11

15

16

20

21

25

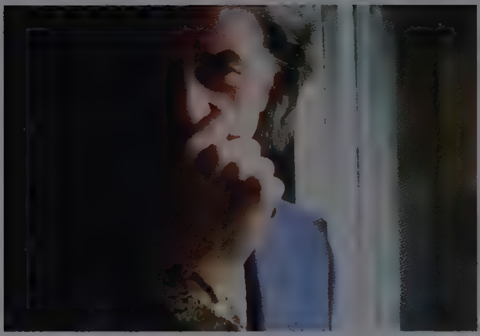
26

30

31

INTRODUCTION BY PAUL SMITH 8
FOREWORD BY MALCOLM McLAREN 10
1 “DON’T BUY ME OUT, JUST BUY FROM ME” 12
2 “CLOTHES AS A THREAT TO SOCIETY” 20
3 “YOU HAD TO MAKE IT DIFFERENT” 26
4 “BECAUSE I’M A MODERNIST” 34
5 “DON’T MAKE US LOOK LIKE THE SHADOWS” 40
6 “GOD, THIS MODERN YOUTH!” 48
7 “THE MESSAGE WAS: ‘LOOK AT ME’” 52
8 “THE MAIN THING WAS TO LOOK IMMACULATE” 60
9 “WE WERE TIGHT-LIPPED AND COOL” 68
10 “DON’T YOU KNOW CONVERSATION’S DEAD, MAN?” 74
11 “THE SWITCHED-ON LOOK” 84
12 “THERE WAS NOWHERE IN THE WORLD LIKE IT” 90
13 “EVERYONE LOOKED LIKE A POP STAR” 94
14 “THE MASS MARKET CAME, BUT ONLY TO LOOK” 102
15 “DEVASTATING AND VERY NEW” 106
16 “IT WAS COMIC LAND, TOTALLY DIFFERENT” 110
17 “MAKE-BELIEVE DREAMS” 116
18 “I THOUGHT: ‘THAT’S IT!’” 122
19 “JUMPING INTO THE MUSICAL END OF PAINTING” 128
20 “BE REASONABLE – DEMAND THE IMPOSSIBLE” 132
21 “MORE THAN A SHOP: A CLUB, A LIFESTYLE” 140
22 “CLOTHES FOR HEROES, PROSTITUTES & DYKES” 146
23 “IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY TO SPEND MY YOUTH?” 152
24 “DARE YOU WEAR THESE CLOTHES?” 158
25 “SUN, SEA & PIRACY” 168
26 “WE’RE IN A WORLD WHERE ANYTHING GOES” 174
27 “NEVER THINK YOU’RE A STAR” 180
28 “ADVENTUROUS TAILORING AND WITTY FABRICS” 188
29 “A MENTAL EXPLOSION” 194
30 “EVERYTHING KIND OF LOOSENED UP” 200
31 “THE ONLY INTERESTING IDEAS ARE THOSE WHICH ARE UNFASHIONABLE” 208
BIBLIOGRAPHY AND WEBSITES 218
PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS 220
INDEX 221

INTRODUCTION
BY PAUL SMITH



When I first went to Japan in the early '80s, the buyers would ask me: "Are you 'designer collection' or 'traditional menswear'?"

They didn't know which magazine to put me in or which department store floor to place me on, and it was tough at first, but also probably the reason why I've done well in the long run, because I've never been "in" or "out" of fashion.

And neither have the timeless performers, artists, designers and shop owners covered in this fascinating and essential book. *The Look* underlines my belief that pure creativity can never be labelled or put in a box. That is as true today of artists such as Outkast or the White Stripes as it was of Elvis or the Stones or Bowie: you can never quite grasp them, because – visually and musically – their self-expression comes from the heart.

That ability to be your own person, to think laterally and not be afraid to go off at tangents is, to me, quintessentially British. That's why we came up with the Teds, the mods, the hippies, the skinheads, the punks, the New Romantics, the clubbers and all the stunning shops and designers who catered to their needs. That's why we continue to produce groups like Franz Ferdinand, who aren't afraid to change pace in terms of their look and music.

The effect of our youth culture resonates even more strongly around the globe in the twenty-first century, and *The Look* tells this story in fine and exciting detail.

I still can't quite believe that I may not have been a part of this colourful world had I not accepted an invitation for a drink one evening in the early winter of 1963.

Aged 17 and not long out of hospital after a three-month spell following a serious road accident that put paid to my ambitions to become a professional racing cyclist, I'd been invited to The Bell Inn in Angel Row, Nottingham.

In hospital I'd been a bit of an odd man out; the James Forman Ward was better known as "The Ton-Up Ward", since it consisted mainly of motorbike enthusiasts who'd come off their bikes. Along with the ton-up kids were coalminers who'd suffered injuries in roof-falls and the like at the collieries in Eastwood, real DH Lawrence country.

And then there was me.

Until that point, cycling had ruled my life. There was no room for music or fashion, even though I'd been working at a clothing warehouse for a couple of years.

Having been discharged from The Ton-Up Ward, one of the motorcyclist patients – whose name is sadly lost to memory, though I can clearly see his face even now – invited me for a drink.

I'd never even heard of The Bell, since I'd been teetotal and a keen sportsman. But I can honestly say the pub and its inhabitants opened up a new world to me, one of art and literature, design, fashion and music.

There I was introduced to graphic designers, fine art and architecture students and all sorts of maverick characters: poets, musicians and writers. There wasn't a lot of money around and the boys wore army surplus gear and sailor pants with the four-button whole forefront, some scruffy in paint-spattered jeans.

The girls were far more exotic, in purple lipstick and green eye make-up. In donkey jackets we'd go to the Kardomah Coffee House and the Bohemian Coffee Bar. We'd listen to Blue Note jazz and Dylan, then just coming through. Some would carry guitars and others even toted sleeping bag rolls (even though they probably lived not far away with their mums).

One of the crowd literally changed my life. Janet Campbell was one of three friends – along with Hilary and Helen (who later went out with Bill Wyman) – who had trained as a dress designer. Her dad was willing to set her up in business opening Nottingham's first boutique, Birdcage. Janet asked me to sort it out, so I left the warehouse and had to grow up very quickly, dealing with people I didn't know existed, people called estate agents and solicitors.

On the legal side I had help from my friend George Taylor, who was then a trainee solicitor and remains my lawyer today. In parallel with the scene around The Bell, I'd developed my friendship with George and also Richard Williams, at the time on the *Nottingham Evening Post* but soon to move to *Melody Maker*, become the original presenter of *The Old Grey Whistle Test* and eventually sign bands like Roxy Music at Island Records. These days, Richard is best known as *The Guardian*'s chief sportswriter and he, George and I remain very close.

As the '60s developed we'd go to The Dancing Slipper and see Cyril Davies, Alexis Korner and Long John Baldry. When Baldry formed Steampacket I saw Rod Stewart for the first time, at one of the boat clubs down on the river, along with Tim Rose, The Yardbirds and many others. Nottingham University drew Pink Floyd and Captain Beefheart while The Kinks and Lightning Hopkins were at The Dungeon and Hendrix played his guitar with his teeth at the Sherwood Rooms.

It was a perfect time and place. On the clothes front we had access to the strong manufacturing bases of the Midlands – just two streets from our shop we could get pullovers, blouses and underwear made to our specifications – and every happening musician and performer stopped off in town. Meanwhile, I was making regular trips to London and expanding my interests in every direction. I'd go to The Scene, where American GIs had been in their heavy Tonik suits, button-down shirts and loafers a few years earlier, influencing what the mods wore on the dance floor and people like Eric Clapton wore on stage, picking up on a style and making it his own.

For The Beatles to wear their hair even slightly long was an outrageous statement at the time. Some of the mods were very brave; even to consider how you looked was not on. In working-class families you got a whack round the head just for looking in the mirror, but the mods grew their hair and did that upper-class thing of having suits tailor-made, not in traditional cuts, but in their particular styles.

For me the real turning point came when, again through the crowd at The Bell, I met my wife Pauline in 1967. She opened me up to the possibilities outside Nottingham, having trained at the Royal College Of Art at the same time as some of the people who feature in this book: David Hockney, Ossie Clark, Peter Blake, Marion Foale and Sally Tuffin.

We were the generation that came after the war, were free from the horrors of it and could express ourselves creatively in any way we wanted. It was very special because most of us were starting with a blank sheet of paper and found out that through mistakes you get new ideas. Now, sadly, young people are so aware of what job they should have, what they should be earning, what they should be wearing, which lifestyle category they should fit into.

These days, everything is over-considered, because we are so well informed on every front. Stick the most obscure subject into your search engine and you'll find out all about it in seconds. That "what if?" spirit appears to have disappeared, though there is a different energy and a different creativity, and I know people in their teens and early 20s are as excited as we were, but in a different way.

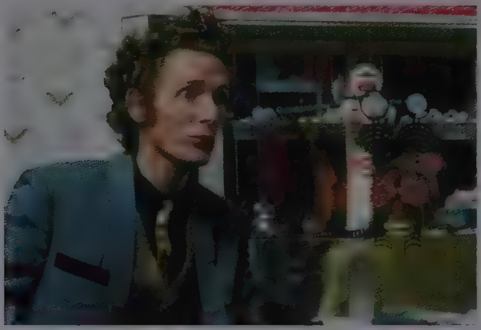
For myself, I am as enthusiastic about fashion and music today as I ever was. Picasso said, "I spent my whole life trying to paint like a child", and I describe myself as child-like, not childish, but open-minded and inquiring.

I always tell students that the central thing about fashion is that it has to be lived 100 per cent; 98 per cent ain't good enough. You need an inner love, a passion not just for fashion but also a curiosity for "stuff": art, music, graphic and product design, what is happening in all of these inter-linked worlds.

That's what is so great about *The Look*; it's the definitive celebration of the combustion that occurs when those inter-linked worlds meet, and design and art, new ideas and fashion sensibilities combine to create unforgettable music and style.

PAUL SMITH
LONDON, 2006

FOREWORD
BY MALCOLM McLAREN



We are all aware of fashion. The supermodels of today are among the biggest stars in the world. But they are silent icons, and the mysterious appeal of the beauty industry continues to grow. Fashion is the visual expression of a culture. Paradoxically, it can be both sublimely sophisticated and carnally bestial at once. Fashion is used as a means of sexual display, status symbol and tribal code. This is a story about fashion. Fashion is one of the most elusive subjects, but it is precisely this elusiveness that fascinates. Fashion has an ability to take over people's lives to an astonishing degree. Fashion can never be pinned down; it is constantly morphing into something else. No one completely escapes it. Youth, irreverence and anti-fashion statements are coveted, as they can never be bought, but in various forms they can be taken up and converted into fashion before being discarded. Fashion is as ruthless as it is fickle. The extraordinary hold fashion possesses lies in its ability to prove identity. Everyone who enters this world has a different reason or motive for doing so. Sometimes it is simply the result of a chance encounter, but once they are truly ensconced it is almost impossible to escape.

At the age of 25, I designed one of my first pieces of clothing, a bright blue lamé suit, my first rock 'n' roll suit, which I intended to wear walking down the length of the King's Road. I was looking for one of those chance rendezvous that would change my life. This was 1971, and the King's Road in Chelsea was full of people, a parade of late-'60s fashions and styles, a dropped-out, motley crew of hippie emporia – Bazaar, Alkasura, Granny Takes A Trip. I was counting on that unexpected moment of glamour, and I found it at number 430. In this black hole at the end of the King's Road, I changed my life. In the shop's various incarnations – Paradise Garage, Let It Rock, Too Fast To Live Too Young To Die – I made clothes that looked like ruins. I created something new by destroying the old. This wasn't fashion as a commodity; this was fashion as an idea.

A later incarnation of the shop was called Sex. It had a range of fetish and bondage paraphernalia, mostly all in black. Black expressed the denunciation of the frill. Nihilism. Boredom. Emptiness. How do you dress an army of disaffected youth? I and my partner at the time, Vivienne Westwood, designed our own military trousers and put a strap between the legs, binding one knee to the other, and stitched in a zipper that went straight down the crotch and wound its way up the arse. These trousers, our bondage trousers, were about the explosion of the body, a declaration of war against repression. They were the perfect uniform for people battling against the consumerist fashions of the High Street.

Sex translated in fashion becomes fetish, and fetishism is the very embodiment of youth. Youth has to behave irreverently – it has to take drugs because of its fundamental belief in its own immortality, which it needs to assert over and over again. Fashion and music are the natural expressions of youth's needs for confrontation and rebellion, and fetishism in both is its necessary razor's edge, the exhilarating border between life and death. Fashion and music – music and fashion – are the expressions of the same needs. In retrospect, it now seems natural and right that *The Look* should show how shops such as mine and others on the King's Road throughout the '60s, '70s and '80s produced a street fashion that would inevitably act as a catalyst for the musical tastes of the time.

John Pearse, who created Granny Takes A Trip in the '60s, used an American car that appeared as if it had crashed right through his window. His clothes – velvet suits with loon pants – brought back the Regency dandy. There was also Tommy Roberts, who created pop-art fashion with his shop Mr

Freedom, noted for Mickey Mouse T-shirts and Snow White dresses, with a window display which at one time sported a giant gorilla covered in bright-blue fake fur. Also John Lloyd, whose shop Alkasura sold the bohemian look of an anti-fashion '60s Chelsea. John would often be seen creeping around the lower end of the King's Road dressed in a monk's habit. He later set fire to himself and died. Trevor Myles, whose Paradise Garage shop I inherited, was noted for selling the first used blue jeans. That store had the look of a downtrodden American garage that you might find on a desert highway in Arizona. Outside was a disused petrol pump; inside was a live parrot in a cage. All of these stores were the street's visual answer to an authentic musical pop culture that did not necessarily pay homage to the commercial beat of the time.

It is a revelation that punk rock has inadvertently become part of a gay fashion history – part of that underground delight in leather, rubber and bondagewear. To think that the Sex Pistols could be as much part of gay fashion as John Travolta in the movie *Saturday Night Fever* is a truth, as well as a fantasy, worth savouring. It's interesting now how punk and disco, having both risen up from the street as proletarian fashion, have been co-opted over the past 20 years by gay designers in the fashion world as encapsulating a gay spirit, which now seems perfectly normal.

New York fashion designer John Bartlett said recently, "I originally came into fashion because it meant something, because it promoted subcultures. But by the time I arrived it had changed, and the subculture was being replaced by mall culture, and nowhere more strongly than in Europe. I was trying to relive those moments I spent in London, but no one really wanted to know. If I had hung on, I'd be over by now. The fashion companies had taken over – designers had become 'product managers'. The rules were set, and if you attempted to change them, you were out. You have to lose your identity to be successful in fashion today. Even John Galliano isn't John Galliano when he's working for Dior; he's just creating costume balls and reinventing some lost world."

Christian Dior said, "Fashion is an act of faith", but today there is little faith in fashion, because it has become mere product. If the street is no longer the place where fashion is displayed, you might ask where it has gone. Perhaps to the movies of Quentin Tarantino and Guy Ritchie, which are nothing more than one long fashion show. Movies represent feelings, ideology and fantasy, because the ordinary world – the everyday world we all inhabit – has become one of mail order, the J. Crew look. The street as a fashion parade is almost over. Look down Fifth Avenue in New York and you will find Gap followed by Banana Republic followed by Club Monaco. There are still some displays on the street, but they are displays of corporate rather than personal identities. Movies might be the last place where fashion has a true voice. The problem is that, in the past, fashion has always thrived on people's insecurities, but today this isn't the case. People care more about comfort than code.

The most revealing truth about fashion is that no one who works in this world can ever live in the present. This, more than anything else, explains fashion for me. Couturiers have to design for winter in summer and summer in winter. They are in a constant state of displacement. Whether the couturiers are attracted to fashion because of this sense of displacement, or whether this displacement is an occupational hazard for them, is debatable. One thing is clear, though: they can never be satisfied; the moment a collection is finished, it is out of date ... unless, of course, it isn't fashion. We seem to be on the verge of a fashion industry that produces something other than fashion: product.

MALCOLM McLAREN
LONDON, 2006

01

“DON’T BUY ME OUT, JUST BUY FROM ME”

Beale Street, Memphis, spring 1952.
There were crowds everywhere, night and day, promenading in their finery, shopping on the sidewalk, dipping into bars, restaurants and gambling dens, meeting on the corner. Excluded by Jim Crow laws from the downtown area after dark (although many held essential but menial jobs in that part of the city during daylight), the adult black population of Memphis congregated on Beale to sample each and every variety of leisure activity: fine Southern food, whiskey, song, sex and much, much more.

The mandatory stop-off on Beale Street for the style-minded was the Lansky Bros menswear store at number 126, a hive not only for the city’s high-rollers and juke-jointers but also for folks from all over the South, particularly plantation workers on rare trips up to town to buy “high fashion” suits or snazzy pairs of shoes to impress the country cousins back home. In keeping with the rest of the trade on the thoroughfare, Bernard and Guy Lansky’s custom was almost entirely black, aside from the rare hip white guy who ventured into the neighbourhood to pick up a shirt with a Hi-boy collar or a pair of those slim-fit mohair pants with no back pocket that accentuated your arse and drove the girls crazy.

Often that spring, there was one particular kid – noticeable for the mass of greased-up, dirty-blonde hair pomped atop his head – who lurked outside Lansky’s, sometimes gazing longingly at the brash fabrics and colourful garments in the jazzy window display or, if he was feeling adventurous, taking a peek inside at a gambler flush with winnings being fitted for a gaudy tailor-made.

Elvis Presley was just 17 years old at the time, about to leave Humes High School and working at the Loews Picture Palace on Main Street. When he wasn’t working at the Loews – and he left after just a few weeks when he had a punch-up with a fellow usher – he would hang out in the area, sometimes driving around in the 1941 coupé his parents had bought with an insurance windfall. But mainly Presley would head on foot for the bright-lights, big-city atmosphere engendered by the neon-lit area’s juke joints and pavement parade.

When he wasn’t at Lansky’s, Presley made a beeline for Charlie Hazelgrove’s record shack on North Main, where everything was cool. Charlie let kids sit, sip their sodas and take in the sounds, while fans, musicians and wannabes mingled. It didn’t cost anything to stand around, so Presley soaked up the atmosphere and was granted just a little taste of what it would be like if he ever made it as a performer.

Lack of money was no big deal at Charlie’s, but Lansky Bros was a different matter. Their prices were high. A tailor-made suit would set you back $69.95 – the equivalent of around $1,000 today. With shabby clothes and holes in his shoes, Presley could only press his nose against the window and stare at the apparel within. Then, one day that spring, his reverie was broken by Bernard Lansky, who runs Lansky Bros, housed today within the ritzy confines of Memphis’ centrepiece hotel, the Peabody.

After those early days, Beale fell into a serious slump in the ’70s and ’80s but has bounced back from the effects of the Reagan-era depression, reborn as an anodyne tourist haven replete with themed restaurants and musical heritage museums.

“One day I just went out and spoke to him, invited him in,” recalls Bernard nonchalantly in his rich Southern tones while taking time off in the lobby of the Peabody. He still opens the store at 6.30am every morning and is now the sole owner, having bought out his brother Guy in 1980. “He was just so polite, was Elvis. It was Mr Lansky this, Mr Lansky that. I told him, ‘I’m Bernard; my father’s Mr Lansky,’ but he didn’t let up. He said he was an usher at Loews and had to go on to work, and I said to him, ‘Well, when you get time, why don’t you come by and see me?’ Elvis said, ‘I don’t have no money now, but whenever I get rich I’m gonna buy you out.’ I told him, ‘Do me a favour, will you? Don’t buy me out, just buy from me.’ And that’s just what he did.”

The King-in-waiting was true to his word and within a few

OPPOSITE The King and his clothier, Bernard Lansky, Lansky Bros, Beale Street, Memphis, 1956

ABOVE Cab Calloway: The zoot ethic was about excess and nothing less

short years Presley and the Lanskys helped define '50s rock 'n' roll flamboyance.

To rewind just a little, the brothers were doing just fine long before Presley maintained his vigil outside the storefront at number 126. "We started in 1946, way before Elvis even thought about us," says Bernard. "The blacks had to stay on Beale Street – they couldn't go downtown onto Main – so when they got off work they'd come up here and they'd shop. Beale Street was their own main street."

Bernard and Guy's father, Samuel Lewis Lansky, arrived in Memphis in 1910 from Kiev, in the Ukraine. Old man Lansky ran a grocery store on Kansas and Fays, complete with gas pump, where all six sons and three daughters worked and gained valuable lessons in retailing. Right after World War II, Lansky put up $300 so that his sons Frank, Guy, Irvin and Bernard could buy 126 Beale Street to run as their own outlet.

The property's history before it was Lansky's speaks volumes about the colourful environment into which the young men launched their new business. "The guy that owned the store was killed in a robbery," chuckles Bernard. "They found the two guys that did it holed up in St Louis, by which time my daddy had been and bought it for us. It was laid out like a flea market there, with old ladies' shoes for sale and a big old pot-bellied stove out back. We cleared all that shit out and went into the army surplus business."

Rationing was still in force in 1946, and traditional clothing materials were in scant supply. As a result, items such as tailored and off-the-peg suits and cotton shirts were scarce and commanded a high price. The Lansky brothers bought up military dead stock and sold cut-rate fatigue pants, army shirts, marine boots, socks and coats.

Such clothing became staples in the wardrobes of post-war youth around the Western world; as they travelled America, the thrill-seeking beats wore heavy denims and leather jackets to make life more comfortable on the road. In the UK, throughout the '50s, army surplus defined boho chic. Roll-neck sweaters and seamen's duffel coats became the uniform for impoverished art students, would-be beatniks and fans of trad jazz.

In post-war Memphis, however, army surplus was a necessity for poorly paid workers. "It went really well because we'd charge just 95¢ for a cap, or you could pick up a pair of pants for $1.95," says Bernard Lansky. "We did a helluva job for a couple of years, until supplies started to run low. When they did we looked around for something else and decided to go into menswear."

In his introduction to a catalogue accompanying the Archives Of Graceland charity auction at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas in October 1999, Bernard explains, "We had seen a void in the Memphis market. Practically everyone was selling the same old things everyone else was selling. No one was really selling high-fashion clothes. I mean, we carried nothing but the finest. That's what the kids of the late '40s/early '50s wanted, and we gave it to them."

In the '40s, the zoot suit (a tailor-made act of rebellion in itself, displaying a flagrant disregard for whitebread austerity worn proudly in wide lapels, absurdly high-waisted trousers and "wasteful" expanses of cloth) had set the tone for what Bernard Lansky still calls "high fashion" during the post-war years, particularly among the Latino and black communities of American cities. The zoot suit is said to have been invented on Beale Street itself, by a tailor called Lettes.

The zoot ethic was about excess and nothing less: over-long key chains; two-tone co-respondent wingtips; long, sharp shirt collars after the style popularised by trumpeter Billy Eckstine; fat, painted ties. The shape of the man's drape-cut suit that had been prevalent throughout the Western world since the early '30s was extended and distorted with highly padded shoulders, tight waists and pants that ballooned clownishly at the knee.

Extravagant performers and bandleaders such as Cab Calloway came to exemplify zoot style in the '40s, but as it entered the mainstream by the end of the decade a sharper, more streamlined take on zoot stylings began to emerge in happening places such as Beale Street. Off-beat fabrics and bright colours were used, predating the '70s pimp look by nearly 20 years. So when the Lanskys were casting around for ideas in the wake of the collapse of the army surplus boom, a ready-made market made itself apparent via the strutting of the peacocks on Beale Street.

"We picked up on what was happening on the street," confirms Bernard. "At that time, you couldn't even get a white shirt because rationing meant that piece goods were extremely limited. That's one of the reasons we went into unusual fabrics, because you couldn't get the materials. If it wasn't for that, I'd have ended up in the regular man's business, selling traditional merchandise!"

Rock 'n' roll should be thankful that the Lanskys took the less obvious route by installing a tailor in the back of the shop and catering to the tastes of the musicians and performers who flooded the area. "All the other merchants laughed at us," chortles Bernard. "They didn't believe there was a market for what I was selling. Then, when it took off, all at once they wanted to get into it, but I was sharp and I had them beat. You know why I had them beat? I knew what was happening and they didn't. I was number one."

So how did second-generation eastern European immigrants get a fix on the ghetto-fabulous tastes of urban African Americans in the early 1950s? "Pure luck," says Bernard, who can offer no other explanation for the brothers' ability to stay ahead of the trends. "I guess you know your market, so you've got to keep feeding the fire," he shrugs. "I was seeing what was out there, and because we knew what was happening we knew what we had to do to take care of our customers. We had the niche."

Lansky's specialised in lightweight mohair, which was perfect to counteract not only the sweltering climate that predominates in the South but also the sweatiness of stage performance. They also produced their own version of the Billy Eckstine collar, the style established by the horn player in the early '40s when he was a trumpeter and trombonist with Earl "Fatha" Hines' band. "If I put on a conventional shirt to blow, I popped the buttons," said Eckstine later. "I got the idea of putting the collar band only halfway, no collar band at the sides, so you could stick your hands down there and it'd still look neat."

Eckstine wore one in the 1952 Esther Williams film *Skirts Ahoy!*, and the response amazed him. "Everybody's going, 'B! Man, that shirt!'," he recalled. He subsequently struck a deal to market the collars with the Alabama-based Sea Island Shirt Company, and even opened up his own shop to sell them. So popular did they become that the Mr B (as it became known) was exported into the UK in the mid-'50s by British entrepreneur Ken Pitt, who himself became a footnote in pop history a decade later when he managed David Bowie at the start of his solo career. Bernard Lansky avoided copyright infringement by adapting the Mr B into the Hi-Boy, "with a roll collar and three-inch cuffs with two, maybe three buttons".

Adaptation and innovation were the name of the game at Lansky's. "Musicians would come in asking for pants with no back pocket because they looked better and were more comfortable on stage," says Bernard. "We'd always try and come up with something new, like shirts with zippers which wouldn't be vertical but go sideways. It was so big, we used to work up until two or three o'clock in the morning making suits for all these people. Nobody else was doing it and we had a style of our own. When you walked out on the street, you saw my style: Lansky's Memphis!"

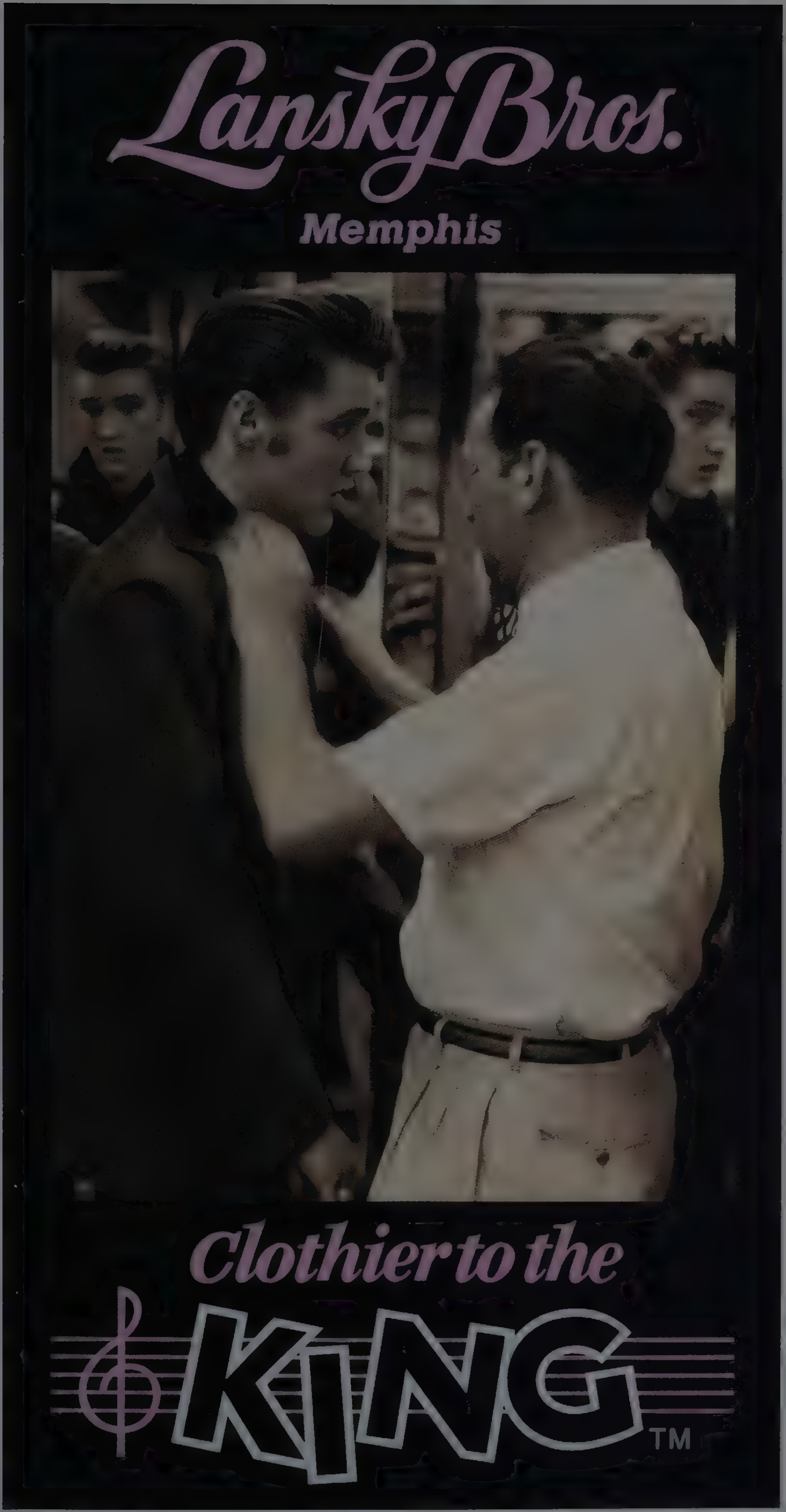
The best thing was that customers were prepared to pay for that style. "You could buy a pair of pants – mohair pants, wool pants, whatever – for $19.90," says Bernard. "I'd make them suits from scratch and I'd run you $69.50. Today, that's about $1,000. But these were fitted, real sharp clothes."

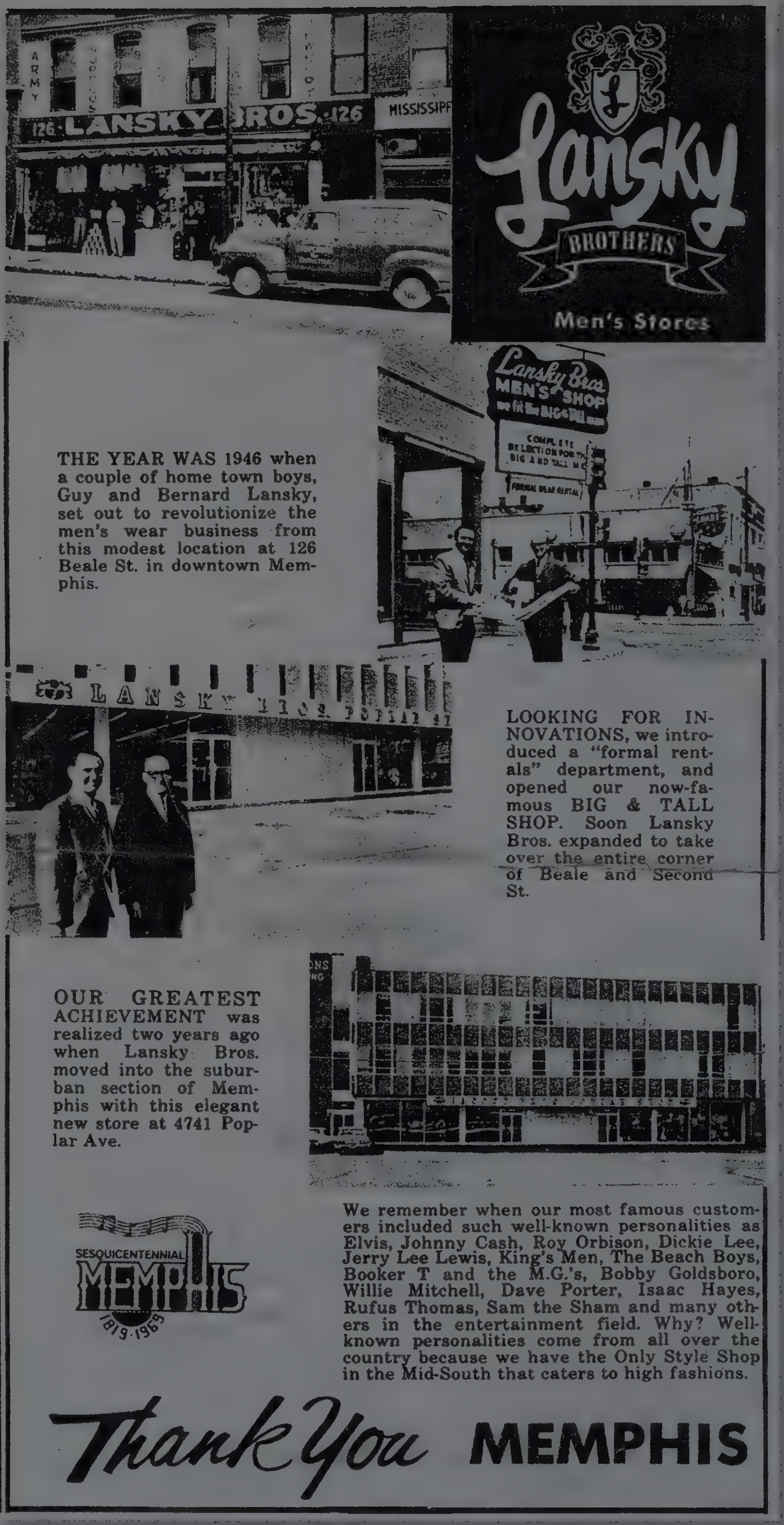
Bernard recalls that Beale reached its peak at around this time. "It was a helluva street, like walking down Fifth Avenue," he says. "The plantation workers would come up twice a year, at Christmas and Easter time, sent by the owner with money to buy a suit, a pair of shoes. High fashion is what they wanted: colours, real sharp hats, high collars. We had ties, suits, shirts, hats, everything in different fabrics, different cuts, all kinds of different piece goods that I used to pick up." High fashion is what they got, and that is what attracted the skinny white kid whose family originally hailed from East Tupelo, Mississippi.

After his first encounter with Bernard and Guy Lansky, Presley became a regular at their store, the frequency of his visits increasing after he started working full-time, first at MB Parker Machinists and then on the shell assembly line at Precision Tool. The kid was also beginning to act on his ambition to become a singer, and Lansky's clothes helped mark him out from the crowd. "He came back soon after we first met, and me and my brother got to know him pretty well," says Bernard. "He'd buy a little bit here, a little bit there."

By the early summer of 1954, Memphis music business mover and shaker Sam Phillips had finally capitulated to Presley's polite but persistent campaign for a shot at stardom. The previous year, the young man had taken his first tentative steps toward this goal by recording versions of My Happiness and That's Where The Heartaches Begin in a booth at Sun Records. Explained away as a present for his doting mother, Gladys, these recordings undoubtedly served the additional purpose of attracting Phillips' attention.

On Independence Day 1954, Phillips directed the singer to the home of local guitar hotshot Scotty Moore on Belz Boulevard for a run-through. The following day, Presley would enter Sun for the start of the historic sessions that gave birth to rock 'n' roll. On their first encounter, however, Moore and bass player Bill Black were less than impressed with the mumbling youth and struck by his "wild" demeanour, as reported by Peter Guralnick in his definitive study of Presley's




ARMY
126 LANSKY BROS. 126
MISSISSIPPI
Lansky
BROTHERS
Men's Stores
Lansky Bros
MEN'S SHOP
we fit the BIG & TALL man
COMPLETE SELECTION FOR THE BIG AND TALL MAN
FORMAL WEAR RENTAL
LANSKY BROS.
SESQUICENTENNIAL
MEMPHIS
1819·1969

THE YEAR WAS 1946 when a couple of home town boys, Guy and Bernard Lansky, set out to revolutionize the men's wear business from this modest location at 126 Beale St. in downtown Memphis.

LOOKING FOR INNOVATIONS, we introduced a "formal rentals" department, and opened our now-famous BIG & TALL SHOP. Soon Lansky Bros. expanded to take over the entire corner of Beale and Second St.

OUR GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT was realized two years ago when Lansky Bros. moved into the suburban section of Memphis with this elegant new store at 4741 Poplar Ave.

We remember when our most famous customers included such well-known personalities as Elvis, Johnny Cash, Roy Orbison, Dickie Lee, Jerry Lee Lewis, King's Men, The Beach Boys, Booker T and the M.G.'s, Bobby Goldsboro, Willie Mitchell, Dave Porter, Isaac Hayes, Rufus Thomas, Sam the Sham and many others in the entertainment field. Why? Well-known personalities come from all over the country because we have the Only Style Shop in the Mid-South that caters to high fashions.

Thank You MEMPHIS

rise to stardom, *Last Train To Memphis*. At 7pm, Presley stepped out of his coupé and into history with his cat clothes on: white shoes, pink peg pants with black stripe, black shirt and a greased-back, dyed blue-black DA.

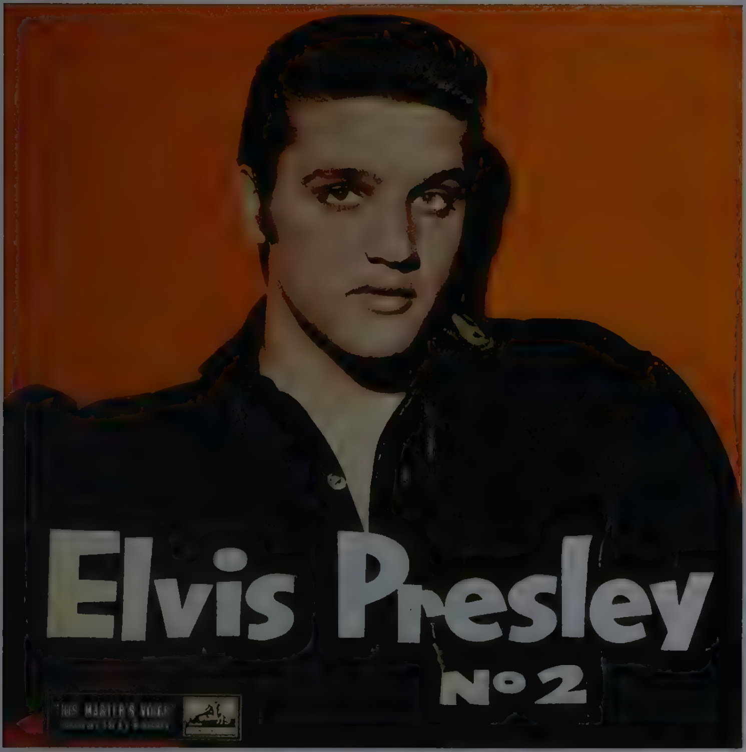
Pink and black – the very colours of '50s flash – were Presley's favourites. In fact, for his high school senior graduation, Lansky's supplied him with a tuxedo outfit in those colours. "He was clean; he was sharp. I put a pink coat on him, black pair of pants, pink-and-black cummerbund, pretty shirt," says Bernard. "They tore it off him, that's how crazy it was."

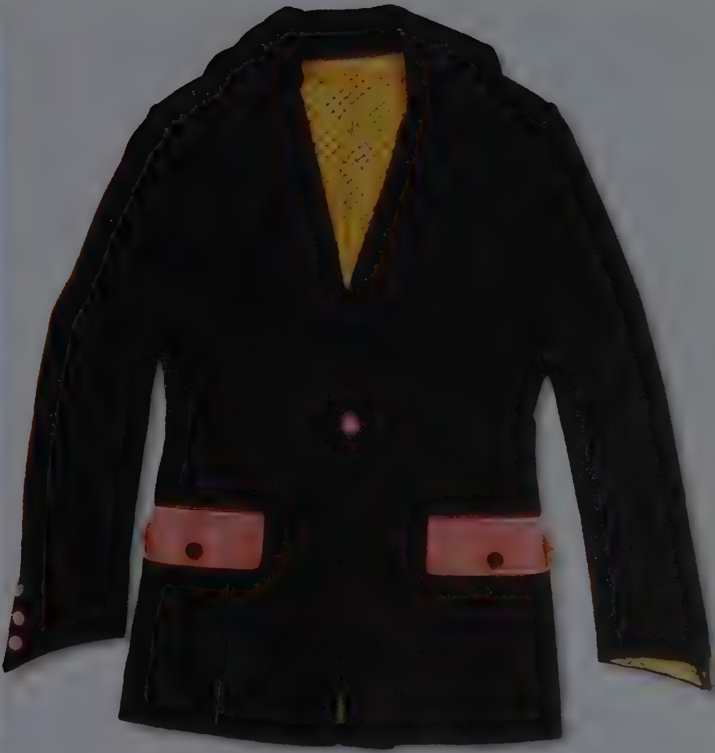
Later in July 1954, Presley had signed to Sun Records and scored a sizeable local hit with his rocking version of Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup's That's All Right, Mama and launched himself into the stratosphere. Despite a growing set of touring and promotional commitments all over the country under the tutelage of Colonel Tom Parker – who formally took over the boy's career in late 1955 by signing him to RCA Victor for $35,000 – Presley stuck by Lansky's, whose clothes he would continue to wear on and off stage almost until his death.

To this day, Bernard has Presley's size in the '50s burned into his memory: 42 inch coat with a 32 inch waist, size 10 1/2 shoe and a medium shirt – 15 inch collar by 34 inches. "When Elvis would come in, I would treat him like a baby," claims Bernard. "Stand him in front of a mirror, mark his clothes for alterations. And I would say, 'This is what you want right here. This is what I've got for you.' And he would start laughing ... then buy it." The shop fitted him out for such landmark appearances as the Louisiana Hayride in Shreveport, Louisiana, in October 1954, and his television debut, the Dorsey Brothers' CBS series *Stage Show* on January 28 1956. Performing Shake, Rattle & Roll and I Got A Woman, Presley was decked out in Beale Street finery: a black shirt, black pants, white tie and sports coat.

Later that year, Colonel Parker overcame Ed Sullivan's resistance to the new star – the ultra-conservative Sullivan considered him lascivious – by forcing the outrageous newcomer onto three slots on the CBS TV host's *Toast Of The Town* show in a $150,000 deal. The first, on September 9, was watched by an audience of 54 million, a third of the population of America at that time. They witnessed Presley perform Don't Be Cruel, Love Me Tender and Hound Dog, although the star was famously filmed from the waist up in order to avoid broadcasting his gyrations.

Bernard Lansky had visited New York's garment district and picked out some clothes for Presley to wear: black trousers, brightly coloured shirts and three sports coats. For his first appearance, Presley chose a Lansky's grey-striped, two-button jacket with a velour collar, matched with black pants. "He wanted a more casual look," says Bernard. The jacket – a rock 'n' roll design classic – was one of the centrepiece exhibits of the travelling Rock Style exhibition, which opened at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art in December 1999 before moving on to the Rock And Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland, Ohio, and London's Barbican Centre. "At first I would advise him on what to wear, because he didn't know too much about what was happening. Once Elvis became a hit, I knew I had to separate him from the rest of these groups I was supplying so that he would stand out on stage and on television. He'd seen the high-fashion black guys wearing my clothes and he wanted that."





ABOVE Pink and black, the colours of '50s flash updated for the '70s

ABOVE LEFT Presley in a Lansky Bros velvet blouson shirt

LEFT Lansky advertising also promoted Memphis

After Presley moved himself and his family into Graceland – built on 13 acres of ground in the Whitehaven neighbourhood – in March 1957, Bernard's son Hal would often drive a truck of clothes out to the house and return with an empty vehicle, such was the star's ready generosity and voracity for up-to-the-minute style (the gang of friends who would eventually become the Memphis Mafia were also often kitted out in the latest from Lansky's). "As things got going, we'd lay out the merchandise for him in the shop or ship it out to the house," says Bernard. "I remember one time we had these Dobbs hats – broad-brimmed, like the gangsters used to wear – for $25 apiece. He ordered them for everyone, all his friends."

Among the clothes the Lanskys tailored for Presley were their "big shirts" – oversized, balloon-sleeved tops in deep, dark shades of green, burgundy and, of course, black, fashioned from lush fabrics such as velvet. These would be matched with peg pants and half-boots of patent leather. "When he hit and started wearing our clothes, it changed the way we worked," says Bernard. "When we went to the markets, we were always on the lookout for something different for Elvis, because he would put them on and walk out on the streets. He was our advertising, our billboard."

Soon, the legions of rock 'n' rollers who scored chart success in Presley's wake followed him into Lansky's. Among the avid customers were the Sun crowd – Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison, Charlie Feathers and Sonny Burgess – and the gospel choirs that predominated in the region, along with such blues and r&b performers as BB King, Bobby "Blue" Bland, Isaac Hayes and Rufus Thomas. "Rufus would go on stage and show off his clothes, shouting at the audience, 'Ain't I clean? Lansky's!'," says Bernard.

The effect was to expand the business drastically. The store eventually took over the entire street corner, from 126 to 132 Beale, with a giant tuxedo hire and tailoring business upstairs to complement the daywear sections at ground level. Today this part of the street is known as the Lansky block, and the Elvis-Memphis Nightclub & Restaurant occupies the store's former premises. By the late '50s, Lansky's had also become inundated with letters from fans, from those who wanted shirts like those worn by Presley to those who asked the brothers to pass on love letters and sweetheart photographs.

As the '50s gave way to the '60s, there was no let-up. "Any kind of group that was coming through Memphis to play or record would visit us," says Bernard. "The Beach Boys, The Kingsmen ... just so many of them. I took care of them all. We moved with the times." As a result, there was much custom from the local Stax label. "We'd have Otis Redding in here, Booker T & The MGs. I can remember making them waisted bolero jackets in silk and wool mohair in reds and greens."

Hal Lansky recalls how his father would travel to New York and California to maintain his grasp on fashion trends and import items from Europe that complemented the Lansky range: "In the '60s we branched into tight-fitting pants – the Carnaby Street mod look out of London was hot. We were the first to bring in big bell-bottom flares. There were a load of complaints from parents and teachers because the kids were being sent home from school for wearing them, but Elvis loved them!"

The Lanskys' clothes from the '50s and '60s are now highly collectable, a fact recognised by Bob Dylan, who strolled into

ABOVE A "big shirt" worn by Elvis

RIGHT Elvis ordered gangster hats for the Memphis Mafia

Memphis vintage record outlet Flashback in the autumn of 1999 and picked up a classic grey Lansky's suit with pleated pockets made in the late '60s.

At the beginning of the '70s, Lansky's returned to its roots as an outfitter popular with Afro-Americans, launching its Superfly range to match the wave of blaxploitation films and the new funk and soul that filled the airwaves in Memphis. Resident in Las Vegas or Los Angeles for most of the early '70s, Presley's patronage may have dwindled but he never stopped buying from the store, as evinced by the black velvet Oleg Cassini fedora with silver metallic band that he bought at Lansky's in 1972, along with two coats, for a total of $262.50. "He kept with us," says Bernard. "He was a loyal customer. He always came back. You've got a friend, you always come to see them. A lot of times, he'd call and invite us over to watch movies at his place." But the Lanskys were wise enough to steer clear of the men's-club antics indulged in by the Memphis Mafia. "I knew all those 12 guys," says Bernard. "Ain't nobody had a job or nothing. I had a wife and two kids and a business. I was outside looking in and didn't want to be inside looking out."

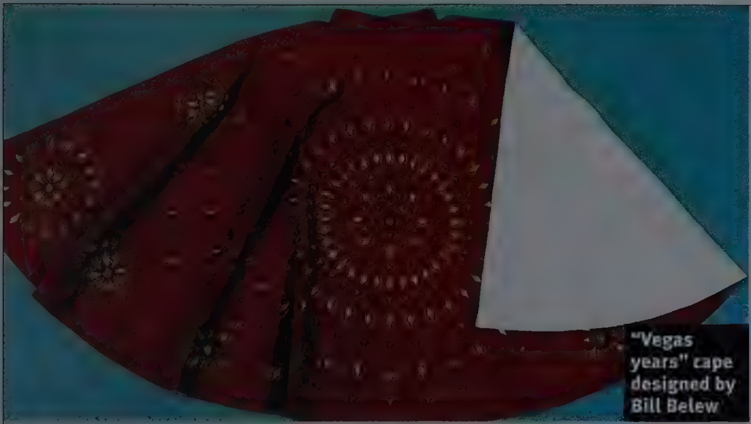
All of this was a mighty long way from the skinny kid with holes in his shoes who once lurked nervously on Beale Street. Just as time wrought its changes on Presley, so it did on Lansky's. In the mid-'70s, the business diversified and Bernard launched a chain of a dozen Big & Tall men's clothes stores across the South while Beale took an economic beating, as evoked by Joni Mitchell's 1977 song Furry Sings The Blues: "Pawn shops glitter like gold tooth caps/They chew the last few dollars off old Beale Street's carcass." Hal Lansky concurs: "The Peabody was almost a parking lot in the '70s, and Beale Street looked like a war zone – buildings boarded up and everything gone to rack and ruin."

But not quite. Pulled back from the brink by urban renewal projects and the tourist dollars brought in by the worldwide fascination for the life of Presley, Memphis is now flourishing, as is Lansky's. All the while the company concentrated on the Big & Tall trade and the Peabody, it cannily retained ownership of the original Beale site, even though the store was closed in 1992. Several offers were made for it, including one from a consortium representing Jerry Lee Lewis, but in 1996 Bernard struck a deal to lease the building to Presley's ex-wife, Priscilla, and Elvis Presley Enterprises Inc for 20 years for an undisclosed amount. "That was my insurance policy," smiles Bernard.

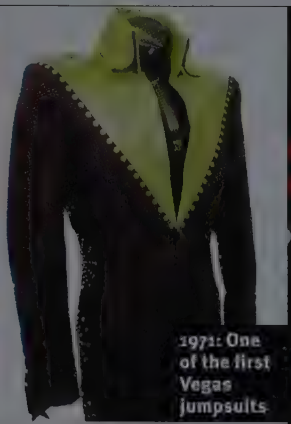
These days, there are two large windows facing Second Street, showcasing vintage Lansky's clothes. Inside the Peabody hotel, the company operates under the name Lansky's: Clothes That Rock. "We've got back into it," says the ever-chipper Bernard. "We know the style, the cut – we know what's happening. We can go right back into it without missing a stroke." At Clothes That Rock, you can find the Clothiers To The King range, based on designs popularised by Presley, including the Hi-Boy and the Memphian (a front-laced shirt with billowing sleeves selling at $125). The Lansky's website comes complete with fan mail, vintage photographs and audio clips of Elvis talking about the store, all available for downloading at www.lansky126.com.

Bernard Lansky is delighted that his name has been carried into the digital age, but prefers to cherish his personal memories of the King in his '50s prime, like the time he wound up trading a three-wheeled Messerschmitt automobile in exchange for a buying spree at the store. RCA Victor had given the novelty vehicle to its new star when his record sales racked up more than a million in 1956. "The first thing he did was come down to the store and say, 'C'mon, let's take a ride'. So we went around the block. When we got back, I said, 'Wait a minute, Elvis. When you're done with this thing, it's mine.' Thirty days later, he called by and gave me the car.

"He was nice. If he liked you, he'd love you. I stayed out at the house with him when his mother died – got him all dressed up and ready for the funeral. He loved his mom, and he was his mom's only child. After that, everything went to hell in a handbasket."



"Vegas years" cape designed by Bill Belew



1971: One of the first Vegas jumpsuits

1968: Comeback special leathers by Bill Belew

"BURNING LOVE"

While he remained loyal to Lansky's, Elvis Presley frequented other shops and designers right from the mid-'50s. That was particularly so in Los Angeles, where Colonel Tom Parker placed his charge on the Hollywood movie production line for his run of 22 increasingly kitsch films.

As far back as June 1956, Presley began to acquire stagewear for himself, bassist Bill Black and guitarist Scotty Moore from Squire's Clothes in Hollywood when he was in town for live shows.

Yet one of the King's most famous outfits – the 24-carat gold lamé suit worn on the cover of the March 1960 50 Million Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong compilation issued as he completed his military service in Germany – was made by Nudie Cohn, Hollywood tailor of custom-made western wear. Hyped as having charged $10,000 for the suit, Nudie was a consummate showman, having started his business after the war supplying costumes for the hundreds of cowboy films being produced at the time.

Nudie (real name Nuta Kotlyarenko) was a Russian émigré whose colourful past had seen him prizefighting and making G-strings and outfits for burlesque girls, although not simultaneously. He had made the suit for Presley a couple of years beforehand, and its appearance on the album cover triggered a switch in Nudie's business to supplying rhinestone- and diamanté-encrusted clothing for country and western stars from the massive Nudie's Rodeo Tailors store on Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood.

The Nudie suit was but one aspect of Presley's visual style, which was modified throughout the '60s to accommodate the changes in fashion caused by the new wave of pop in the wake of the British Invasion, although the jet-black pompadour – short or long – remained inviolable. In June 1968, his rejection of the movie industry and concomitant decision to return to his musical roots was typified by the clean-lined, black leather jeans-style suit worn in the Singer/NBC TV comeback special recorded at Burbank. That suit was designed by Bill Belew, whose Hollywood-based IC Costume Company provided the King with stage costumes and casual daywear from that point on.

It's interesting to note that much of the clothing supplied by IC harked back to the style created for him by the Lanskys. Look no further than the early-'70s black jacket with red leather pocket flaps and fabric-covered buttons (a Lansky speciality), or the range of jazzily-coloured casual shirts with elasticated cuffs and long, pointed collars. Among the more outrageous outfits that Presley was sporting by 1974 was a heavyweight wool-blended red coat, lined with red satin and with a black fur collar and detachable cape.

Presley's final years are marked out in pop history for the disastrous effect that the Vegas treadmill had on his performing talent and his health. The jumpsuits that became the "fatburger" trademark and had been originally designed by Belew, were extraordinary articles of clothing, featuring rhinestones and studding and accompanied by elaborate accessories such as a peacock belt, made of white leather with blue-and-gold embroidery and brass discs depicting flying birds.

One of the first jumpsuits, a 1971 item worn for a series of engagements at the Hilton in Sin City, was made from a black, moderate-weight material, lined in satin, with a studded, green patent-leather collar and yoke and green vinyl inserts in the pants legs. At that time, the jumpsuit had become a fashionable item in music circles, sported by such black music contemporaries of Presley as James Brown. It would be adapted the following year by Ossie Clark into a slinkier, sleeveless form for Mick Jagger on the Rolling Stones' American tour.

Belew's IC Costumes created the extremely camp but enduring Vegas template, while another of the company's early innovations was the cape, in particular the famous light-blue, waist-length version decorated with flat gold studs in a circular pattern. Presley wore a red version with matching jumpsuit when he performed Burning Love at concerts in Virginia, Arkansas and Texas in the spring of 1972, as featured in the *Elvis On Tour* documentary. The addition of the cape to his on-stage uniform made the ensemble complete, and soon he was wearing the classic, high-collared, rhinestone-studded jumpsuit most associated with his 1970s appearances. This was not made by Belew, but was instead created for Presley by another favoured Hollywood costume maker, Bob Mackie.

In effect, Belew had updated '50s flash by constructing stagewear that pressed home the changes in Presley's public persona. On his first night at the Hilton, the singer dispensed with the country tunes that had been live performance staples. Instead, the show started with a rendition of the theme from *2001: A Space Odyssey* and ended with Presley accompanying himself dramatically on the piano for his version of The Impossible Dream. Nothing less dramatic could complement the overwrought nature of late-period Presley stagewear.

02

“CLOTHES AS A THREAT TO SOCIETY”

In Britain in the early 1950s, at exactly the time when the teenage Elvis Presley was making his first forays into flash clothes and wild music in Memphis, disaffected post-war youths in Britain were granted a much less colourful set of options.

The British homegrown pop music scene was still dominated by the big bands and dance halls that had survived the war, while the weekly charts that appeared with the launch of the *New Musical Express* in 1952 were filled by bland, middle-aged bandleaders such as Cyril Stapleton and Ted Heath. Stylish imported American acts led by Johnny Ray, Frank Sinatra and Guy Mitchell generated more excitement, but they in turn inspired a set of UK copycats: the insipid likes of Michael Holliday, Dickie Valentine and Pearl Carr & Teddy Johnson.

Unlike their American cousins, very few British teens had the chance to plug into the electric, pre-rock 'n' roll sounds generated by such acts as pioneering bluesman Big Joe Turner, country's founding father Hank Williams and the jumping jive of Wynonie Harris. In addition, UK youths had none of the opportunities afforded, say, the teenage Presley to appropriate such flash modes of dress as the pink-and-black mohair pizzazz sported by the juke-jointers and roustabouts on Beale Street.

Dowdiness was prevalent among middle-class music fans, but one trend that started in the immediate post-war years among the upper classes was broadened and popularised by working-class lads: the neo-Edwardian look. This in turn gave birth to the first youth cult: the Teddy Boys.

In the first volume of his autobiography, *Stoned*, Andrew Loog Oldham writes, “Beatniks didn't count: they sat around drinking coffee and smoking Gauloises, while the Teds draped and duck-arsed themselves into a national outrage that made headlines.”

Drape suits were beyond the financial reach of many. “A proper Ted suit would cost between £15 and £20, hand-made by a back-street tailor, and all the accessories would double that,” estimated Nik Cohn in his 1971 collection of essays, *Today There Are No Gentlemen*. “If you wished to make top Ted, you had to be prepared to stroll into a dancehall with £50 on your back. It wasn't an easy discipline to survive in. The photographer Don McCullin, for example, lived in Tottenham and used to hang out with a gang but never got fully involved. 'I was making £3 a week on the railways,' he says. 'How could I keep up?'”

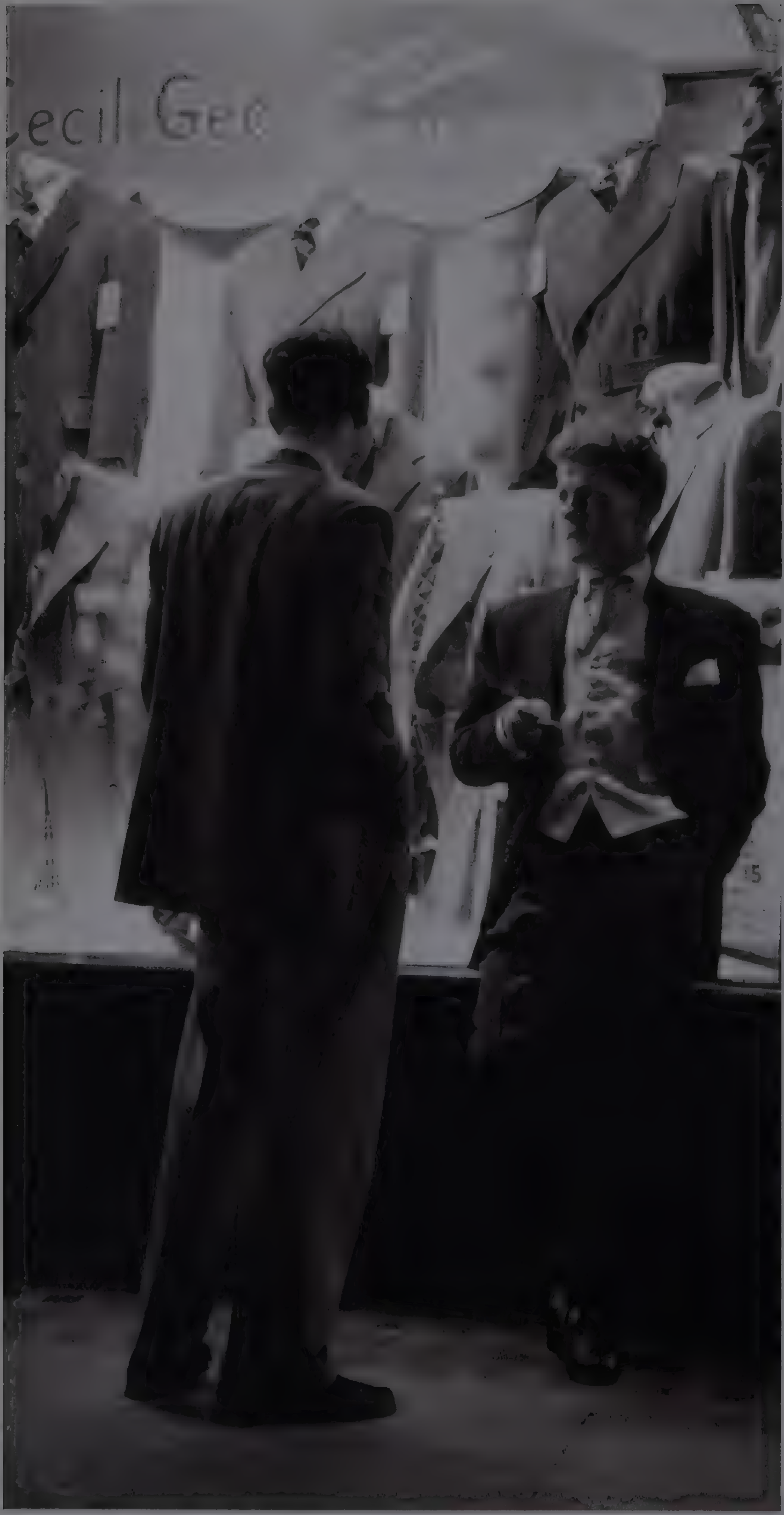
Since there were very few men's outfitters who would supply off-the-peg jackets, impecunious Teds had to rely on local tailors and relatives to adapt existing clothes. “I was a bit of a Ted when I was about 15, wearing a pepper-and-salt jacket and tight trousers with the hair,” says Tommy Roberts, who would kick-start the '50s revival in 1968 with his pop-art fashion shop, Mr Freedom, but who at that time was a schoolboy in Catford, south-east London. “You'd buy into the whole thing: paperbacks about New York gangs and juvenile delinquents and films like *Blackboard Jungle*, which was really the start of youth culture. The only place you heard loud rock 'n' roll was at the fairground.”

In west London, future film producer Mim Scala commissioned tailor Mr Tobias of North End Road to make his suit, and recounts in *Diary Of A Teddy Boy* the colour options: “Black for the hard boys, duck egg blue if you were into Johnny Ray, or a wonderful shiny silver herring-bone cloth as favoured by the Walham Green gang.” Scala also discusses the particular requirements of detail: “In Fulham the buttons on a Ted suit were special: seven of them ran from the tiny lapel down the front of the jacket, the last one level with the cuff.”

Roberts bought his drape jacket at an outfitter and had his trousers altered to the requisite 12-inch cuff by a tailor in Lewisham High Street. “There were a couple of places in Charing Cross Road selling American clothes, such as Austin's, but most people went to Burton's to get the same clothes as their fathers. They looked like little old men coming out. You got a job and that was the end of it all.”

In a 1981 reminiscence of his '50s teenhood, the late singer Ian Dury provided a wealth of detail of the clothes worn by his set in Essex, east of London: “Grey worsted trousers with 12-inch bottoms done on my mum's hand-driven Singer, yellow-and-black shirt and horrible one-button jacket bought by mistake in Romford market when the geezer put his arm across the door and convinced me that pale-green cardboard was just as smart as grey Donegal tweed with little coloured speckles in it.

OPPOSITE 1955: A Teddy Boy receives admiring glances from friends



"I bought a black denim rock suit with white stitching from a *Melody Maker* postal advert six months later, but until then all I had was scholastic apparel or that fucking slimy jacket ...

"Dave Fryer, deft of eyebrow and wicked nuance of smirk, came in the Regent wearing his Sunday clothing: black Etons, faded lime-green socks. Burton's suit: fingertip drape, half moons, reverse double-breasted lapel, single half-inch back vent, three buttons, middle one linked, black serge (no velvet), red lining, 14-inch trousers with four-inch turn-up. White Boston cut-away shirt, slim-jim shiny red-and-black diagonal striped tie, lank troubadour DA [duck's arse], four gold skull rings with ruby eyes, smoking a Manikin. He'd been working a year and was old enough for a motorbike."

Nik Cohn wrote that Ted style peaked around 1956, and after this creepers were replaced by black Italian-style pointed shoes. "This became the basic teenage look of the '50s and '60s, especially in the north: blue jeans with turn-ups and, sticking out underneath, winkle-pickers. Around the same time, the draped Ted jacket also began to fade out, to be replaced by the short, box-like Italian look, and from then on the signals were plain: by 1958, the full Teddy Boy regalia had become hopelessly outmoded and those that wore it were deliberately archaic."

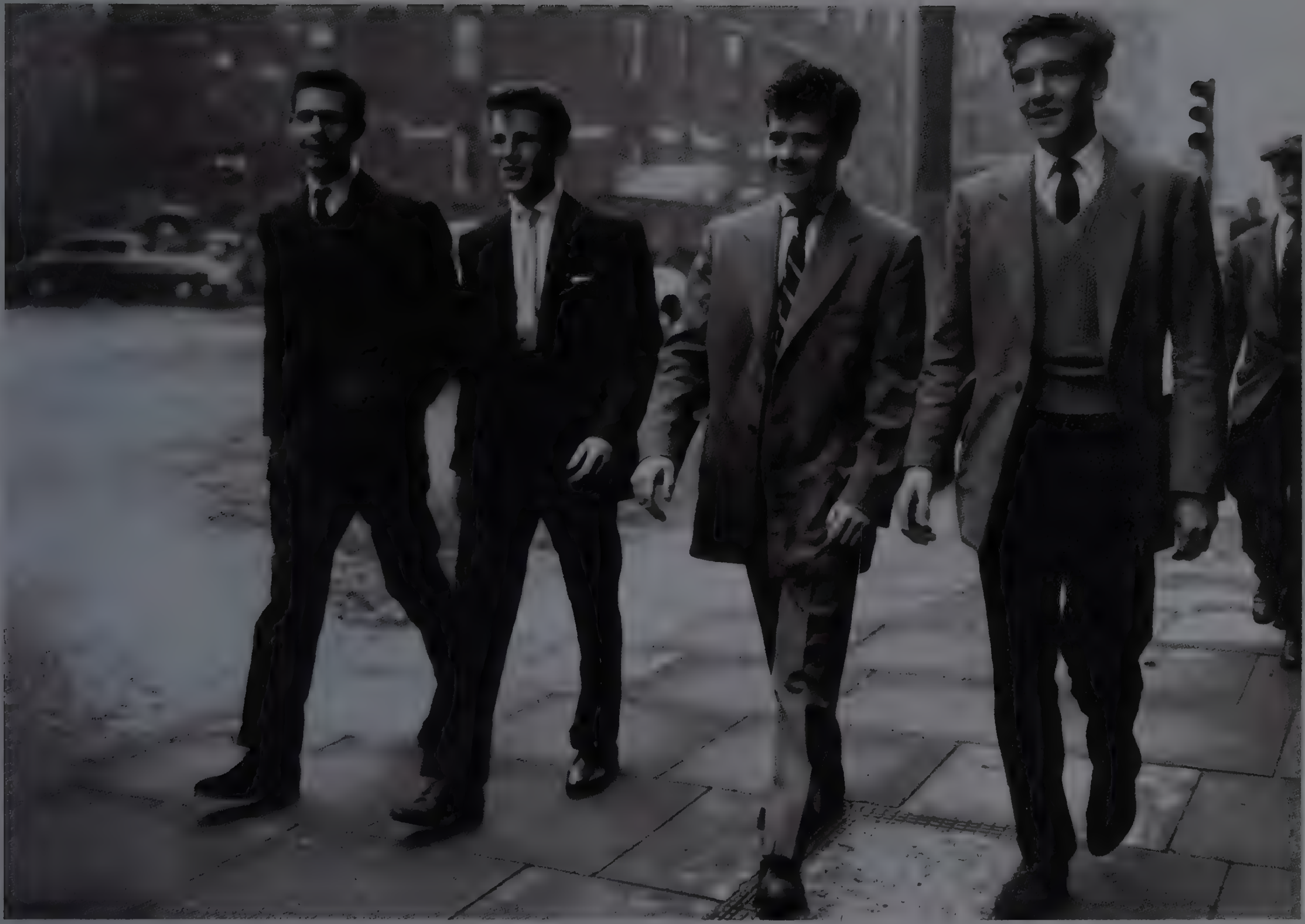
Meanwhile, fashion iconoclast Malcolm McLaren, who drew on '50s style as the starting point in his revolutionary fashion and music career when he opened Let It Rock with Vivienne Westwood in 1971, believes that the roots of one particular rock look actually go back to the beats: "Just look at what people like Jack Kerouac were wearing after they had left the marines and the army and went on the road. White T-shirt, jeans, leather jacket. When Hollywood looked around for rebellious images which would suit stars like James Dean and Brando, they settled on that. And when kids in Britain saw it up on the big screen, they wanted it too."

As their dress became outmoded, Teds withdrew into resentment. The murder of a youth on Clapham Common in 1954 had already set the nation afire.

"Teds became the focus of male fashion, albeit a disreputable one," writes Richard Smith in his book *The Teds*. "Middle class kids were unfashionable because their parents refused to let them ape the Teds."

Smith also believes 1956 was the watershed "year of the Ted", recounting how the Black Duffel Coat Gang stormed a dance at Orpington Civic Hall in March of that year, disguising themselves with the dark glasses and duffel coats associated with beatniks. Breaking up the incident, the police found weaponry including a carving knife and a stiletto. When *Rock Around The Clock* opened at 300 cinemas later that year, rioting and civil disorder was so rife at such venues as the Elephant & Castle Trocadero and the Hendon Gaumont that the film was banned from many cities.

The prehistoric political opinions of the Teds rose to the fore during the race riots over the 1958 August bank holiday in Nottingham and the west-London enclave of Notting Hill (which provided slum-landlord habitation for a good proportion of recently arrived Caribbean immigrants). Colin MacInnes' character Edward The Ted in *Absolute Beginners* is an enthusiastic participant: "He was wearing his summer uniform – ie, slept-in jeans, four-inch prowlers, tiger vest and blue zip jacket (collar of course turned up – he must use whalebone), with lawn-mower hair-do and a built-in scowl."



For many, the turning point came not with the Notting Hill riots but nine months later, with the murder of Caribbean carpenter Kelso Cochrane by three Teddy Boys in May 1959. The individuals were identified by locals and interviewed by police but never brought to justice, in a presentiment of the racist murder of south London teenager Stephen Lawrence many years later.

Cochrane's murder turned public opinion; his funeral was marked by a huge and racially mixed procession along Ladbroke Grove – one of the roots of the present-day Notting Hill Carnival – to express black and white unity. It also served to show the disgust felt by ordinary citizens at the despicable behaviour of the Teds.

By this time there was a socially and stylistically opposed fad emerging in the form of a reawakening of interest in the music of the founding fathers of jazz in the '20s and '30s. The mode of dress that accompanied the trad revival was deliberately sloppy, in emulation of intellectual heroes such as the American beats and Parisian existentialists: baggy flannel trousers and loose jumpers with college scarves and duffel coats for men and women. The more adventurous females wore ponytails, gingham blouses and dirndl skirts, or Juliette Greco "existentialist" fringes with dark make-up around the eyes and black clothing. They favoured performers such as "The Three Bs" – Kenny Ball, Chris Barber and Acker Bilk – and others who ploughed a similar furrow, such as Humphrey Lyttelton and George Melly. All provided a very English slant on the original jazz-hot sounds of negro America.

In his short story *A Bit Off The Map*, Angus Wilson pinpoints the austere dreariness of the style that prevailed among these proto-beatnik jazz fans: "The clothes of The Crowd – the tired suits, the stained flannels, the grubby corduroys; the jumpers and skirts, the pathetically dim brooches and earrings – were no conscious protests, only the end of inherited and accepted taste, the necessities of penurious earnings."

In *Absolute Beginners*, Colin MacInnes delineated some of "trad drag's" fashion options, as witnessed by his fictional teen narrator: "Long brushless hair, white stiff starched collar (rather grubby), striped shirt, tie of all one colour (red today but it could have been royal blue or navy), very, very tight

ABOVE September 1958: Four men remanded at west London Police Court on charges relating to the Notting Hill race riots, (left to right) John Lewis, Ronald Cooper, Alfred Harper and Peter Thomas

LEFT October 1953: London Teddy Boy Colin Donellan outside Cecil Gee, Shaftesbury Avenue

PROFESSIONAL JAZZ BAND
KE PETERS
AND
BAND
Resident Jazz Band
12th OCTOBER
ONWARDS
BAR
10·30

the best of
BALL, BARBER and BILK
MODE disques
MDINT 9093
Série Internationale

ABOVE **George Melly (at mike): "Inclined to dress rather beat"**

RIGHT **The Three Bs: Ball, Barber and Bilk**

trousers with wide stripes, no sox, short boots ... trad boy's girl – long hair, untidy with long fringes, maybe jeans and a big floppy sweater, maybe bright-coloured, never floralled, never pretty dress ... smudged-looking's the objective."

Trad was hip for a flickering moment in the late '50s but then went mainstream and peaked within a couple of years. "By the time I was 16, I was interested in Bohemianism, wearing paint-spattered jeans, baggy jumpers and a suede jacket with the arms cut off so it looked like a jerkin," says Tommy Roberts, then a student at Goldsmiths College Of Art. "I was at Ken Collyer's all-nighters [in Great Newport Street, Soho] and all the jazz clubs, which were really just rooms in pubs. We'd go to Chislehurst Caves [a venue south of London, based in actual caves, which was strung with netting and featured such 'beat' accessories as candles in empty Vat 69 whisky bottles]. Diz Disley had a club where you'd wear a black polo-neck sweater and a beret, drinking one Coca-Cola all night. Bit of that."

Trad was "loose and rowdy, and it went well with cheap cider and stomping about on the dance-floor like an idiot at art-school dances", according to Small Faces/Faces keyboard player Ian McLagan in his autobiography, *All The Rage*.

In *Owning Up*, his memoir of days on the road, George Melly adds, "In 1960 the trad boom was under way. There was a proportion of art-school students, and a larger proportion who hoped to be taken for art-school students. These were inclined to dress rather beat and dance with no shoes on, and however rural a job, there was sure to be at least one couple leaping about in front of the bandstand. They were known among the band as 'the local weirdies', but apart from them there was no trad uniform. It was the emergence of Acker Bilk which changed the whole scene ... with his little beard and balding head, twinkling eyes and decided waddle, he looked more like a retired pirate than anything else."

As exemplified by the likes of the candy stripe-waistcoated and bowler-hatted Bilk, trad went mainstream. Soon, in a duffel coat and sporting an "It's trad, dad!" button, the archetypal fan was a buffoonish figure in the cartoons of the day.

Hitting the charts in 1961, trad performers adopted singular images; the City Gents wore pinstripe suits and bowlers, while Bob Wallis & His Storyville Jazz Band dressed as riverboat gamblers. The biggest stars of the scene, the Temperance Seven, wore spats and '20s-cut suits as they scored four "hot dance" hits in that peak year.

By then, TV programmes such as *Easybeat* had rejected pop in favour of trad; even the presenter, Brian Matthew, took to performing novelty songs such as She's Gone Trad Mad, mourning the fact that his fictional girlfriend had given up rocking in favour of jazz.

But by the time American expat film director Dick Lester released his exploitation flick *It's Trad, Dad!* in 1962, the scene was dying on its feet. One of the promulgators, Chris Barber, had already laid the foundations for the coming blues boom by performing r&b tunes with the likes of Alexis Korner and Ottilie Patterson, matching the mood of kids disenchanted with a style of music palatable to their parents.

"Trad became a very corny thing in about two seconds," says Tommy Roberts. "All these bods jumping about in college scarves and bowler hats, clutching pandas. We liked people like Mick Mulligan and George Melly. They were OK but trad was really a bit naff."

"A FAIR SYMBOL OF CLASS PRIVILEGE"

"In 1948 it became fashionable among upper-class guards officers to order suits from their tailors with long-waisted jackets, tight trousers, double-breasted waistcoats and velvet collars," explains menswear expert Colin Woodhead. "Within a couple of years, this had been taken up by Savile Row, which launched an Edwardian range for its customers in the City."

Businessmen were largely unimpressed, although exquisites such as royal photographer Cecil Beaton and society dandy Bunny Roger, who was right-hand man to royal couturier Hardy Amies, remained life-long fans of Edwardian dress.

Yet the biggest impact of this short-lived fad among the upper echelons was actually on young men from an entirely different social stratum. Aggressively working-class males saw how the clothes could match the exotic new music and "youth" movies that had begun to filter across the Atlantic.

The Old Etonian jazzer Humphrey Lyttelton recalled how "in the very vanguard of fashion, I once had an Edwardian suit made, with narrow trousers, pinched waist and glared jacket ... for some reason best known to the Edwardians, the trousers came right up under my armpits, held up by the shortest pair of braces outside of a circus".

Lyttelton once wore the suit when playing a concert at the Regal cinema in Edmonton, north-west London, and claimed his wife overheard the following exchange between two Teds in full regalia:

"That 'Umphrey Lyttelton ... "

"What abaht 'im?"

"'E's one of us!"

Neo-Edwardianism denoted an aspirational quality, as George Melly makes clear in his pioneering analysis of pop culture, *Revolt Into Style*: "The Edwardian man-about-town was a fair symbol of class privilege."

Woodhead says that, by 1952, the neo-Edwardian suit had merged with the American drape imported by people such as Cecil Gee to create a hybrid style. "The velvet collars and fancy waistcoats from Savile Row were added to the long drape jacket of the American zoot suit," he says. "Because Teddy Boys were associated with teenage violence, the idea of 'fashionable clothes as a threat to society' was born."

The novelist Anthony Burgess later confessed to having based in part the original draft of his book *A Clockwork Orange* on the rise in violence among teenage gangs, observing that Teds "were a personification of the *Zeitgeist* in that they seemed to express a brutal disappointment with Britain's post-war decline as a world power and evoked the age of Edwardian expansion in their clothes if nothing else".

Velvet-collared fingertip-drape jackets, high collars, Slim Jim ties, tight waistcoats and cuffed trousers were combined with hefty shoes, which added to the brutal image. Brothel creepers, such as the Eton Clubman and in particular the side-buckled version as first manufactured by George Cox & Son in 1949, became the shoe most associated with the movement, though the original Teds wore plain-capped footwear such as Gibsons with one-inch crepe soles. These, with black suede tops, were sported by a particular '50s film star, so were known as "Jeff Chandlers".

The main elements of the Ted image are outlined by Melly in *Revolt Into Style*:

"THE HAIR: A great deal of grease supporting some sort of quiff at the front but a certain variation allowable at the back, ie the duck's arse or DA. There were other eccentricities: the elephant's trunk, a rather obscene sausage-like shape which was allowed to dangle down onto the forehead; and the apache, a very radical style in which the whole head was shaved except for a fore-to-aft ridge.

"THE CLOTHES: Immediately after the war, suspecting that upper-class young men-about-town might feel the need to express sartorially their dislike of the austerity-minded Socialist government, the smart tailors proposed a style based on the period of their grandfathers: the last golden moment for the British upper classes, the long Edwardian summer. The exact moment that it was taken up by working-class rebels (and of course immediately dropped by upper-class exquisites) is impossible to track down. Equally obscure is the psychological explanation for the adoption of this unlikely uniform. The tight trousers and long jackets with their velvet collars bore no relation to the past of these young men. What they added, the bootlace ties and suede shoes, were entirely unrelated to the original. Yet the whole thing looked undeniably right. The arrival of rock 'n' roll was all that was needed. The first real pop movement was ready to explode."

Italian tailor Brioni took on the new look

03

“YOU HAD TO MAKE IT DIFFERENT”

Clothes rationing was strictly imposed in Britain until the mid-'50s, and the notion of high-street fashion – let alone menswear – was preposterous. Demob suits issued to soldiers returning from World War II continued to predominate more than a decade after issue, and deviance from the grey norm was remarkable. “You have to remember that this was the world where even wearing your tie in a Windsor knot was just not on,” says fashion expert Colin Woodhead: “A Windsor knot or a pair of brown suede shoes meant that you were definitely not to be trusted.”

These, along with other items of American-style dress – the broadly-cut, double-breasted suit (usually in chalkstripe), wide, painted ties, the two-tone, co-respondent shoes – were sported by spivs, those pencil-moustached wide boys who thrived in the black-market conditions encouraged by rationing. They would buy imported threads, or have them made by local tailors. The only shops where such items could be purchased off the peg were on the edges of London's seedy Soho – notably Austin's, situated opposite the Trocadero in Shaftesbury Avenue, just before the junction with Windmill Street, and Cecil Gee, which was in the same thoroughfare, close to the corner of Wardour Street. These days it is a bar called Mai Tai.

“You just couldn't get the cloth,” said Dougie Millings, the cutter at Austin's for much of the '50s. “Rationing meant that people had to save six coupons for a suit, and we weren't allowed to add turn-ups to the trousers. In the ladies' trade, skirts were not permitted beyond a certain length, to save on materials.”

Louis Austin's shop established a solid collection of showbiz customers, providing lightweight suits, glitzy tuxedo jackets and a range of ready-to-wear lines imported from Europe. Austin's had its own brand of suits, typically in lightweight flannel, and also sold clothes made in materials such as seersucker, sharkskin, gabardine and pure wool. In this atmosphere, Millings was able to develop his distinctive look, which included the use of velvet collars and cuffs, the introduction of shiny mohair and the tailoring of tight trousers. “Louis had been a saxophonist in the '30s,” recalled Millings. “He was a bloody good player. I went to work for him and got to know all these people who were stars or on their way to becoming stars – Tommy Steele, Michael Holliday. I remember Shirley Bassey coming in when she was 18 years old, just a spotty-faced little girl. One of the early groups I worked for were The Raindrops, instrumentalists who formed a vocal group. I made them silver-grey suits with a velvet edging. You had to make it different, you know, something you couldn't buy off the rail.”

Austin's was part of the drift into central London of Jewish East End tailors whose outlets differed from the traditional Savile Row shops in that their appeal to spivs and showmen was in revealing “conspicuous expenditure rather than concealing it”, according to George Melly.

At the forefront of this new breed was the Lithuanian Cecil Gee, whose flagship shop at 39 Shaftesbury Avenue had been going since the '30s and made its name as a result of the austerity era. Gee initially concentrated on the American look popularised by film stars such as Montgomery Clift and Cary Grant: double-breasted suits, wide lapels, long, spear-point collars and coloured shirts. The fittings inside the shop included a Gaggia espresso machine and the walls were adorned with blown-up photographs of jazz giants.

“People coming out of the services wanted individuality, and Cecil Gee gave it to them,” said Melly. “In the late '40s and '50s, it was towards Cecil's that the more clothes-conscious modern jazz musicians and rock stars turned.”

As jazz venues opened in Chinatown dives, such as the original Ronnie Scott's and Happening 44, both in Gerrard Street, so the locale became a mecca for style-conscious music fans. “I spent a year in London between the ages of 17 and 18 and all I thought about was fashion and jazz,” says Vanessa Denza, who these days runs a prominent fashion trade recruitment agency. “At least three nights a week I'd be in the jazz clubs, wearing clothes that I made myself. There

OPPOSITE Miles Davis: “Always a fashion animal”

ABOVE John Simons' Cecil Gee window display, Charing Cross Road, 1956

was no alcohol available, it was all about the music, the dancing and the clothes. In those days there was a six- or nine-month gap after leaving school when you had fun, and then all the men went off to do National Service. So we crammed in as much as possible."

Richard Channing, a Brit who worked at Ivy League emporium Paul Stuart in New York, observes: "At that time, all those jazz people like John Dankworth and Ronnie Scott were wearing a British version of American clothes, with wide shoulders and ties. The Charing Cross Road shops were all selling American-type clothing. Sometimes it was authentic, other times made to look like these gabardine suits we saw on record sleeves and in photographs from American jazz clubs."

One young jazz fan was John Simons, who had started working at Cecil Gee's other store in Charing Cross Road in 1955 at the age of 15. Another East Ender, he gained sales experience at Smart & Western in Dalston and Martin's Menswear in Edgware Road (where he was a window dresser) before jumping to Gee.

"Cecil Gee was brilliant, a really nice guy," says Simons. "He was small, good-looking and was always pristine in his presentation; he must have changed his shirt at least twice a day. Cecil Gee was revered at the shop, one of the last of the film-star bosses – very smooth. You'd be pretty nervous if he came along, because there was still that pre-war attitude. One day I was working in his shop in Ilford and he offered me a lift back to town. I gingerly said yes, because this was pretty scary for a 16-year-old like me, but he took me out to lunch on the way back, which was amazing. Here I was, only a junior, sitting there chatting to Cecil Gee!"

Gee became known as Mr Swish, not only for the bobby-dazzling clothes he sold but also for his penchant for gimmicks. He once brought the tallest man in the world over from America for a publicity campaign, not only accentuating his own short stature but also grabbing headlines for his shops. The clothes were all sold under the Cecil Gee name, although there were also certain complementary lines, such as Jaytex shirts with their trademark cut-away collars. By 1959, Cecil Gee was operating 14 shops and raking in an annual turnover in excess of £2 million, and this success was based on the notion of fashion for men, a revolutionary concept for the period, as Melly noted when he visited the flagship Gee store to purchase a pair of yellow socks. "Oh no, sir," said the salesman. "Yellow socks are out."

Having established himself in the post-war years by selling the wide-shouldered, drape-jacketed look, Gee saw the commercial potential of a more modern tailoring style on a trip to Italy in 1956 with one of his employees, Ivan Topper. "They bought back these cotton suits," says Simons. "We'd never seen anything like them. They had a natural shoulder and three buttons on the jacket with little vents. That was the beginning of the whole Italian thing here. Soon we were selling them at £26 9s, and he even brought back a tailor from Rome and set him up in the shop making them. The guy couldn't even speak English at first, but he stayed, and later launched his own business, Giorgio, in Piccadilly Arcade."

It's difficult now to gauge the effect of Italian tailoring on northern European menswear, but it was eventually to render obsolete traditional suitmaking outside the most conservative of circles. Initially, it also caused offence. When singer Frankie Laine took to the stage of the London Palladium in 1956 dressed from head to toe in the Italian look, there was uproar among his mainly female fans, and he was roundly slated for his unmanly appearance in the press.

The Italian cut had been created by Roman tailors such as the Brioni brothers, who were among the first in the world of menswear to come up with techniques such as designing new clothes for every season and holding fashion shows to exhibit them. "Rome was far enough south to have escaped the ravages of the war, and while we were living in that austere gloom in England in the '50s they had the lifestyle, the beautiful hot weather and fantastic tailoring," remembers Woodhead, who represented Brioni in the UK and wrote a book about the contribution that the company made to styling James Bond through the fictional spy's various movie incarnations.

"Brioni clothes were modern and non-traditional, which made them very attractive to us, but there were few luxuries at that time, and for Brioni to suggest that men, as breadwinners of the family, should be allowed to indulge themselves in anything as frivolous as clothes was somehow ungodly and therefore another foreign force to be repelled at the white cliffs of Dover."

As far back as 1952, Brioni evening wear was worn by the first-ever male models to stride the catwalk, in Florence, and by 1955 the company was producing cotton suits for the emerging jet set. Underpinned by distribution deals with major department stores in America, the company's clothes began making waves internationally. American fashion magazine *Club* reported that "Brioni of Rome, who specialise in clothes for aeroplane travel, state that suits must be light, comfortable and easily worn in different combinations, so that the traveller can adapt to various climates".

Films such as *Roman Holiday*, made in 1953 and starring Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn, helped to stimulate further interest in the new close-fitting style, which in 1955 was named the *ordine dorico* (the columnar look). As described by Italian writer Cristina Giorgetti in *Brioni: 50 Years Of Style*, this consisted of a long jacket with "soft, yet marked shoulders, and tapering to below the hips, with side vents. The trousers were revolutionary, being narrow with plain buttons." Thus the three-button Italian suit, as worn by modern jazz acolytes and tightened in the '60s to become the classic mod suit, was born, with the bum-freezer jacket perfect for riding an Italian scooter such as a Vespa. But back in the '50s, there had been resistance in traditional British menswear circles, despite the fact Italy was hip, an influence stemming largely from the presence of thousands of Italian immigrants who arrived after the war and by the rise of coffee bars across the UK.

The first were opened in London in 1952, and by 1960 there were more than 500 across the capital alone, bearing exotic names such as Mocamba, El Cubano, Negresco and Aloha. Soon these were joined by such Soho haunts as Le Macabre, La Bastille and Les Enfants Terribles.

Don Sharp's 1958 film *The Golden Disc* studies the effects of the opening of a coffee bar – with its all-important Gaggia espresso machine – on the older generation, while the bitter Wolf Mankowitz/Val Guest 1959 masterpiece *Expresso Bongo* details how a Soho coffee bar has first to bring in a Gaggia and then rock 'n' roll music to maintain sales among its fickle customers. It is interesting to note there is now a highly collectable school of "forgotten '50s" ceramics based around those designers who supplied these burgeoning yet very un-British outlets. At the time, the coffee bars were disparaged as yet another incursion into Anglo culture, akin to the Italian-cut suits.

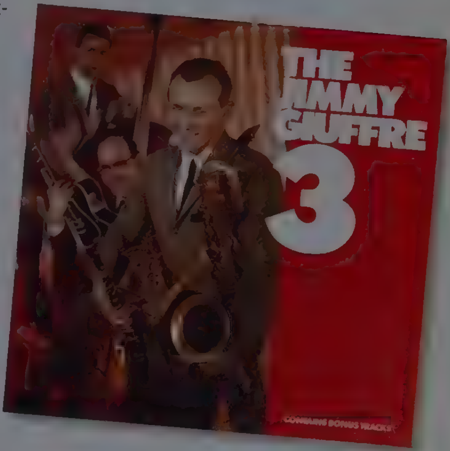
After a colourful Brioni fashion show in London, right-wing weekly *The Spectator* attacked the company's suits under the headline "The Ice Cream Man Cometh", while the daily London paper the *Evening Standard* proclaimed "Look Out London! Here Comes Another Roman Invasion". This media coverage failed to dampen demand for Italian clothes generally; in early pictures of The Shadows, for example, bass guitarist Jet Harris wears slip-on Italian shoes to match his leather trousers and Gerry Mulligan crop, while shops such as Bricks Menswear in Shaftesbury Avenue stocked Gabicci tops or Italian knitwear as worn by the pin-up Fabian.

In his book *The Englishman's Suit*, Hardy Amies lambasted the Italian tailors for their "somewhat dubious taste – dubious because there was no real sense of tradition behind them". It is ironic, then, that the Italian cut was combined with that most traditional of styles, Ivy League, to create the look of the other great musical development of the '50s: modern jazz. In January 1957, young London-based jazz fan Richard Channing left his job at the Jaeger knitwear company and caught a transatlantic liner to take up a post at Paul Stuart, the New York shop which, over many years of trading, had established itself as the city's leading Ivy League outlet.

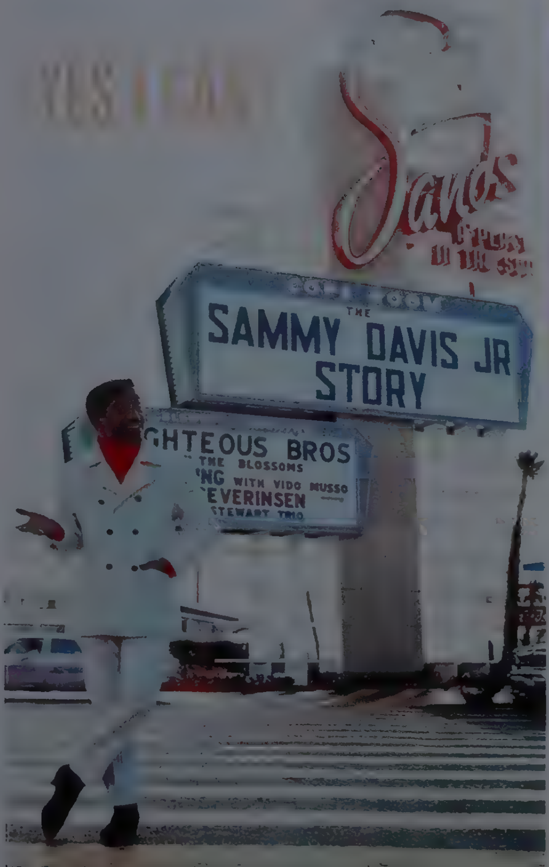
Ivy League has its roots in American collegiate stores, which drew on the deepest traditions of British clothing for their student customers, supplying them with a complete range of clothes for all weathers and circumstances. Often the clothes – in tweeds, linen and jersey – were manufactured in Britain strictly for export to this market. The suits were similar to the Italian cut in that the shoulders were natural and the trousers were often flat-fronted and without cuffs. The shoes ranged from slip-ons, such as the classic Bass Weejuns, to wingtips, the heavy-soled brogues whose design harks back to the time when they were worn on grouse shoots in Scotland.

By the '50s, through the successful marketing of such outlets as Brooks Brothers, Ivy League had become not only the dress of middle America but also of east-coast sophisticates. The clothes were in demand among the modern jazz contingent – witness the clothes worn on album covers by the likes of the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Jimmy Giuffre Trio. Modern jazz enthusiasts such as John Simons at Cecil Gee also made the connection: "I was pretty hip to the bebop coming in from the west coast. Of course they all had that Ivy League look. These ultra-cool black guys from the Modern Jazz Quartet wearing high, three-button, 38-gramme suits with natural shoulders and little vents. It was part of an egalitarian tradition, and also to do with upward mobility. They were basically saying that the old rigid codes of dress for men were on their way out. Then came the 'Jivy Ivy' look, which was flash – that Rat Pack cool worn by artists like Sammy Davis Jnr, which took Ivy League into showbiz."

Richard Channing believes the post-war increase in live concerts, particularly at college campuses, was another reason why jazzers picked up on the look. "You couldn't get more conservative than the Ivy League, and I'm sure that's why a lot of musicians went for it. Also, in 1953, the LP record was launched. It had been produced for classical music but the jazz guys took it over. Now the stuff that somebody blew for 10 minutes in a jam session could be taped, and that gave



ABOVE **Jimmy Guiffre wears Ivy: "Part of an egalitarian tradition"**



ABOVE **Dino sports Ivy cool, 1960**

LEFT **"Jivy Ivy" took the look into showbiz**

COFFEE 2i's BAR
HOME OF THE STARS

ABOVE **"There's a place for you!" 2 i's coffee bar, 59 Old Compton Street, London**

rise to the highly orchestrated music of the kind that Miles Davis was making with Bill Evans. The clothes added that veneer of respectability – ignoring the fact that Miles himself came from a highly respectable family."

The oak-lined interior of the Paul Stuart shop, situated on 45th Street and Madison, breathed class. "I used to think I was a smart dresser, but when I got there I quickly realised the clothes I had on were totally wrong," says the affable Channing, surrounded by an astounding collection of original jazz vinyl in his charming southwest-London villa. "I arrived wearing an Edwardian double-breasted jacket with shoulders, a stiff collar – everything was wrong."

MILES DAVIS
COLUMBIA
Kind of Blue

ABOVE **Miles wears Paul Stuart**

Own-label attire predominated at Paul Stuart, but the shop also sold Barracuta and Rodex raincoats, shirts made by Gant and ties by Reiss. "One of the guys who worked for Reiss was Ralph Lauren, then Ralph Lipschitz," says Channing of the designer whose clothes retain an Ivy edge to this day. "He used to come in all the time showing us the company's new lines. I remember his first was a kipper tie."

Business was brisk at Paul Stuart, which was patronised by the Madison Avenue executives who populated the area's advertising agencies, as well as Broadway actors such as James Dean's room-mate Kevin McCarthy, Tony Randall and Anthony Perkins, and visitors to New York eager to stock up for the coming year. "Because of the extremes of the weather in the States, we would often make big sales to individual customers," says Channing, whose job it was to supply a complementary range of clothes to go with the suits. "A guy would walk in and buy six suits and I would fix them up with shirts, socks, everything. It was practically wholesale. It wouldn't be anything for a guy to spend $1,000 in those days. We were charging $125 a suit."

One day in the spring of 1959, a colleague brought a special customer over to Channing. "I was gobsmacked – it was Miles Davis," he grins. "He was wearing dark, conservative clothes. There was a big fashion for a lightweight herringbone tweed suit and I think he had one of those on. Here was Miles Davis on Madison Avenue, working with Bill Evans just down the street at CBS on the greatest jazz record ever made, Kind Of Blue. Always a fashion animal, he had picked up on this look and made it his own. The clothes he is wearing on the cover of that album were all bought at Paul Stuart."

As jazz made progressive advances in the '50s, rock 'n' roll went underground again when the saccharine-sweet pop stars – from Alma Cogan to Pat Boone – prevailed.

In the UK the beatnik scene became the cradle for British rock 'n' roll. One night in 1956 a 23-year-old from Bermondsey, Thomas Hicks (soon to become Tommy Steele), and his friend Mike Pratt ventured into beatnik haunt The Yellow Door in neighbouring Waterloo. There they met wannabe songwriter Lionel Bart, and the encounter led to the trio recording the first-ever British rock 'n' roll song, Rock With The Caveman. In the absence of any homegrown rock musicians, the backing was provided by sessioneer jazzers such as Benny Greene and Ronnie Scott.

Around this time, future film producer Mim Scala recalls meeting Bart in the legendary 2 i's coffee bar, situated in the heart of Soho at 59 Old Compton Street. Named after its original owners, the Irani brothers, who had subsequently sold the lease to Australian wrestlers Ray Hunter and Paul Lincoln, the 2 i's served "froffy coffee" and nurtured homegrown talent. Crucible of the mid-'50s skiffle and domestic rock 'n' roll explosion, the coffee bar was the spawning ground of the new generation of British rock 'n' rollers such as Cliff Richard & The Shadows. It was also a haven for such movers and shakers as manager Larry Parnes, who steered the careers of a host of pre-Beatles stars including Adam Faith, Vince Eager and Dickie Pride.

"There's a place for you!" exclaimed Adam Faith excitedly in his autobiography *Poor Me* (which promised "the truth about the teenage world by one of its biggest stars"). "Nearly everyone who worked at the 2 i's has become something in the beat business. One of these days, someone is going to write a musical about that place." This prediction would eventually be realised when the 2 i's featured in Julien Temple's flawed musical movie version of Colin MacInnes' *Absolute Beginners*. In his book, Faith (real name Terence Nelhams) related how the image-conscious TV producer Jack Good spotted his potential during a shoot at the 2 i's for his TV programme *Six-Five Special*. Good decided to turn Faith into "the singing James Dean", and Faith subsequently made his television debut in a black jacket and matching black casual shirt from Austin's.

In America the beatnik had become another archetype, as exemplified by an explosion in beatnik-style literature and art: check out *MAD* magazine's Alfred E Neumann on the cover of the 1960 book *Like, MAD*, in beret, thick-rimmed glasses and goatee.

With their own hipster slang – they smoked "muggles", lived in "pads" and dated "mommas" – beatniks were targets for all manner of fashion marketing, as delineated in Martin

McIntosh and Domenic Priore's book *Beatsville*.

Among the cash-ins noted in their book are ads for mail-order "beatnik kits" which contained cigarette holders, berets, stick-on moustaches ("shape any way you like"), plastic spectacles and goatee wigs, all in black, natch. There are also college-style sweatshirts emblazoned with "The Beat Generation" and beat blazers – "quality khaki poplin with black ribbing Perry Como-style".

Film director John Waters recalls in his memoirs: "I decided I was a beatnik and began wearing jeans with elaborate black stains and sandals that wrapped up to my knees. I sneaked into coffee houses and actually owned a pair of bongos. None of this was done out of any deep social conviction, but in homage to my favourite beatnik character, Maynard G Krebs on the Dobie Gillis show."

In Britain, the Neanderthal Teds stuck with the originals from Elvis to Jerry Lee Lewis, while some transmuted into so-called "ton-up" boys (due to their penchant for pushing their vehicles as close to 100mph as possible) and rockers, obsessed with British motorbikes, leather and grease, skin-tight jeans and winkle-pickers.

The look was adopted by a new breed of r&b enthusiasts, who were provoked into picking up musical instruments by the skiffle boom started by Lonnie Donegan in 1957. They either followed the path back to traditional folk or transferred their affections to the sounds of new black artists, such as Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters. The records by these and other such artists were unavailable in Britain in all but the most specialist outlets, but they did trickle in through the major ports: Belfast, London, Liverpool and Bristol.

This is how artists the likes of The Beatles came to merge the rocker look with the sounds of the new r&b and then-obscure rock 'n' roll by artists such as Lloyd Price, Larry Williams and Carl Perkins. While they practised their cover versions, a greasy-quiffed rocker like George Harrison wore post-austerity "denim" brands as Jet and Libro, made from flimsy black material with green stitching and zippered pockets.

However, there was no outlet for r&b and original rock 'n' roll in the UK. The only route to live performance was in such Continental rock 'n' roll bastions as Hamburg's Star Club, where The Beatles were to pitch up by the beginning of the '60s. Here they encountered European beatniks and existentialists for the first time, among them commercial artist Klaus Voorman and photographer Astrid Kirchherr. The latter would inadvertently become the first – and arguably the most crucial – rock stylist.

"And then they met us, and that gave them something to think about," she said in a mid-'90s interview in *Mojo* magazine. "Dressed all strangely in black, all in black velvet and black trousers and polo-necks. Klaus with his long hair. my make-up all black and my hair one centimetre long. I'd heard about rockers – these weird people who used grease to comb their hair back – but I'd never seen one in real life."

Via her relationship with the handsome and doomed original member Stuart Sutcliffe, Kirchherr turned The Beatles on to the "existentialist" look, persuading them to abandon their quiffs and leathers to brushed-forward fringes, dark-coloured polo-necks and bum-freezer jackets. Sutcliffe even borrowed Kirchherr's round-collared jacket three years before it became the Fab Four's trademark.

By the time they returned to Liverpool in 1961, after a couple of extended forays into the Hamburg netherworld, The Beatles were a crack musical unit, hardened by repeated nightly performances. They also presented a distinctive – albeit scruffy – image to the record-shop owner who signed them to a management deal at the end of that year: Brian Epstein.

Epstein's assistant Alistair Taylor described their appearance at the Cavern's lunchtime concerts as "pretty sinister – black leather trousers and jackets, black T-shirts and not another colour to be seen".

On the second day of Epstein's management – December 14 1961 – the foursome were escorted to a Birkenhead tailor's and fitted for made-to-measure, matching, dark blue suits, while their long hair was neatened at Liverpool's top-notch gentleman's barbers, Horne Brothers.

Epstein was making stylistic decisions in tune with the nation. As noted by TB Fyvel in his 1961 sociological study *The Insecure Offenders: Rebellious Youth In The Welfare State*, there had been a turn towards neatness, with haircuts and clothes "unified in the rather attractive 'Italian style', which had become normal walking out wear for the working class boy; and by 1960 this had blended with 'conservative cool' or just very ordinary but well cut clothes".

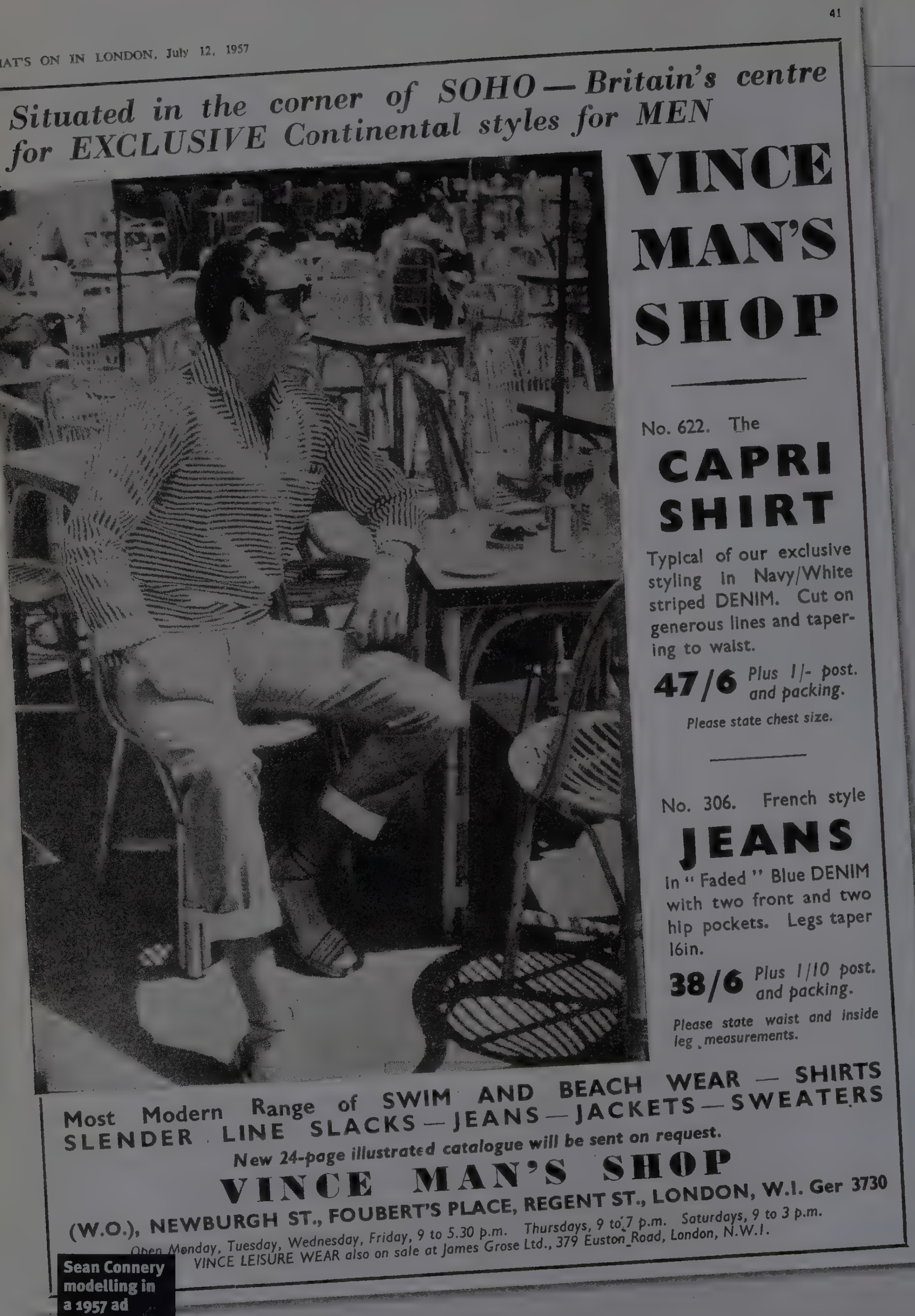
Within nine months of meeting them, Epstein had secured a record deal. It was then that he turned to Dougie Millings – the country's leading showbusiness tailor – to make The Beatles' appearance as distinctive as possible.

Thus it was that one of the most vital pop images of all time was distilled from equal parts rocker, existentialist and showbiz.

ABOVE Adam Faith: Talent nurtured in Old Compton Street

BELOW The Beatles in Hamburg, from left: Pete Best, George Harrison, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Stuart Sutcliffe

HANNOVER
20



41

AT'S ON IN LONDON, July 12, 1957

Situated in the corner of SOHO — Britain's centre for EXCLUSIVE Continental styles for MEN

VINCE MAN'S SHOP

No. 622. The

CAPRI SHIRT

Typical of our exclusive styling in Navy/White striped DENIM. Cut on generous lines and tapering to waist.

47/6 *Plus 1/- post. and packing.*

Please state chest size.

No. 306. French style

JEANS

In "Faded" Blue DENIM with two front and two hip pockets. Legs taper 16in.

38/6 *Plus 1/10 post. and packing.*

Please state waist and inside leg measurements.

Most Modern Range of SWIM AND BEACH WEAR — SHIRTS SLENDER LINE SLACKS — JEANS — JACKETS — SWEATERS

New 24-page illustrated catalogue will be sent on request.

VINCE MAN'S SHOP

(W.O.), NEWBURGH ST., FOUBERT'S PLACE, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1. Ger 3730

Open Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, 9 to 5.30 p.m. Thursdays, 9 to 7 p.m. Saturdays, 9 to 3 p.m.

VINCE LEISURE WEAR also on sale at James Grose Ltd., 379 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

Sean Connery modelling in a 1957 ad for Vince

"DO WHAT YOU LIKE, MADAM"

In post-war London, one extraordinary shop set the scene for the youthquake to come: Vince Man's Shop, a small clothing establishment opened on the corner of Newburgh Street and Foubert's Place in the West End in 1954 by an ex-muscleman photographer called Bill Green.

Mr Green, as he was known to his clientele, catered to what would then have been termed the "theatrical crowd". Positioned parallel to Carnaby Street, at the time an unassuming backwater notable only for the tobacco emporium Inderwick & Co, Vince's carried a flamboyant line in menswear supplemented by stage clothing stocked particularly for the capital's premier theatre, the Palladium, the stage door of which is around the corner on Great Marlborough Street.

Regulars at Vince's included the likes of Peter Sellers, the King of Denmark, and, apparently, Pablo Picasso, who once bought a pair of suede trousers. There were a few other similarly odd little outlets dotted around town, such as Jon's (also in Soho) and Dale Kavanagh's (in Belgravia), but these were more upmarket. "Vince's was faggy, theatre-y, cock-a-snook-y at the folks who went there," says Christopher Gibbs, later to become a leading light in Swinging London but at the time already one of the capital's foremost peacocks. "There were always enough of them to keep the show on the road. Dale Kavanagh was more Noël Coward-y – fancy bits of tailoring for people who wanted to startle the evening. I think they would do anything you asked."

Vince's achieved notoriety, as underscored by the fact that it was the butt of variety show jokes, tellers of which picked up on George Melly's line, "I went into Vince's for a tie and they measured my inside leg". Almost exclusively homosexual and often connected with the business we still call show, Vince's custom was drawn from the ranks of dancers and performers in the area and the boys who frequented the neighbouring Marshall Street baths. The window display exhibited Adonis-shaped torsos sporting snug cire briefs, while inside could be found racks of the soon-to-be-ubiquitous white polo-necks, a range of swimwear consisting of very tight and colourful trunks, Italian-style knitwear and matelot tops and, presciently, hipsters with an outrageous tailoring detail: a five-inch rise (the distance between the crotch and the belt) which exposed the top of the male pubic line from the belly-button. These were also brightly coloured, and Green's shop can lay claim to being the first outlet to use faded denim for hipsters and other jeans-style trousers.

Green would proudly retell in later life the story of how local residents often complained about his window displays, particularly about the occasion on which he over-padded a pair of briefs with tissue paper. An elderly woman appeared in the shop and threatened to fetch the local constabulary if he didn't remove the offending item. “Go ahead and do what you like, madam,” he told her. “I need the publicity.”

Green's subversive flair made an impression on a teenage Malcolm McLaren, who would often refer to this event when the King's Road shop he ran with his partner, Vivienne Westwood, was undergoing the transformation to fetishwear outlet Sex. “Malcolm loved telling that story because it was like a precursor to what he was doing with Sex: going all-out to shock people,” says Sex Pistols founder and bassist Glen Matlock. “He had a lot of Vince's brochures and catalogues pinned up everywhere in the shop, and he and Vivienne used to half-inch the designs. There was a great '50s-style open-necked shirt we sold which we got from there.”

Vince's was long a magnet for London's secretive yet burgeoning gay scene. “Vince had the posing pouches, butcher-boy caps in leather, the works,” says Colin Woodhead, who dealt with the shop as an advertising executive for *Town* magazine. “It catered to an extremely unconventional crowd.”

John Pearse, then a tailoring apprentice and within a few years one of the founders of King's Road shop Granny Takes A Trip, jokes: “If you had an Equity card, you got a discount at Vince's. It attracted a lot of out-of-work actors buying polo-necks. The shop itself smelled of Aqua da Silva and was definitely exotica. I bought white polo-necks there and these edgy hipsters, which were around four guineas – quite expensive for the time.”

Naturally, the store also serviced the cult of the body, which had developed in the '50s as a reaction to the end of rationing. It was exemplified by the appearance of Sean Connery (a Mr Scotland finalist in 1950) modelling in Vince's catalogues and ads such as the one that appeared in *What's On In London* on July 12 1957: “Situated in the corner of SOHO – Britain's centre for EXCLUSIVE Continental styles for MEN”.

Photographed seated outside a café, Connery sports dark glasses, a Capri shirt in striped denim for 47s/6d (around £2.30 today) and French-style faded blue jeans with 16in cuffs for 38s/6d (£1.90). He also wears espadrilles, though these are presumably the model's own.

Vince's trade was bolstered by the welter of American shows and musicals that swamped the West End throughout the '50s, according to Richard Channing, who by this time had returned from New York Ivy League emporium Paul Stuart. “We were inundated by American shows for years: *Oklahoma!, South Pacific, Mr Roberts, Annie Get Your Gun*. As a result, a different kind of chorus boy was needed, not the pre-war limp-wristed guy in too much make-up, but a butch man with a well-developed physique. Initially, there were a lot of Americans in the cast, but as these shows ran and ran they moved on and English males took over. It became very fashionable to do the Charles Atlas thing and work out.

“There was even one show, *Wish You Were Here*, where the cast dived in and out of a swimming pool set up on stage, and because bikini underwear was coming in all the boys wanted the tightest of tight trunks. And where could they get them but Vince's?”

Vince's was also become a stopping-off point for teen peacocks, junior bohemians and scooter boys from north and east London and the south coast, the younger brothers of Teddy Boys seeking a more modern and Continental style.

“It was a very influential shop,” says McLaren, who escaped to Soho in his mid-teens as often as possible from the gloom of the north London suburb of Hendon, where he lived between 1959 and 1963 with his mother and stepfather, a clothing distributor.

Similarly, the teenage Lloyd Johnson – whose career in pop fashion now stretches back five decades – embarked on London shopping expeditions from his home town, the seaside resort of Hastings, but soon learned the peril of purchasing from Vince: “It was all about having something nobody else was wearing. I bought this incredibly small pair of swimming trunks from Vince which I thought would slay them at the local baths. But when I put them on in the changing room, these guys nearly bloody raped me!”

Vince's was indeed an extraordinary place, operating as it did in the atmosphere of post-austerity greyness that pervaded Britain.

Let It Rock shirt based on a Vince catalogue item

“Everywhere you went, the inside of people's houses was painted the same utility brown,” recalls Johnny Moke, one of the East End mod set and a major force in rock and pop fashion. “There were no men's clothes shops, let alone any places for people of my age. We'd have suits made up and buy them weekly, while my father and I had our shirts made by the woman who lived next door because she worked for the factory which produced Turnbull & Asser.”

In these conditions, it's not hard to see that Vince's was the template for the fashion explosion of the mid-'60s. It is in the nature of pioneering that camp followers most often reap the benefits of the efforts of the pack leader.

As Green's clothes and colourful approach presaged the style of Swinging London by a decade, his former employee, the young Glaswegian John Stephen, realised the dream that he enunciated to *Menswear* magazine in 1961: “I want to own more shops than anyone else.”

On the road to achieving this ambition, Stephen created Carnaby Street anew as the world centre for street fashion. Green moved from the area in 1967 to Marylebone but closed the shop within two years and quietly retired to run a restaurant called Auntie's near the Post Office tower. Things later came full circle when the young Glen Matlock was taken along to Auntie's by his employer, Malcolm McLaren, in the mid-'70s to sit, listen and learn about provocation through style. Green could have been speaking for McLaren, Westwood and later generations of shock-tactic designers when he told Nik Cohn, “I always put the emphasis on impact, not make. I used materials which had never been used before – lots of velvets and silks, trousers made of bed ticking, and I was the first with pre-faded denims – and I made everything as colourful as I could.”

04

“BECAUSE I’M A MODERNIST”

Born in 1946 in the inner-London neighbourhood of Stoke Newington, Malcolm McLaren has a persuasive theory as to why the combination of clothes and music became so important to his generation: “I’ve always been into tailoring and clothes – it’s in my background – but that’s not why I became a ‘fashion victim’,” he says, in reference to the fact that his stepfather was a clothing wholesaler. “We were searching for identity,” he proclaims, pointing out that Britain, and London in particular, underwent significant cultural and social shifts in the decade after the end of the war.

“I and many other people of my age grew up in places like Stoke Newington when it was an urban village, but by the ’50s London and other British cities had become less community-based, more anonymous and suburban. This made us feel disconnected and alienated, and meant that we had to search for our own identity.”

The most obvious route – if not for identity then at least for entertainment – was through pop music of the rawer variety: rock ’n’ roll, r&b and jazz. Anything exotic, non-traditional and particularly American would do, since the UK scene still consisted of saccharine crooners such as Dickie Valentine and the likes of Mikki & Griff.

America was doubly attractive because the musical invention of its artists was matched by visual substance, from the rock flash of Gene Vincent to the jazz cool of Miles Davis. Fans were therefore not content merely to listen to Elvis, Chuck Berry or the Modern Jazz Quartet; they craved more active participation, and without musical ability this meant the appropriation of the visual identity to filter the rebellion and exuberance provided by the sounds they heard.

It wasn’t unusual for young music fans to carry records around with them as a badge of honour, and this trend for public displays of musical taste is responsible for one of the greatest rock musical partnerships. In 1960, on a train at Dartford railway station in south-east London, scruffy 17-year-old art student Keith Richards bumped into his athletic childhood friend Mick Jagger, who was studying at the London School of Economics. It is arguable that the Glimmer Twins may never have come into being but for the fact that they struck up a conversation because Jagger was carrying Berry’s Rockin’ At The Hop under his arm.

“People would sit on the bus or hang around in coffee bars with an album on display to show everyone else what type of music they were into, that they were members of this secret society,” titters McLaren. “But that wasn’t enough for me, because I had to have my feelings realised and represented, and as you looked like a peacock you became a member of a surrogate club of outsiders and rebels. As a teenager, I scoured every shop on the way home from school, studying details of scarves, shoes, socks in window displays. Then I would go to Vince’s, Sportique or His Clothes.”

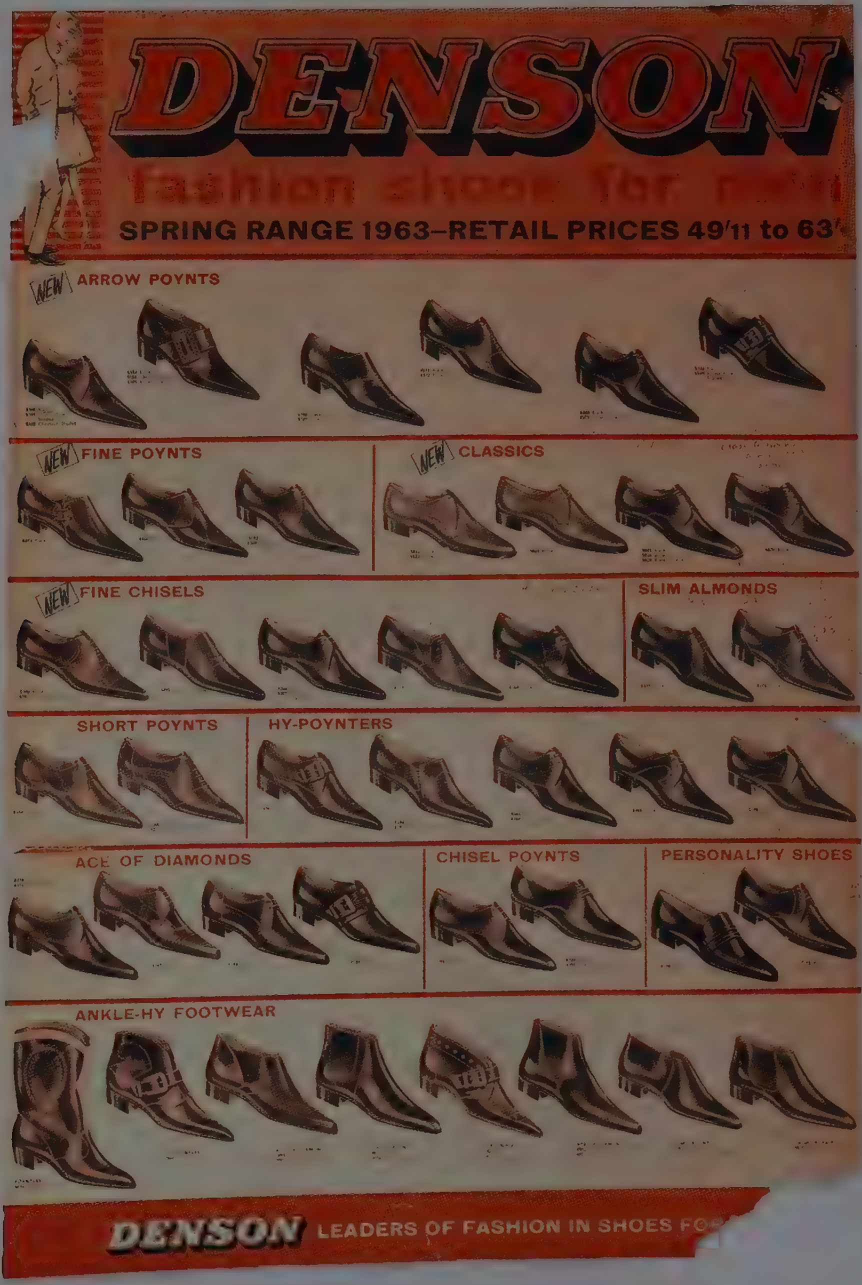
By 1959 there was a growing split between the arty existential/beatnik look associated with art colleges and the cool, sharp and almost anonymous “modernist” style prevalent among less educated youth.

“There was a class distinction,” says Nigel Waymouth, the founder of the Granny Takes A Trip boutique. “People into the blues and r&b were more grammar school and art college. Mod was a very working-class thing, but the great thing about what happened later was that we all just moved in together. That was what the ’60s were all about: the great moment, young people with similar ideals.”

Tommy Roberts, who later opened pop-art fashion shop Mr Freedom, was one of those who switched allegiance to modern jazz and then to r&b. “There’d be places that played both types of music, like the Flamingo (at 41 Wardour Street, owned by pop managers Rik and John Gunnell) and the all-nighter at La Discotheque. It all became smarter; for most people this was the beginning of modernism. I got into Anello & Davide and I’d buy all their suede booties in colours like red, blue and green for £19/6s a pair.”

The modernists who frequented the store bought the slick boots to accompany the narrow Italian suits, borrowed from such imported films as 1960’s *La Dolce Vita*, which

OPPOSITE Theatrical shoemakers Anello & Davide became a mecca for early ’60s fashion addicts



ABOVE Denson popularised the "long, lean look"

popularised the three-button look developed by Roman tailors five years earlier. Certain modernists sported neatly-styled bouffants, while others had the brushed-forward haircut favoured by jazz trumpeter Gerry Mulligan and singer Perry Como, or the Caesar Crop popularised by the 1962 movie *Cleopatra*. Modernists eschewed raw rock 'n' roll and blues in favour of modern jazz, although some accepted slick, contemporary American pop and the dancier side of r&b.

"We listened to people like the Everly Brothers or Eden Kane," says John Pearse, who later joined Waymouth at Granny Takes A Trip, "but in terms of clothes it was an Italian style, like nothing we'd ever seen: ridiculous short jackets with little belts on them, tight trousers and shoes which seemed to go on and on and extend into infinity. Suits were made at Burton's – talk it through with the cutter and buy them relatively cheaply on credit."

In *Subculture: The Meaning Of Style*, Dick Hebdige observes that, by rejecting American fashions in favour of influences from Italy and France, these street-level modernists were unwittingly continuing the line developed in art circles: "The spectacular revolution in British popular taste in the early '60s involved the domestication not of the brash and vulgar hinterland of American design but of the subtle, 'cool', Continental style which had for so many decades impressed the British champions of the Modern Movement."

Along with others of the new breed, Pearse frequented Sunday night dances at the Lyceum ballroom in the Strand while still at school in Paddington, north-west London, in 1959. "The Lyceum was a very chic place to go," he says. He describes the three-button mohair suits he first saw worn at the Lyceum as "fastidious and edgy; they seemed to go with a Vespa GS and still remain clean. Later, bluebeat came in and we'd go to the Flamingo and The Scene, listen to Guy Stevens play his Sue and Island Records."

Buying button-down shirts at Austin's and "edgy, chiselled" shoes at Regent – downstairs from key club the Whisky A Go-Go at 33–37 Wardour Street – Pearse decided to learn how to make mohair suits himself by taking up an apprenticeship in Savile Row. "When I left school, I worked upstairs from the Marquee as a lithograph artist, but I couldn't stand the noise from the machinery. I walked around Savile Row into Henry Poole, which was actually on Cork Street, and asked for a job. They told me to wait, and as I was sitting there David Niven walked in, looking debonair, to pick up some suits. I thought, 'This is great. I'm going to meet stars.'"

Pearse was sent round the corner to Hawes & Curtis on Dover Street, where he was set to work as an apprentice coat maker under instruction from a seamstress who was the mother of Bernie Rhodes, later to manage The Clash and briefly associated with The Specials and Dexys Midnight Runners.

"We were upstairs in the workroom, which was like Fagin's lair," says Pearce. "Everyone was very young, and it had quite a good ambience for learning the craft. Those guys were all kind of moddy as well, even though they were making the Duke of Edinburgh's kit or the King of Thailand's stuff. It gave me good grounding for the flamboyance to come, because you knew how to make things."

Pearse's talent blossomed at Hawes & Curtis, revealed in a letter from his employers to his parents dated October 26 1961. "I am sure he will make a first-class tailor, if he continues to show the interest and keenness which he has done so far," wrote Mr EH Watson. By 1963, Pearse had set up a neat little sideline making clothes for his friends, having absorbed all that Savile Row could offer.

Occupying an entirely different place in the menswear business was Burton's, the mid-market tailoring chain that allowed youngsters to choose from a limited range of design options. Suits were made for between 10 and 12 guineas (£10.50–£12.60 today), but Andrew Loog Oldham, whose first job was with designer Mary Quant, recalls that his pickiness would infuriate the company, as well as his teachers in the public school at which he was still a pupil. "I drove them berserk by taking them up on their tailoring invitation, in which you picked the details," he says in his memoir *Stoned*. "I had a dove-grey mohair suit with nipped waist, covered buttons, inverted pleat and a paisley lining. As he took my suit away, Mr Oughton, the housemaster, said, 'I don't know why you bother. You only wore it for a day.' 'Yeah,' I thought, 'but what a day.'"

Pearse points out that Levi's were considered the holy grail in contrast with the cheap and thin "Empire" denim more readily available in outfitters. "The first pair of Levi's I bought were sold at this shop next to the Palladium," he says. "I wore them on Sunday nights at the Lyceum. Even then, in the late '50s, there'd be scooters buzzing around."

Another modernist, Mark Feld (later Marc Bolan) resorted to theft, so strong was his need for quality denim. "They were what the Americans brought over for their service camps. There was a place in Leman Street, Whitechapel, which used to have them," he recalled years later. "This was a sort of surplus store and we just pulled up there on literally 40 scooters. And there was a big pile of Levi's and we just stole the lot. They were there, one wanted them and one took them. My scooter had zipped off without me and I stuck the Levi's up my jumper and I ran down the road and got a bus. My heart was pounding away. It was great knowing we were only one of a few people in England who had them. That was very funky."

In *Absolute Beginners*, Colin MacInnes describes the Ur-modernist: "College-boy, smooth crop hair with burned-in parting, neat white Italian round collared shirt, short Roman jacket very tailored (two little vents, three buttons), no-turn-up narrow trousers with 17-inch bottoms absolute maximum, pointed-toe shoes and a white mac lying folded by his side.

"Modern jazz boy's girl – short hem-lines, seamless stockings, pointed-toe high-heeled stiletto shoes, crêpe nylon rattling petticoat, short blazer jacket, hair done up into the elfin style. Face pale – corpse colour with a dash of mauve, plenty of mascara."

Lloyd Johnson, whose clothes have been worn by artists from The Beatles and David Bowie to George Michael and Oasis, encountered his first modernists as a 14-year-old at a 1959 "battle of the bands" in Croydon, south of London. "The band from our youth club in Hastings were dressed like The Shadows on the cover of their first album: very neat red jackets, dark ties and white shirts. Then I spotted these strangely dressed guys from another school. They had short Italian rocker haircuts, like Mike Pender of The Searchers had later on, and they wore bum-freezer jackets with cut-away collars and half-belts on the back, narrow ties, tapered trousers with slits up the side and side-laced winkle-pickers. I went up to one of them and asked, 'Why are you dressed like that?', and he spoke the immortal words, 'Because I'm a modernist.' It blew my mind."

Johnson soon encountered another young modernist living on a houseboat in the seaside resort of Shoreham in the early '60s. "Everyone used to go to the clubs in the old town, which were a very strange mixture of trad jazz and r&b with harmonicas and maracas, and this is a year or two before the Stones were around. I can remember seeing Rod Stewart with that haircut – albeit shorter – all poking up on top, and he had a black corduroy jacket and trousers which he couldn't buy at that time as a suit, so he must have found them separately. He looked so good, but that didn't stop him being slung out of the Pam-Dor, the local coffee bar, because he couldn't afford a cup of coffee."

FRANÇOISE HARDY
DIS LUI NON
DANS LE MONDE ENTIER
TU ES VENU À MOI
SON AMOUR S'EST ENDORMI
disques vogue
EPL 8346

ABOVE **Françoise Hardy exudes '60s cool**

By 1960, 18-year-old Tommy Roberts was ordering suits from a tailor in Waterloo that were designed to his specifications and cut in unexpected fabrics. "I had the trousers with a step at the back, and tight, double-breasted, three-button jackets in chocolate brown. They'd say, 'Here he comes, the bloke that likes the circus clothes,' because nobody else would order trousers with big, bright, window-pane checks. I also got them to make me a Barathea blazer trimmed with green-and-black braiding."

Around that time, Roberts came across a pattern for a round-collared suit made by the French couture house Jacques Fath that was much like the ones Dougie Millings later made for The Beatles. "I had mine in black corduroy. Always wore a roll-neck sweater and occasionally a hat, a little Tyrolean one. Dark glasses, copy of *Esquire* under my arm and that was it. That became modernism."

Another Londoner, Nigel Davies – who changed his name to Justin de Villeneuve and steered Twiggy to success as the world's first supermodel – says the line between modernist and trad was very harshly drawn. "The trads were mostly student types, intellectuals in sloppy sweaters and corduroy trousers," he says in Twiggy's eponymous autobiography. "The modernists got their Manhattan shirts from Austin's – they were more sophisticated. We had our hair cut in American college-boy style and wore Italian, square, boxy suits and pin-around collars, and followed Charles Mingus and Charlie Parker. As with the mods later, you became a modernist by wearing the right kind of clothes. I was always a believer in the London mods; it was a group thing, a way of life interpreted by clothes."

The Beat Hotel, Paris June 1960: Peter Golding on harmonica, Robin Page on guitar, proprietor Madame Rachon, Tom Neurath

“SLEEK AND UNUSUAL STYLES”

A favourite haunt of early-’60s male peacocks of every stripe, whether modernist or art student, was Anello & Davide, the theatrical shoemakers founded by Italian expatriate brothers in 1922 and still going strong, supplying footwear for West End productions.

Way back when, adventurous teenage fashion addicts searched out the store on London’s Charing Cross Road for the sleek and unusual styles made available for passing custom. The shop also proved to be cheap in relation to the singularity of the designs on offer.

The elastic-sided shoes popularised by The Beatles were versions of a boot that had been in existence in England since the 1850s but were “New, Italian-inspired versions of that long, lean look” made for flamenco dancers. These sparked a boom in styles from such companies as Densons, an east-London outfit that launched a range including Springers, Fine Poynts, Chisels and Classics.

A few doors down from Anello & Davide was the Charing Cross Road branch of Cecil Gee, opposite Central St Martin’s Art College and slap bang among the music shops such as Selmers that acted as a hive for the music and showbiz crowd.

Among the employees were Lloyd Johnson and Kavan Cooper, who later founded American Classics in the King’s Road. The store also contained a small basement coffee bar, which attracted customers from Acker Bilk to The Beatles. Johnson recalls window dresser Mike McVeigh trying to sell Mick Jagger a “Dr Kildare” shirt (with a high, surgical-style collar based on those worn by Richard Chamberlain in the hit TV series). “It was clear that it was last year’s stock, and Jagger asked Mike if he would like a punch on the nose,” says Johnson. “He should have said yes and sued him for assault.”

At Anello’s, Robin Hood boots – flat-heeled, with a turned-over cuff at the top and criss-cross lacing on the side – were £3/19s/11d, and were worn by David Bowie in his incarnation as leader of his first group, David Jones & The King Bees. At a similar price was the Baba boot, an elastic-sided affair popularised by the Rolling Stones at the start of their career. Baba boots were not cheap (in 1962 they cost £6/10s), but often Anello’s would sell at a cut rate if they had been worn even just for a single performance.

Nigel Waymouth was then a blues-mad student, having come across a Muddy Waters record in an Edgware shop in his teens: “I’d gone in there to buy Elvis’s Don’t Be Cruel but saw this LP and thought, ‘Anybody with a name like this has to be of interest.’ I put it on and it just sent shivers down my spine. I never looked back.”

Waymouth describes the look of his gang: “We all dressed as beatniks,” he says. “Pea jackets, very tight jeans and pointed Anello’s shoes. Probably a matelot shirt. I’d go to the Railway Hotel in Richmond and the Gee Club in Ealing to see Alexis Korner and Cyril Davies. The Stones were the interval band, still amateur. Mick was at LSE and looked like every other

mono DFE 8590
DECCA

The Stones' art-school beatnik look

student until he got on stage. Then it was as if a million volts had been plugged into him.

"I spent my days in the Gyre & Gimble (a coffee house in Tottenham Court Road), Sam Widges, the Partisan, all those coffee bars in Soho, listening to folk music and blues. It crossed over into the existential look – most of my girlfriends seemed to have an awful lot of eye make-up, and we all wore black polo-necks, donkey jackets, that kind of thing."

A student at University College, Waymouth was also secretary of London University's Jazz Society, and had once blagged his way into Duke Ellington's room at the Dorchester and ended up hanging with the maestro for five days. He was also one of the blues enthusiasts who travelled to the Manchester Free Trade Hall in 1961, when it hosted the first live appearances in Britain by such pioneering American artists as John Lee Hooker, Victoria Spivey, T-Bone Walker and Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee. "I was so passionate that I went up to Sonny Terry and asked for his autograph, and then suddenly realised he was blind. But he was cool. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a stamp pad and just nonchalantly pressed it on my programme."

Later that night, Waymouth was chatting to harmonica player Shaky Jake. "This young boy comes up and says, 'Can I have a go?', picks up the harmonica and starts blowing. Shaky Jake looks him up and down and goes, 'Hey, you a star, man.' Of course, it was Mick Jagger. Him, Brian and Keith had all gone up in a little Mini Minor. Anybody who was into the music had made the effort to get there and meet our heroes."

The music took a couple of years to cross over, but its popularity was boosted by touring package shows like those witnessed by Waymouth. "I remember seeing the Stones, Bo Diddley and the Everly Brothers at what's now the Hammersmith Odeon and the old Finsbury Park Astoria. Seeing The Animals play House Of The Rising Sun for the first time was amazing."

Waymouth's fascination with the blues soon led to other connections, such as the time he went backstage to meet Sonny Boy Williamson after a concert in Croydon in 1963. "That was the first time I came across Guy Stevens," he says of the fanatical proselytiser for black music who was then a DJ at The Scene club in Ham Yard near Piccadilly Circus. "Guy really switched us all on, importing records and playing the latest stuff, some of which was incredibly obscure, even in America. Young white Brits were much more hip about what was going on than our American cousins because of the terrible race divisions in the US. It's not the same now, what with the largest hip-hop market being white suburban kids, but then it was a very different deal. But I didn't even know Guy was at The Scene, because I wasn't a mod; I wasn't in that world."

Another future fashion mover and shaker inspired by the art school-based blues scene was Peter Golding. The London-born son of a headmaster, he had worked in an East End shirt factory for £4 a week on leaving school in the early '60s. "I was always very fashionable, don't know why," says Golding, who established his name via the Chelsea shop Ace in the late '70s. "I bought my first gabardine shirt in Cecil Gee, and it all started from there."

Like many another Anello's-shod dreamer, Golding hit the beatnik trail, living in the notorious Beat Hotel on the Left Bank and busking on the streets of Paris before undertaking a pre-hippy trail excursion on his Lambretta 150 all the way to Jerusalem. "My inspiration has always been American rock 'n' roll and blues," he says. "I played blues harp and guitar, busking on the streets of Paris, and understood the relationship between railroad blues and dungarees."

Anello's popular Beatle boot

05

“DON’T MAKE US LOOK LIKE THE SHADOWS”

The round-collared suits worn by the Fab Four as their popularity exploded in 1963 are the clothes that put Dougie Millings’ name on the international map as the man behind The Beatles’ look. Within a year or so of his first encounter with Brian Epstein’s charges, Millings was playing a self-mocking role as a miserable tailor in *A Hard Day’s Night*, and performers, musicians, aristocrats and foreign dignitaries were mingling in line at his tiny premises in London’s West End.

The fact that The Beatles were frequent visitors to Millings’ Soho fitting room meant that, during the school holidays for a couple of years, Millings was inundated with autograph-seeking fans laying siege, necessitating calls to the police to clear the way.

However, the turning point in Millings’ career occurred in 1958, on a fateful day when he argued with his employer, the Shaftesbury Avenue menswear pioneer Louis Austin.

I met Millings, who died in 2001, at the Marylebone flat of his son Gordon. A gentle spirit with a host of revealing and funny stories, Dougie, as he preferred to be known, was the Edinburgh-born son of a Customs & Excise officer who passed his apprenticeship as a cutter in his home town and also in Leeds before arriving in London in the mid-1930s. There he cut his teeth working for Hector Powe, the Regent Street flagship store of the chain of men’s outfitters whose promise to customers was that it would deliver “Savile Row quality at suburban prices”. In those days, when the average British weekly wage was around £3, a Savile Row suit would have cost in excess of £50, while the mass-market store Burton’s charged just £2/10s and Hector Powe’s suits sold for around £7.

The talented, speedy and hard-working Millings was soon a hit, supplementing his income with night work singing in a band and playing guitar at dance halls such as the Charing Cross Astoria, where he encountered a very different crowd from the BBC announcers and West End businessmen who frequented the Regent Street outlet.

After the war and demobilisation, Millings started at Austin’s, where he carved out a reputation as the only cutter on the premises. As a result, the clientele were often more keen to deal directly with Millings than with Louis Austin. This inevitably caused tension with the temperamental proprietor. “I got on with Louis very well,” said Millings, “but he was a short man and very bossy. He’d come in and say, ‘I don’t want any bloody smoking in the shop,’ but he’d be smoking a cigar, blowing it in my face. He had a terrible habit of calling me ‘Millings’. I used to think, Christ, this is worse than being in the army. There were four of us, all cramped together. The others had been there 20 years and were frightened of this little man.”

Then, one day in 1958, he snapped, absurdly over a visit to the lavatory. “Louis asked me if I’d been smoking when I got back from the toilet,” he laughed. “I told him I’d actually been up there to move my bowels and thought, ‘This is it.’ I told him I was leaving a week Friday. He said, ‘How much do you want? It’s got to be money because nobody leaves me.’ I told him not for £1,000 a week; not for anything would I stay.” Millings left the shop that night, his bravado dissipating rapidly as he pondered his future. At the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue and Wardour Street, outside the four-storey outfitters Cecil Gee, he heard somebody call his name. “I looked round and it was Tito Burns,” he says.

Burns is the legendary British booking agent and manager who handled the careers of a number of leading acts in the ’50s and ’60s, such as Dusty Springfield and the Zombies. The power Burns wielded, and his wily negotiating tactics, are laid bare in *Don’t Look Back*, DA Pennebaker’s landmark fly-on-the-wall documentary about Bob Dylan’s 1965 UK tour.

Back in the late ’50s, however, Burns was about to play a pivotal role in Millings’ career. “That day, Tito said to me, ‘I’ve got a new boy who’s going to be great. Could you make him a suit for Friday?’ This was Tuesday. I asked him the name of the new act, and Tito said, ‘He’s going to be Cliff Richard.’”

Burns only managed Richard for a brief spell, but the £25 commission for a white sharkskin suit set Millings on an immediate hunt for premises to start up on his own. On the

OPPOSITE Dougie Millings, with son Gordon, daughter Angela and wife Lilian, and The Beatles

ABOVE 1964: "Pleasant enough boys"

same day he was stopped by Burns, another friend told him of a first-floor room available at 63 Old Compton Street. The ground floor housed John Michael Ingram's Sportique and two doors down was the legendary cradle of British rock 'n' roll, the 2 i's – perfect for passing trade.

"I went straight around there and saw the old lady who owned the building," Millings said. "Here was an angel delivered to me. I told her I had £38 in the bank but a lot of potential customers. She said the rent would be £25 a month, including tea and sandwiches, which she made every day. The woman was angelic."

Millings left the employ of Louis Austin on the threatened day, taking with him a lot of custom. "I moved in and the phone started ringing," he said. "I had a brass plate put on the door. It was very cheeky: 'Dougie Millings – Show Business Tailor'. They all came: Eden Kane, John Leyton, Marty Wilde, Tommy Steele, Adam Faith, Wee Willie Harris. You'd never know. The phone would go, and they'd come flooding in, up the stairs. They would also come from America: Liberace, Steve McQueen, Warren Beatty, Sammy Davis Jnr, the Four Tops, The Temptations. We even had Buddy Holly when he came over to tour, and Gene Vincent."

Suits were *de rigueur* for performers in the late '50s and early '60s, and demand was high, so Millings was soon living up to the "cheeky" title he had inscribed on the shop's nameplate. More than once, larger concerns tried to corral his talents. A couple of years after he opened for business, when Millings was standing outside the Cecil Gee store studying the window display, "Cecil Gee himself came out and asked how much it would take to buy my name out. I refused him flat."

Millings' success was due not only to the quality and speed with which he would deliver but also to the fact that his approachable and familiar style of business emulated the quiet revolution that was already under way in pop in the early '60s, as newcomers swept aside traditional structures. His son Gordon, who trained as a tailor at the upmarket Huntsman & Sons before joining his father's company, explains: "If you were to go to the Savile Row firms and order half a dozen suits, the first question would be, 'Who were you recommended by, sir?' and if you weren't they would request you to please come back with a couple of recommendations. We operated very differently."

Other showbiz tailors, such as Cyril Castle and Bobby Valentine, were charging around £50, while Savile Row prices at the beginning of the '60s averaged £100. "If you went to Dougie, you got it for £30 in 10 days. Didn't have to wait a

ABOVE Dougie with his showbiz clientèle: Sammy Davis Jnr (top), Adam Faith (left), Warren Beatty (right)

year and you could have any style you wanted," said Millings, who worked seven days a week and would often travel to measure artists, whether they were performing at a venue outside London or filming at the studios at Elstree or Borehamwood.

Such was his reputation that major pop players like Larry Parnes would send artists to Millings with a signed cheque and tell him to fill in the amount once they were fitted. And the atmosphere on the premises remained relaxed and casual at all times, as Gordon remembers: "Johnny Ray would come in and his boyfriend would choose the suits for him."

Millings would often receive requests for extraordinary items of clothing. In the early '60s, Sammy Davis Jnr ordered an overcoat made from vicuna, the extremely rare and expensive silky material made from the wool of the South American goat of the same name. "At the time, vicuna cost £40 to £50 a yard, compared with an average of £2 a yard for a nice bit of cloth," said Millings. "It was difficult, and a lot of strain to work with, like cutting gold leaf, but I came up with a floor-length overcoat and charged him £250. A year or so later, he came back and ordered a knee-length one in vicuna, and gave the original to Gordon. These days, those coats would cost something like £20,000 apiece."

Davis was so impressed that he offered to send his friend Frank Sinatra over as a client, but Millings was not keen; the London rag trade had been unsettled by a story circulating that "the chairman of the board" had ordered 10 expensive suits from tailor Cyril Castle and then decided he didn't want them, leaving them on Castle's hands.

By this stage, Millings was turning out at least 25 suits a week and employing two trouser-makers and cutters. A decision was made to move to bigger premises, and he struck a deal with the young retailer John Stephen to take on 41 Great Pulteney Street, which had been operating as His Clothes. "John was a customer of ours, and he said the shop was too small for him," says Millings. "It had cost him £1,000 to shopfit, and that's all he wanted. I was buying a house, which was being built for me, and didn't have the money. He was such a nice guy, said, 'Pay me when you've got it'."

Just before Millings moved from Old Compton Street, the call came from Brian Epstein. Love Me Do had been released as The Beatles' debut single in October 1962 and peaked at Number 17 in December. The band's name was thus established, and the buzz was building ahead of the release of their first Number One single, Please Please Me, in January 1963. Epstein had decided that the boys' image needed sharpening, a move he had been planning for some time. In his 1964 autobiography, *A Cellarful Of Noise*, the obsessively neat manager recalled being "bothered a little" at the frequent visits to his NEMS record shop in Liverpool by this "group of scruffy lads in leathers and jeans". His first impression was that they were "pleasant enough boys, untidy and a little wild and they needed haircuts".

Epstein was already a regular customer of Millings. "I'd already had dealings with Brian because we'd supplied suits for Gerry Marsden," said the tailor. "That day in late '62, he brought in four guys who all had this strange hairstyle. They turned up in a very trendy Californian soft-top car and just said, 'Make us something different. Don't make us look like The Shadows.' So we dreamed up the round-neck. I make no claims I invented it, but we did add individual touches – the bell-shaped cuff with the link button; this strange collar with the four buttons."

Much has been made of the fact that Pierre Cardin had introduced a collarless jacket a couple of years earlier, and that his design influenced The Beatles suit. "That was going on in France," acknowledged Millings, "but it never took off until The Beatles. I was cutting jackets like that in the '30s for a firm called Hepton's, in Leeds. They were uniforms for the Castle Shipping Company, stewards' jackets. Anyway, Cardin's jackets didn't have the braided edge we used, of beige on brown or black on silver. It was a bit more defined." The first suits for The Beatles cost £31 each. As Epstein noted, "We entered 1963 full of confidence, our earnings up from £15 to £50; with new suits and a new Beatle [Pete Best having just been replaced by Ringo Starr]."

The quartet became keen customers at Millings', and the round-collared suits were soon followed by more orders for stagewear and daywear. Among the most famous are Millings' velvet-collared Chesterfield jackets with matching cuffs, which the group wore at their historic appearance at New York's Shea Stadium on August 15 1965, which set a new record in audience attendance by drawing a crowd of 56,000. "We made those in two or three different styles," says Millings. "One was the soldier boy-type jacket which they also wore in *Help!*" Millings also started to use non-traditional fabrics such as corduroy and suede for suits and jackets, including the ones with Peter Pan collars favoured by John Lennon and George Harrison in 1965.

Such commissions made Millings very popular with contemporaries of The Beatles. Ian McLagan, keyboard player in the Small Faces, remembers their heavyweight manager Don Arden sending the diminutive mod quartet to Millings when the time came for an image upgrade because the band had "already bought everything Carnaby Street had to sell". "He had a lot of flannel, if you'll pardon the pun, but he was a character," he says of Millings in his autobiography, *All the Rage*.

While Millings had been fitting the other Small Faces, McLagan and bassist Ronnie Lane had tried on some of the jackets waiting to be picked up for The Beatles. All proved too big until McLagan came across one of Starr's. "All of his stuff fitted me well. Thank God for short-arses! I wanted that jacket so bad, and naturally Millings couldn't let me have it, but he made me one just like Ringo's. When he finished with us, we must have had 10 suits each, my favourite being a tan mohair single-button with a thin orange stripe, based on the sharkskin suit Lee Marvin wore in *The Killers*. It was so cool, and I loved it so much, I wore it even after the hash burns in the front of the jacket became noticeable."

Every suit made for The Beatles was matched by a spare, each with the band member's name sewn in and, prompted by mod-about-town Jeff Dexter, Millings also ordered their boots from the dance shoe-makers Anello & Davide, some of them made in the same cloth as the suits. Millings' proximity to shops such as Sportique and the now booming Carnaby Street also suited The Beatles, who would pick up accessories in these stores to mix and match with the clothes Millings ran up for them. "Hardly a day passed without seeing or hearing from them. In fact, they called me Dad. The phone used to go, and there'd be this voice asking for ridiculous things in a foreign accent. Usually it was John messing around. Once I had somebody telling me that 'His Excellency' would be with me shortly, and said, 'Oh right, John.' Then this great big car pulled up with a flag on the front. It was Haile Selassie's grandson, the Crown Prince of Ethiopia. I said, 'I thought you were John Lennon.' He said, 'Who's John Lennon?'"

Millings' closeness to The Beatles' inner circle made him privy to some of the key developments in their career. In March 1964, they were ensconced in the plush Georges V Hotel in Paris for a series of concerts at the Olympia. Time was so tight before production began on *A Hard Day's Night* that the decision was made to fly Millings over for fittings for the movie. "Paul said, 'How's your French? Do you fancy seeing the Eiffel Tower?' In the hotel, they were trapped, like prisoners. The place was surrounded. And even though they had all this French cuisine at their command, what do you think they had every day? Steak and chips." Millings stayed for the weekend, and after dinner one night listened

Dougie. Millings
and Son
stylists

TOP My Boy Lollipop: Millie Small being fitted for a suit

ABOVE Paul McCartney and Peter Asher entertain onlookers outside Millings' shop in Great Pulteney Street, London, 1965

RIGHT Gordon Millings with soul singer Solomon King, London, 1967

as McCartney tinkered at the piano with the song he was currently writing, Scrambled Eggs, which became Yesterday.

By this time, Millings had witnessed many a recording session. "Very often I was at Abbey Road because I could get them all together when they weren't buggering around. I'd sit there with George Martin in the control room, looking through the window, watching them recording."

Days after he had returned from Paris, Millings visited Twickenham Studios in south-west London, where *A Hard Day's Night* was being shot. "I was always waiting for them in some dressing room or other, with a long face. This particular time, I got there at 7am, very soberly dressed in a dark grey suit because I had an appointment with a City banker later that day. Paul was chatting with [director] Dick Lester and glancing at me. Then he came over and told me it was decided I was going to be in the film. 'There's no script. You've just got to look miserable,' he said. But I couldn't look miserable because, while I was trying to act, they were behind me pulling faces and going cross-eyed. I was in a scene with each one, and each time they buggered it up." However, Millings does appear in the film, in a scene measuring McCartney for a jacket only to have Lennon cut his tape.

The tailor's musical links were reinforced by the installation of a grand piano on the top floor of his Great Pulteney Street premises and an upright in the empty basement, where power points were also installed for band equipment. McCartney would often drop by, as he was living in nearby Wimpole Street at the house of girlfriend Jane Asher. The basement was used by such acts as Adam Faith and The Roulettes as a rehearsal space, but fans soon cottoned on that the shop was also a Beatles hangout. "On one occasion, Paul was there," remembers Gordon, "and we had to call the police from Soho to come down and clear the way because there were so many kids we couldn't even open the door."

Although Millings' association with The Beatles declined as their interest in the underground burgeoned, his showbusiness reputation was sealed and business continued to boom, with the names of most leading pop acts of the day – from PJ Proby to José Feliciano via Bill Haley and The Temptations – featuring in his order books. "There were so many different sides to the business," says Gordon Millings. "When we moved to Marylebone, we would have a lot of custom from nearby Harley Street, from the doctors and specialists who had surgeries there, but at the same time acts like the Four Tops would come to us every autumn, like clockwork, when they toured the UK. In fact, in the late '60s we made them some of the first jumpsuits to be worn by pop stars, an all-in-one piece with a zip down the back and matching jackets."

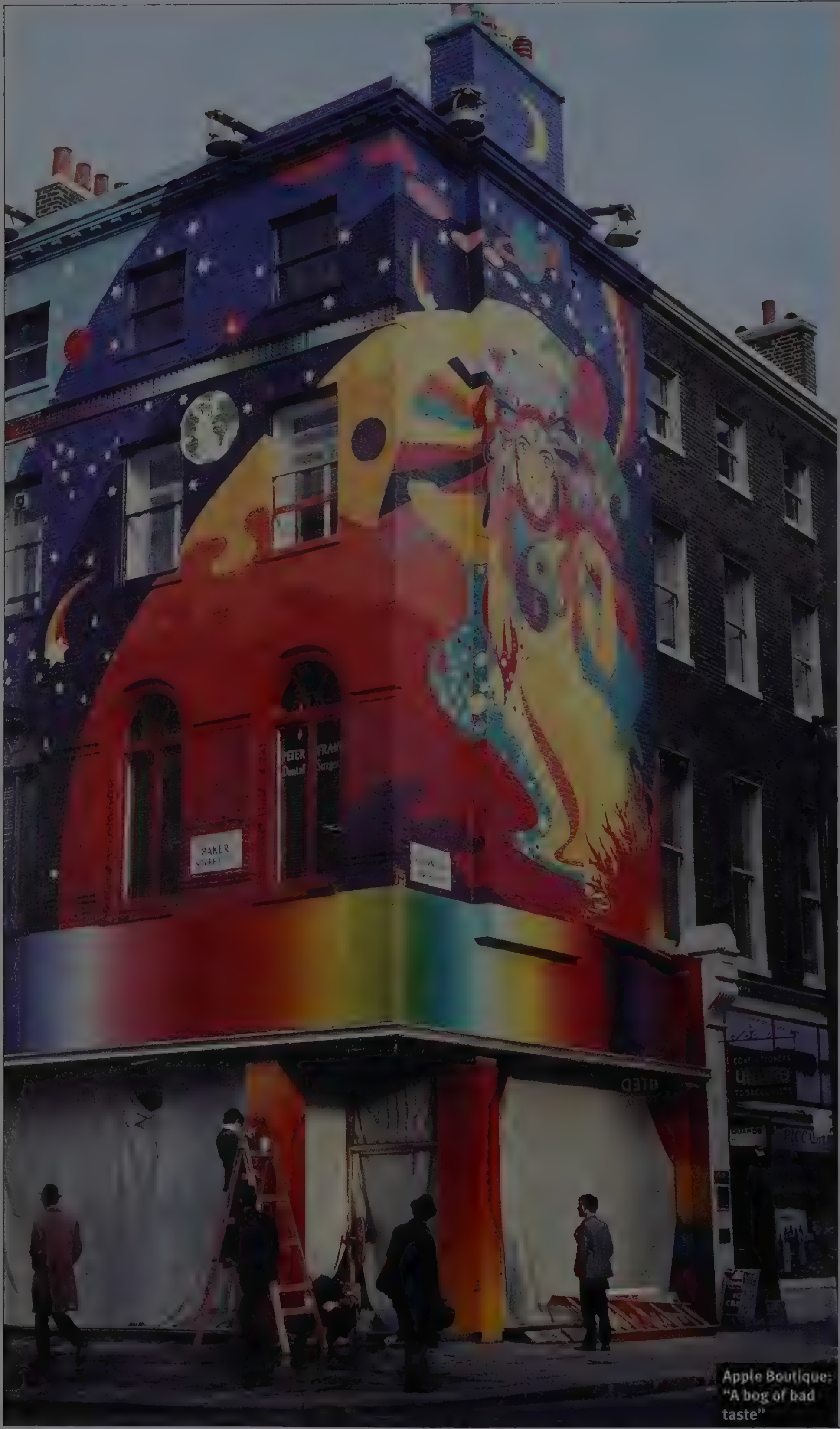
The scale of the business also meant that Millings found himself in some unusual fitting and measuring circumstances. He once received a call from Tom Jones' manager, Gordon Mills, who wanted to order a tuxedo for the star to wear as he opened a season at the Copacabana in Las Vegas in the late '60s. "The only problem was he couldn't come to the fitting because he had dates in Britain right up until he flew to the States," said Millings. "I ended up meeting him at Heathrow, and the only place we could sort it out was the gents. I'd just gotten his trousers off when people started coming in and wondering what the hell was going on."

ABOVE Dougie with John Lennon on the set of *A Hard Day's Night*

Millings would soon visit the men's rooms at the airport in this capacity again. "Steve McQueen turned up and told me to get in the cab because he had a plane to catch. On the way, he studied the pattern bunches and once again I used the gents to measure him!"

Today, Millings' original designs for The Beatles, along with a selection of '60s suits, are available again via a deal with Liverpool-based company, Beatwear. They are matched with Beatle boots and a range of '60s shirts with tab collars. "We've got four of our designs for the boys and four which wouldn't look out of place at Versace – long jackets with velvet collars," Millings told me in that last interview.

Happy in retirement, Millings spent his final years concentrating on writing poems, some of which were collaborations with Marty Wilde, who dubbed him "the fastest shears in the west". Millings amassed 10,000 individual poems over the years, some of which he self-published, but he was particularly proud of one he gave to Paul McCartney, which was framed on an office wall at The Beatle's company MPL in Soho Square, just two minutes' walk from the cramped first-floor shop where the two first met more than four decades ago.



Apple Boutique: "A bog of bad taste"

"WE'RE NOT BUSINESS FREAKS, WE'RE ARTISTS"

Dougie Millings made clothes for The Beatles right up until the release of Revolver in the summer of 1966, by which time they had switched allegiance to such proto-hippy and psychedelic-styled shops as Granny Takes A Trip and Hung On You.

Inspired by these outlets and persuaded into the idea by the Dutch hippy design collective The Fool (whose champion within the band's inner circle was George Harrison), the group opened the Apple Boutique at 94 Baker Street, at the junction with Paddington Street, on December 7 1966.

Made up of the trio Marijke Koger, Josje Leeger and Simon Postuma, The Fool had already made counter-cultural runnings as part of Amsterdam's The Provos (or "provocateurs"), and operated The Trend boutique there. In 1966 they were photographed for *The Times'* fashion section and fell in with The Beatles via their manager Brian Epstein, who commissioned them to handle designs for his Savile Theatre. They also created an inner sleeve of Sgt Pepper, though this wasn't used.

Together with English collaborators Barry Finch and Simon Hayes, The Fool were everywhere during the Summer Of Love, supplying clothes not only to Harrison and his model wife Patti Boyd, but also to Cream and The Move.

Koger and Postuma designed a cubicle with coloured screens and nets – from which they read palms and told fortunes – for the launch of *IT* magazine in 1966. This "Pop/Op/Costume/Masque/Fantasy-Loon/Blowout/Drag Ball" featured musical contributions from Soft Machine and Pink Floyd.

At the height of their psychedelic phase, all The Beatles wore The Fool's designs: John Lennon's sunflower coat during the Our World sessions on June 25 1967 was one of their products, and they also painted psychedelic "art" on his Rolls Royce, upright piano and Gibson guitar. Meanwhile, Harrison had them put together the cover of his album Wonderwall, as well as decorate his Mini and even the bungalow he owned in Esher. There are Fool designs in Magical Mystery Tour, and Cream's Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce both commissioned them to customise their guitars.

The Apple Boutique featured a three-storey psychedelic mural of an Indian goddess covering both sides of the building, though after a few months Westminster Council insisted it be painted over as it constituted "a hazard to public safety" – there were reports that it provided a dangerous distraction to drivers. The building was painted white with the single word Apple emblazoned on the façade.

Not all of The Beatles' crowd were impressed by the clothes. Apple director Tony Bramwell describes the boutique's stock as "shonky ... pretty awful garments, and not very well made. Also The Fool insisted on four-colour silk labels featuring the original Apple logo, which cost a fortune".

It is certainly true that the business failed to take. "People used to come in, and it was quite crowded at times, but not many bought stuff – it was more of a tourist attraction," says Bramwell, who describes it as having the atmosphere of a head shop, "all incense and crystals". In his book *The Last Cocktail Party*, Apple "house hippy" Richard DeLillo depicts the boutique as "a bog of bad taste".

When the shop's manager – Pete Shotton – a long-term Beatles associate who had been in Lennon's first band, The Quarrymen – pointed out that the silk labels would double the price of the clothing, Lennon snapped back, "We're not business freaks, we're artists."

With such a lack of financial control the store was doomed to failure and closed within seven months, in July 1968, reportedly at a cost of £100,000.

In the final few months, Shotton had been replaced by John Lynden, who had a theatrical background and would later stage shows for such artists as Cilla Black. "Lynden was a very nice guy, and he really worked on getting more mainstream gear in, like hipsters and leather jackets," says Bramwell. "It was just about looking likely to make money when the decision was made to shut up shop. I think they just got bored with the hassle, so the doors were opened and they let anyone who came in take what they wanted. Within two days, everything had gone."

After the Apple Boutique closed down, The Fool recorded an eponymous album for Mercury US, whose A&R director heard the result with as much horror as those who had witnessed their clothes designs. "I vomited when the LP was released," he later recalled in *Mojo* magazine. "It was dreadful and sold about three copies."

The Beatles also funded Apple Tailoring, which was opened by John Lennon and George Harrison on May 23 1968 at 161 King's Road, London. Situated next to the Zarathustra nitespot (latterly Wedgies), the shop was managed by the late John Crittle, who also ran one of the key Chelsea outlets, Dandy Fashions. With the tailoring department on the ground floor, the basement was occupied by Apple Hairdressers, headed by one Leslie Cavendish who had been poached from leading society crimper Leonard of London. "The boys used to visit quite a bit," says Bramwell. "There's a picture somewhere of George having his hair cut there, while Paul was always wearing one of the pinstripe jackets from Apple Tailoring. John was a very good tailor and the suits were excellent. He also made some fantastic hats; George wore a great yellow felt number to the Yellow Submarine première."

Within a year or so, however, The Beatles withdrew their investment. According to a statement issued by McCartney, the band had "a moral and personal obligation to our partner, John Crittle, who is now in sole control".

One of the more successful fashion collaborators with The Beatles in the latter half of the '60s was tailor Tommy Nutter, who was instrumental in Savile Row losing its fusty image by catering to the non-traditional demands of celebrities and pop and movie stars.

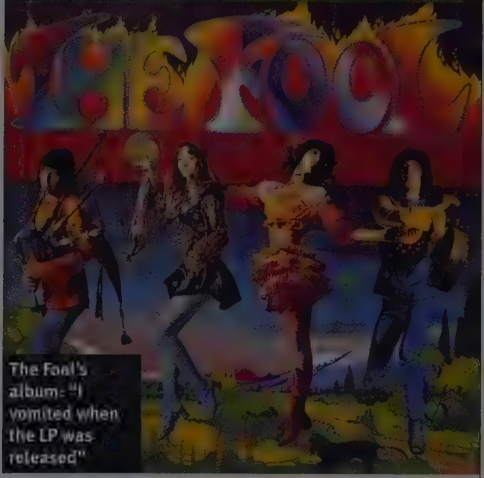
Dougie Millings had first encountered Nutter when he was a messenger with a firm in Mayfair's Burlington Arcade. "This boy Nutter came along one day and said, 'We've got Ringo Starr in the shop. Have you got his pattern because we'd like to borrow it'," said Millings, still affronted by the memory. "I said, 'Of course you can't!' But they started using him anyway. Cilla Black (also managed by Epstein and close to The Beatles for a time) backed him, and he was a good frontman. Very talented."

Black announced the venture in the pages of the *Sunday Express* in December 1966, saying: "It is going to be terribly posh ... a very snob tailor's. There will be none of the common gimmicks of Carnaby Street, and no gaudy décor. All the suits will be made on straightforward, classical lines. We hope to cater for Lords, Ambassadors and Royalty. I particularly want to have something made for Lord Snowdon. This is my first venture into the rag trade. In the past I have been advised against it. My former manager Brian Epstein didn't believe in my advertising women's clothes. But this is something different. I am putting a large amount of money into this – but I do not want to say how much. I think Tommy Nutter is the best tailor in London."

Nutter was also responsible for nurturing the talents of Ozwald Boateng, who was at the forefront of the new breed of tailors that invaded Savile Row in the '90s. At the age of 38, Boateng became the first black designer to be honoured with an exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum, when his Fashion In Motion retrospective was held there in November 2005.

Nutter – who succumbed to AIDS at the age of 49 in 1992 – employed as one of his cutters Edward Sexton, a man who would later contribute his expertise to Stella McCartney as she learnt about the fashion business. Meanwhile, her father Paul was The Beatle who remained closest to Millings, in 1972 ordering tour costumes for his band Wings as well as the suits worn on the cover of their 1974 album Band On The Run.

The Fool's psychedelic design on Lennon's Rolls



The Fool's album: "I vomited when the LP was released"

06

“GOD, THIS MODERN YOUTH!”

Aristocratic aesthetes and East End dandies; modernists reacting against the goofy trad boom and the homogenisation of rock 'n' roll; Mary Quant and her mini-skirt; Anello & Davide and their Chelsea boots – all these and many more played their part in the pop and fashion revolution that became Swinging London.

And revolution it was, as the snooty clothing business was rocked on its heels just as the global entertainment industry had been by Beatlemania and the British Invasion.

Yet the seeds were sewn at least half a dozen years before *Vogue* editor Diana Vreeland uttered the words in the *Weekend Telegraph* magazine in the spring of 1965 that gave name to the phenomenon: “London is the most swinging city in the world at the moment.”

By the late '50s, the traditional fashion trade had assimilated the effects of the previous upheaval wrought by Christian Dior and the hourglass silhouette of his New Look for such clients as Marlene Dietrich, Ava Gardner and Rita Hayworth. Launched in 1947, this acted as a celebration of the female form after the long years of World War II. However, it didn't so much liberate women as set them back on the pre-war pedestal.

There were some forward thinkers. In 1955, the year after Jacques Fath's death, his couture house opened a boutique on the ground floor of its premises, in Paris. “Galeries Lafayette's top fashion buyer, Catherine de Poulignac, was brought in to give the business a revamp,” says Vanessa Denza, who worked at the boutique for a spell. “We only had one fitting per day in contrast to the couture house, where it was all about fittings.”

The interior of the Fath boutique was not painted in the creamy hues of the ateliers, but grey with modern lighting fixtures illuminating off-the-peg separates.

Yet the store was a lone voice in the city, and, by the time of Dior's death in 1957 there was a grass-roots rebellion already being nurtured across the English Channel in, of all places, down-at-heel, bohemian Chelsea.

Here a colourful group of upper-class dandies emerged from the ashes of what had been dubbed “The Chelsea Set”: bright young things who descended on London from Oxford and Cambridge in pursuit of pleasure. No longer forced to suffer two years of National Service in the armed forces (which was scrapped in 1959), and with the support of wealthy families, they whiled away their hours in pubs such as Finch's on the Fulham Road, the Royal Court Theatre at Sloane Square and the Fantasy coffee bar and Markham Arms on the King's Road, languidly taking up as dealers in art, books and antiques, all the while obsessing over outlandish clothing *pour épater la bourgeoisie*.

The Chelsea Set's highest-profile couple were Mary Quant and her husband Alexander Plunket Green. They met in the early '50s at Goldsmith's College Of Art in south-east London, where Plunket (as he was known) became notorious for his style of dress: shantung pyjama tops and his mother's slim-fit trousers. In her book *Quant by Quant*, the designer recalls how she would dress in equally sensational fashion: a very short gingham skirt, black poplin shirt, knee socks and sandals. So outlandish was their dress sense that they would provoke cries in the streets of “God, this modern youth!”

With their lawyer partner Archie McNair, the pair opened what is reckoned to be the world's first independent boutique, Bazaar, at 138a King's Road, in November 1955. On the ground floor of the premises next door to the Markham, with their jazz club/restaurant Alexander's in the basement, the shop became an immediate hit, selling out its initial stock within days.

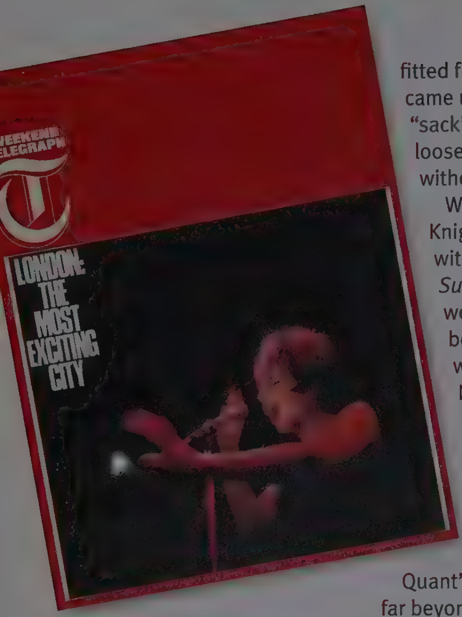
Quant used unusual methods of window dressing, including long-legged mannequins in gawky poses, while the shop assistants, including George Melly's wife Diana, were glamorous and liberated young females. Another employee of Quant's was Kiki Byrne, who went on to open the influential Glass & Black along the King's Road, selling simple black shift dresses.

“We wanted to shock people,” said Quant. “The King's Road is different, and we wanted Bazaar to become a sort of Chelsea establishment. We wanted everyone to like the shop ... and appeal to husbands and boyfriends, as well as to the birds.”

In 1958 Quant raised the hemline of her skirts above the knee, continuing the trend initiated by Balenciaga seven years earlier, when the Spanish iconoclast had created the semi-

OPPOSITE **Bazaar, 138a King's Road, 1955: The world's first boutique**

BAZAAR



ABOVE The 1965 magazine which declared London swinging

BELOW Quant and Dougie Millings on a promotional trip to Italy, 1966

fitted free-form dress by loosening the waist. In 1955 he came up with a looser tunic and in 1957 with the so-called "sack". It was a masterstroke: by allowing the dress to fall loosely from the shoulder, hemlines could be raised without affecting the line.

When another Bazaar opened in Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, in 1961 (originally planned as a venture with Habitat founder Terence Conran and his wife, future *Superwoman* author Shirley), Quant's prescient designs were displayed at the launch party: "Knee-high cowboy boots worn with fantastically short skirts; high-waisted tweed tunic suits with tweed knickerbockers; Norfolk jackets trimmed lavishly with fox collars."

By then Quant had been credited with establishing the Chelsea look. "I've heard my clothes described as dishy, grotty, geary, kinky, mod, poove and the rest of it," she wrote. "The clothes I made happened to fit in exactly with the teenage trend, with pop records and espresso bars and jazz clubs."

Quant's "fantastically short skirts" were to have an impact far beyond the confines of the small outlets in central London. In Paris, Balenciaga's former head tailor André Courrèges was already "hiking up the lengths of skirts and tugging down the waistbands of trousers to create hipsters at their fashion shows, ushered in to a background of cosmic jazz", as *Queen* magazine noted, but it took the mediagenic Quant's decision to raise the hem to "mini" levels – six inches above the knee – to drive home the image of London as the epicentre of youth, fashion, music and style, as worn by the likes of *Ready Steady Go!* presenter Cathy McGowan and singers from Cilla Black to Sandie Shaw. Meanwhile in America, acts such as the Supremes and Martha Reeves & The Vandellas showcased the mini on the likes of *The T.A.M.I. Show*.

"The '60s mini was, perhaps, the ultimate surprise focal point," Quant wrote in the *Daily Telegraph*. "It was: 'Wow! Look at me. Isn't life wonderful!' It was young, liberated and exuberant and on the pill. It was called Youthquake. And it looked all girl. It was the beginning of Women's Lib."

When Quant's clothes were presented in a 1964 *Queen* fashion spread featuring a model and all of the Rolling Stones, shot by Norman Parkinson and headed "How To Kill Five Stones With One Bird", the fusion between style and music was sealed.

Not that the fashion hierarchy was at all receptive. *Elle* doyenne Helen Gordon-Lazareff informed Quant that the mini-skirt would never take, expressing the *froideur* found in the series of anonymous attacks on Quant from all manner of fashion business operators in Roma Fairley's book *A Bomb In The Collection*:

"A couturier: 'I think she has lowered the standard of mass-produced clothes both from the point of view of making and from the point of view of graciousness.'

"A fabric designer: 'She must be rather masculine as a person – quite kinky – and I think this comes out.'"

Such outmoded opinions counted for nought, particularly after April 15 1966, when *Time* magazine's cover story "London: The Swinging City" placed Quant dead centre of the proclamation to the world that the British capital was the focal point of fashion, music and pop culture.

"In a decade dominated by youth, London has burst into bloom," raved *Time*. "It swings; it is the scene. This spring, as never before in modern times, London is switched on. Ancient elegance and new opulence are all tangled up in a dazzling blur of op and pop. The city is alive with birds (girls) and Beatles, buzzing with minicars and telly stars, pulsing with half a dozen separate veins of excitement."

The *Time* story had been pre-empted almost exactly a year earlier by the cover story that appeared in the *Telegraph*'s colour supplement, *Weekend Telegraph* of April 16 1965, under the proclamation "London: The Most Exciting City". This is where Vreeland made her famous announcement and, again, Quant was centre stage for the magazine's portrait of "the people who make London swing", along with menswear retailer John Michael, model Susan Murray and designers Barbara Hulanicki, Caroline Charles and Pauline Fordham.

The trio were among those who followed the path blazed by Quant. By the time the photograph had been taken at the Arts Council in St James's Square, Hulanicki had opened her first Biba store in Abingdon Road, Kensington, making her first step in creating a design empire, while Charles was an excitable 22-year-old declaring, "I'm rich," on the back of custom from Barbra Streisand, Cilla Black, and not only Maureen Starr but also her Beatle husband Ringo.

Fordham, meanwhile, was the lover of pioneering '60s artist Derek Boshier and ran Palisades in Ganton Street, producing items such as a Union Jack tie which sold to, among others, the actor Dennis Hopper.

The *Weekend Telegraph* had detailed how Quant was making international moves with shops in New York and Australia; business boomed with the launch of sister company the Ginger Group, which won huge accounts such as American department store JC Penney via its European buyer, Paul Young.

Thus Quant had shaken off her aristo Chelsea Set beginnings and become the prime mover behind the international Youthquake. In fact, Youthquake was the title given by American manufacturer Puritan to the promotion for the young British fashion talent it marketed in New York in 1965. With Quant as its focus, Youthquake also featured the likes of Marion Foale and Sally Tuffin, who had launched their business inspired by a lecture given to fashion students at the Royal College Of Art by Quant and Plunket Green.

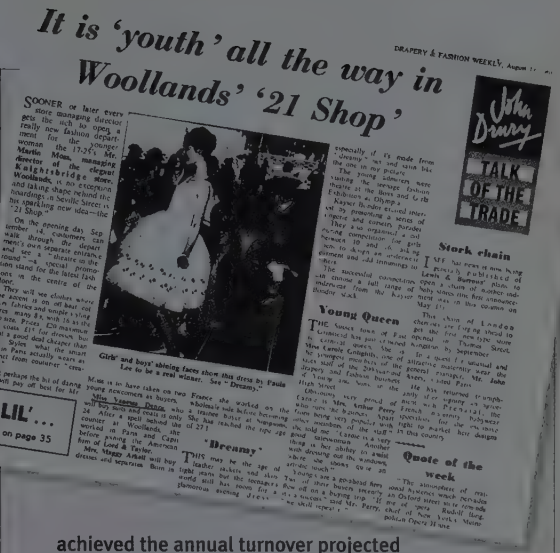
A Youthquake film was shot in London, featuring such models as Kari-Ann Moller, who was to marry Mick Jagger's brother Chris and star on the cover of Roxy Music's debut album, and Patti Boyd (future partner of George Harrison and Eric Clapton).

Boyd was the centrepiece of a photo-spread on Puritan's promotion of Quant in the March 1966 edition of American magazine *Seventeen*, appearing with actor Tom Courtenay and the Merseybeats in such Quant creations as an acid green/navy crepe dress ($20) and a white apron dress ($15).

Meanwhile, Youthquake's musical connections were every which way: the American radio jingle for the promotion was recorded by r&b band The Lower Third, whose singer/sax player David Jones (soon to be Bowie) co-wrote the ditty.

Quant also established Chelsea as the fashion centre of the world. As John Green wrote in *Birds Of Britain*: "When she came to the King's Road, Chelsea, it was the haunt of indifferent painters and raffish con-men ... Bazaar begat more boutiques, and the boutique belt begat mod, and pop, and op, and gear and camp ... and prices of property on the King's Road have soared."

21 hosts a fashion forum. Far left, Vanessa Denza, far right, Mary Quant



DRAPERY & FASHION WEEKLY, August

It is 'youth' all the way in Woollands' '21 Shop'

John Drury TALK OF THE TRADE

SOONER or later every store managing director gets the itch to open a really new fashion department for the younger woman the 17-25's. Mr. Martin Moss, managing director of the elegant Knightsbridge store, Woollands, is no exception and taking shape behind the hoardings in Seville Street is his sparkling new idea—the "21 Shop."

On the opening day September 14, customers can walk through the department's own separate entrance and see a "theatre in the round"—a special promotion stand for the latest fashions in the centre of the floor.

Girls' and boys' shining faces show this dress by Paula Lee to be a real winner. See "Dreamy."

'LIL'... is on page 35

"Dreamy"

Stork chain

Young Queen

Quote of the week

"DOLLY BIRDS COME TO TRAD RETAILING"

Like many other young female designers who followed in Mary Quant's wake, Marion Foale and Sally Tuffin benefited immeasurably from the opening up of further education in the post-war years. "The vigour and freedom of the British art-educational system produced a wealth of gifted graduates," points out Hugh Adams in his book *Art Of The '60s*. "Fashion designers in particular made an impact on the international scene when ex-Royal College Of Art painting students took the art world by storm."

Under the tutelage of powerful Royal College fashion department head Janey Ironside, Foale, Tuffin and others such as Pauline Denyer and Zandra Rhodes were encouraged toward spontaneity of design and received their first break from the long-gone Knightsbridge department store Woollands.

Owned by Debenhams, whose interests also included the "old ladies" store, Harvey Nichols, Woollands scored an early entrée into the youth market on September 14 1961 by overhauling its premises at the top of Sloane Street, in the process becoming 21.

The idea behind 21 was to provide the posher young lady with a break from tradition, described by Richard Channing – at the time a buyer at Jaeger – as "dolly birds come to traditional retailing". This image was enhanced by the employment of 22-year-old Vanessa Denza as 21's buyer alongside Maggie Arkell, who was recruited from Simpson's.

Denza had been groomed by Woollands' managing director Martin Moss, accumulating sales experience in London, as well as with Pucci in Capri and at New York's huge store Lord & Taylor.

"Martin told me he wanted a younger department store," Denza tells me over coffee near her offices off Hanover Square. "I knew Mary (Quant) and Alexander (Plunket Green) from their shopping trips to our Pucci department and also from the party circuit. They had been the pioneers, but the whole thing needed the money of a department store to pull it all together. The brief from Martin was: do something special for young people."

Taking its cue from Quant's outlets, 21's interior and overall look was created by Habitat founder and design guru Terence Conran, though his initial proposals were scrapped. "We had to pull those plans to pieces because it was a shoplifter's paradise with too many blind spots," laughs Denza. The base material of the interior and shop fittings was stripped pine, which Conran would go on to market so effectively at Habitat. "I insisted that all the hangers be the same, in black, which caused a bit of an upset," says Denza. "In those days hangers weren't uniform, but came in all shapes and sizes. The idea of co-ordinated colours and fittings was unheard of."

With prices ranging from £5 to fifteen-and-a-half guineas (£15.75), 21's initial range featured suits with skirts on the knee and trouser suits designed by Foale & Tuffin, as well as clothes contributed by Quant and newcomers such as John Bates, Gerald McCann (who later launched Top Shop) and the husband and wife team of Bernard and Laura Ashley.

A day of fashion shows – the first with contributions from fast-rising crimper Vidal Sassoon – inaugurated the shop and within three months 21 achieved the annual turnover projected in their business plan, as fashion-hungry females flocked to the outlet. "It just exploded," says Denza. "We had Cathy McGowan and all the pop people, all the actresses, all the models."

Denza was willing to gamble on new talent including the student Ossie Clark. The 21 concept proved to the fusty department store trade that investment in youth was worthwhile.

"We worked at a manic pace for about three years," says Denza. "The quantity of clothes sold was phenomenal. Years later I met this man in Hong Kong who said that 21 had made his fortune. He told me how his wife had designed a collection in corduroy. Liberty ordered 10 pieces, somebody else went for six but at 21 we took 600! He told me their business took off that very day."

Despite the turnover, the old guard at Debenhams maintained a disapproving regard for 21. "They'd spend millions on a marble staircase but nothing on training!" exclaims Denza, who left 21 in 1965. Moss departed the following year, by which time Denza had started to build the foundations for her fashion recruitment business, setting up as a consultant in 1971 and opening her recruitment company, Denza International, in 1988. The following year she co-founded Graduate Fashion Week with Jeff Banks and John Walford, and continues to advise fashion colleges on degree courses. In 2004 she was made an MBE for her contribution to the British fashion industry.

Debenhams sold the land in 1966, when redevelopment overtook the area. The department store was knocked down to make way for a hotel, and 21 was installed in the Harvey Nichols outlet opposite, where it survived for a number of years and helped retune that store as a younger proposition.

And so the "old ladies'" store was born anew, though, for Denza, the excitement surrounding the original 21 could never be recreated. "Young people were dying for something different and new to wear and somewhere which suited them to buy these clothes," she says. "That's what we gave them."

07

“THE MESSAGE WAS: ‘LOOK AT ME’”

The British Invasion and Carnaby Street, the twin music and fashion phenomena that set the ’60s swinging, first emerged into public consciousness at exactly the same time: October 1962. On the sixth of that month, EMI Parlophone released the first single by The Beatles, Love Me Do.

The song acted as pre-ignition for the imminent explosion of the quartet’s popularity – within a matter of weeks, their second single, Please Please Me, had gone straight to the top, and Beatlemania was born.

In its wake, and in the months that followed, London style – and in particular the fashions of Carnaby Street – was exported around the world by the waves of British Invasion bands who followed the trail blazed by the Fab Four: the Rolling Stones, The Who, The Animals, The Kinks, Gerry and The Pacemakers, Herman’s Hermits et al.

Just 10 days after Love Me Do came out, *Town* magazine published the now celebrated story about teen fashion mores which carried the headline “Faces Without Shadows”. The three youths interviewed – Peter Sugar, Michael Simmonds and Mark Feld (aka Marc Bolan) – were defiantly mod rather than modernist, and the article provided an insight into the youth infrastructure that was establishing itself and already included a network of clubs and a host of new bands. With photographs by Don McCullin, the piece was a mod blueprint.

Having itemised his wardrobe, which he claimed included 10 suits and 20 sweaters, the 14-year-old Feld opined, “You’ve got to be different from the other kids. I mean, you’ve got to be two steps ahead. The stuff that half the haddocks are wearing I was wearing years ago. A kid in my class came up to me in his new suit – an Italian box, it was – he says, ‘Just look at the length of your jacket,’ he says. ‘You’re not with it,’ he says. ‘I was wearing that style two years ago,’ I said. Of course, they don’t like that.”

One of the few London clothiers rated by Feld’s gang was John Stephen, but the source of admiration was not so much Stephen’s clothes – though they noted he was “very good on trousers” – as the fact that, by the age of 26, he was running a chain of five shops, four of them in Carnaby Street.

“I was young and able to plug into what young people wanted.” That was Stephen’s explanation for his ability to predict the tastes of the emerging youth market in his last interview. He died in February 2004, aged 70.

“I was the same age and into pop music, so I gave kids something they could wear to complement that,” he told me. “There was nobody else around who was doing it, so I had it all to myself for a long time. Once others started coming through, all they could do was copy me.”

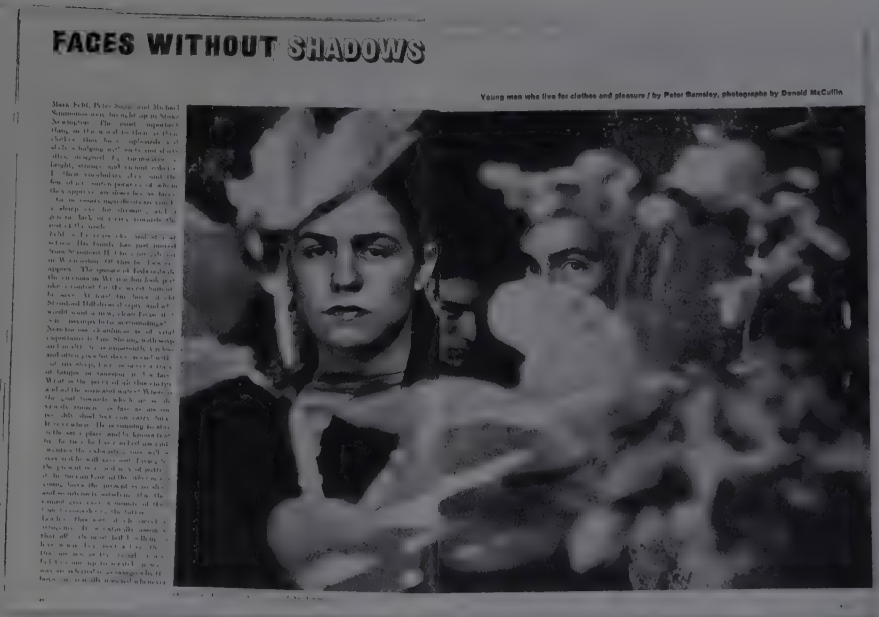
If Stephen sounds arrogant, he had a right. This was the most under-rated figure in pop fashion, one who only now is being reappraised, unfairly charged as he was with tackiness by a stodgy clothing industry unable to move with the times. Although not strictly a designer, Stephen forced youth and, in particular, male clothing to match the pace of the ’60s musical explosion. Thus the flak from the traditional menswear business was inevitable as he stole a march on its market.

Carnaby Street would have remained an undistinguished back street were it not for his ambition and effort. Indeed, Stephen trumpeted the fact in a December 1967 interview in *Town*. “Carnaby Street is my creation,” he said. “I feel about it the same way Michelangelo felt about the beautiful statues he created.”

Glaswegian Stephen retired from the clothes business in 2002, suffering from the effects of throat cancer and chemotherapy. When he made himself available for interview for this book, he wished to make clear that he was only an employee of Vince Man’s Shop for a very short period of time, although commentators such as Nik Cohn believe Stephen drew all his influences from that flamboyant outlet. While it’s true he took the out-and-out gay look of Vince’s and mass-marketed it, Stephen laughed, “I only worked at Vince’s for two weeks! As soon as I could, I got out and went to do my own thing, opening up my own shop with my partner Bill Franks.”

For a spell, Stephen had managed a shop in Notting Hill Gate and also worked as a waiter at the posh restaurant Forte’s, saving enough to open his own business in 1956. With Franks, who remained his partner for 48 years, Stephen

OPPOSITE John Stephen: “Carnaby Street is my creation”

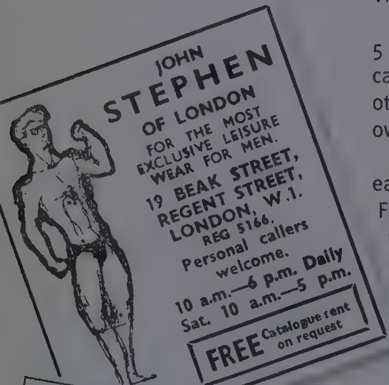


FACES WITHOUT SHADOWS

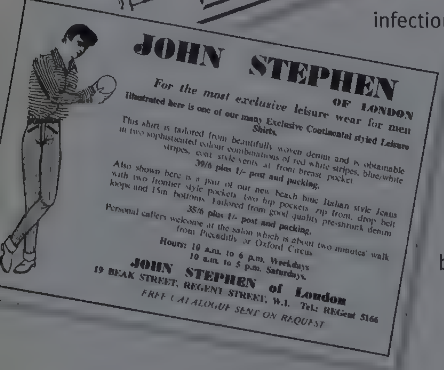
Young men who live for clothes and pleasure / by Peter Barnsley, photographs by Donald McCullin

ABOVE **Mark Feld (aka Marc Bolan) and friends, *Time*, 1962: "Half the haddocks are wearing what I was wearing years ago"**

BELOW **Stephen's ads in the summer of 1957**



JOHN
STEPHEN
OF LONDON
FOR THE MOST
EXCLUSIVE LEISURE
WEAR FOR MEN.
19 BEAK STREET,
REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.
REG 5166.
Personal callers
welcome.
10 a.m.—6 p.m. Daily
Sat. 10 a.m.—5 p.m.
FREE Catalogue sent on request



JOHN STEPHEN
OF LONDON
For the most exclusive leisure wear for men
Illustrated here is one of our many Exclusive Continental styled Leisure Shirts.

This shirt is tailored from beautifully woven denim and is obtainable in two sophisticated colour combinations of red white stripes, blue/white stripes, coat style vents at front breast pocket.
39/6 plus 1/- post and packing.

Also shown here is a pair of our new beach blue Italian style Jeans with two frontier style pockets, two hip pockets, zip front, drop belt loops and 15in. bottoms. Tailored from good quality pre-shrunk denim
35/6 plus 1/- post and packing.

Personal callers welcome at the salon which is about two minutes' walk from Piccadilly or Oxford Circus
Hours: 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Weekdays
10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturdays.
JOHN STEPHEN of London
19 BEAK STREET, REGENT STREET, W.1. Tel.: REGent 5166
FREE CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST

opened His Clothes on the first floor of 19 Beak Street, at the southern end of Carnaby Street. Here he supplied the fashions that had sold well at Vince's: brightly-coloured denim hipsters, lilac and pink shirts and striped matelot shirts.

In the summer of 1957, John Stephen Of London went head-to-head with Vince, proclaiming "the most exclusive leisure wear for men" in adverts illustrated with crude line drawings of muscle boys and faux-continental rockers.

However, Stephen's stock was pitched at lower price points than Vince's: his denim striped Capri shirts sold for five shillings less at 39s/6d (£1.97) while his "beach blue Italian" (rather than Vince's "faded French-style") jeans undercut Vince by four shillings, at 35s/6d (£1.78).

A fire at the Beak Street outlet in 1957 prompted a move to 5 Carnaby Street, where he and Franks painted the exterior canary yellow in contrast to the browns and greys of most other shopfronts. Their low budget forced them to make their own fixtures – out of orange boxes covered with felt.

"In those early days we could only afford to have one of each style, which was on show in the most popular size," Franks reminisced when he unveiled a plaque to Stephen in October 2005, pointing out that in the first few years their company vehicle was a Vespa scooter, with Mandy the poodle positioned in the basket up front. "We had a little room in the back where we'd knock up the order as we took it. It went on like this for about three years."

Franks recalled how Stephen's creative energy was infectious. "Near enough every day he would come in with a new fashion idea and I'd say, 'Where's the money coming from?'"

Cohn wrote of those early days: "At first trade was largely camp, but soon pop stars like Cliff Richard and Billy Fury came to him, bringing their fans behind them," and the proximity to Soho's seamstresses, embroiderers, tailors and clothes-makers was certainly a boon. "One day John brought back a thin mohair rug and I said, 'What the hell are you going to do with that?'," said Franks. "'Sweaters,' said John. And blow me down, the next day Cliff Richard bought one – that's how the next fashion was invented."

By the end of 1961, Stephen had four shops on Carnaby Street and his outlet at 189 Regent Street was selling such wares as heavy knitted jackets in blue bronze and gold bronze for seven and a half guineas (£7.85).

"Before him, Carnaby Street was just a backwater," says rock 'n' roll designer Lloyd Johnson. "The only things there were the tobacconist's, the pub, The Shakespeare, and a coffee bar where people from The Palladium went. When he opened there, the scooter boys discovered him. It was great; there was a guy called Mac who worked in that first John Stephen shop on Carnaby Street. He used to smoke B&H with a DuPont lighter, and he'd always offer you a cigarette when you came in.

"I can remember going in there in 1962 and Mac had on a leopardskin waistcoat. In a funny way it was a throwback to the rockers and in another predicting what would happen in 1966. That was incredible. In those days, if somebody wore suede shoes or a pink shirt or a white roll-neck then they were considered a bit off, but what was happening with John Stephen was completely different."

His Clothes sold Aertex short-sleeved T-shirts, two-inch-stripe black and brown roll-necks and elephant-cord hipsters. "To reach the teenage market, Stephen turned His Clothes into something equivalent to rock 'n' roll," wrote Cohn. "All the traditional standards – wear, finish, craftsmanship – were made secondary to the instant and he changed styles monthly, weekly, even daily."

The Stephen look of the early '60s is best summed up as "sportif", taking its influence from clothing worn for leisure and beach activities, particularly those in America: yachting caps, lurid swimming trunks, casual slacks, towelling shirts. Fine examples are the open-necked shirts, colourful T-shirts, light summer knits and flat-fronted slacks worn by Cliff Richard and The Shadows in the 1962 teen movie *Summer Holiday*.

Tommy Roberts, who opened the pop-art fashion shop Mr Freedom in 1968, recalls the pleasure of shopping at John Stephen in '62 and '63: "They had music playing. Young people were serving you. It wasn't some old bloke. There was no changing room, so you'd try the trousers on in the corner, then come back in an hour and they'd have been taken up. But there was no designing; Carnaby never produced a designer. This was a different thing, to do with fashion."

Prices were slashed to around half of that charged by the likes of John Michael, with jackets for as low as seven guineas (£7.35) and trousers for around four. As business boomed, Stephen expanded aggressively, with each new opening a major event. And pop stars lined up to wear his designs. The first publicity shots of The Kinks, when they changed their name from The Ravens in 1964, featured whips, leather boots and other kinky accoutrements, while the "four mods set to make their mark" wore leather jackets and jerkins from Stephen. Singer Ray Davies displayed his trademark disgruntlement: "They were dreadful, but everybody who saw them thought they were the most far-out things," he told Jon Savage in 1984. "Apart from [producer] Larry Page, who said, 'Oh, they'll be OK when they're finished.'"

Both Liberace and Petula Clark were the subjects of TV spectaculars filmed in Stephen's shops in 1964, the year he launched a fashion award for Best Dressed Man. The first was presented by actor Stanley Baxter on the balcony outside one of his outlets and caused such a commotion that police were called to control the crowds.

By January 1965, the John Stephen Organisation incorporated 10 companies, included shops all over the West End and in locations such as Chelsea, as well as a factory in Glasgow.

That same month, Pretty Things singer Phil May was summoned to the opening of Stephen's "teen store", which took up almost a block, from 22 to 55 Carnaby Street. With an interior designed by Myles Antony, the site included a record bar and Stephen's first "leisure wear department for girls". Above it were the offices of the notorious Don Arden, manager of the Small Faces, among others, and father of Sharon Osbourne.

May was invited in typically camp style by Stephen's PR man, Michael McGrath: "Besides the fashion press, several thirsty writers from the record papers are likely to be in attendance and a few of John's pop world customers. So we'll hope to see you white jeaned and at your lovely best ready for the photographers who pounce on you ... And Mr Baldry is likely to be in attendance to chat up the local talent."

"We didn't realise it then, but the John Stephen revolution was a very gay thing," says Granny Takes A Trip founder Nigel Waymouth. "Youth wanted this way of dressing for themselves because it was a way of rebelling. That whole generation gap-creating thing. It was the antithesis of Burton's: fast-moving, fashionable, very voguish and affordable. It was self-consciously trendy and camp in the true sense of the world. The clothes had their retro aspects, but basically they were new. If you want to point a finger at a common denominator in all the clothes, it was that they were pretty narcissistic, whether you were a mod or whatever. The message was: 'Look at me!'"

And the message prompted a satisfying response. "I went to Carnaby Street and bought scarlet hipsters from John Stephen," wrote Fred Vermorel in his memoir *Fashion, Perversity And The 60s Laid Bare*. "They fitted tightly across my bum, making me feel tightly upholstered."

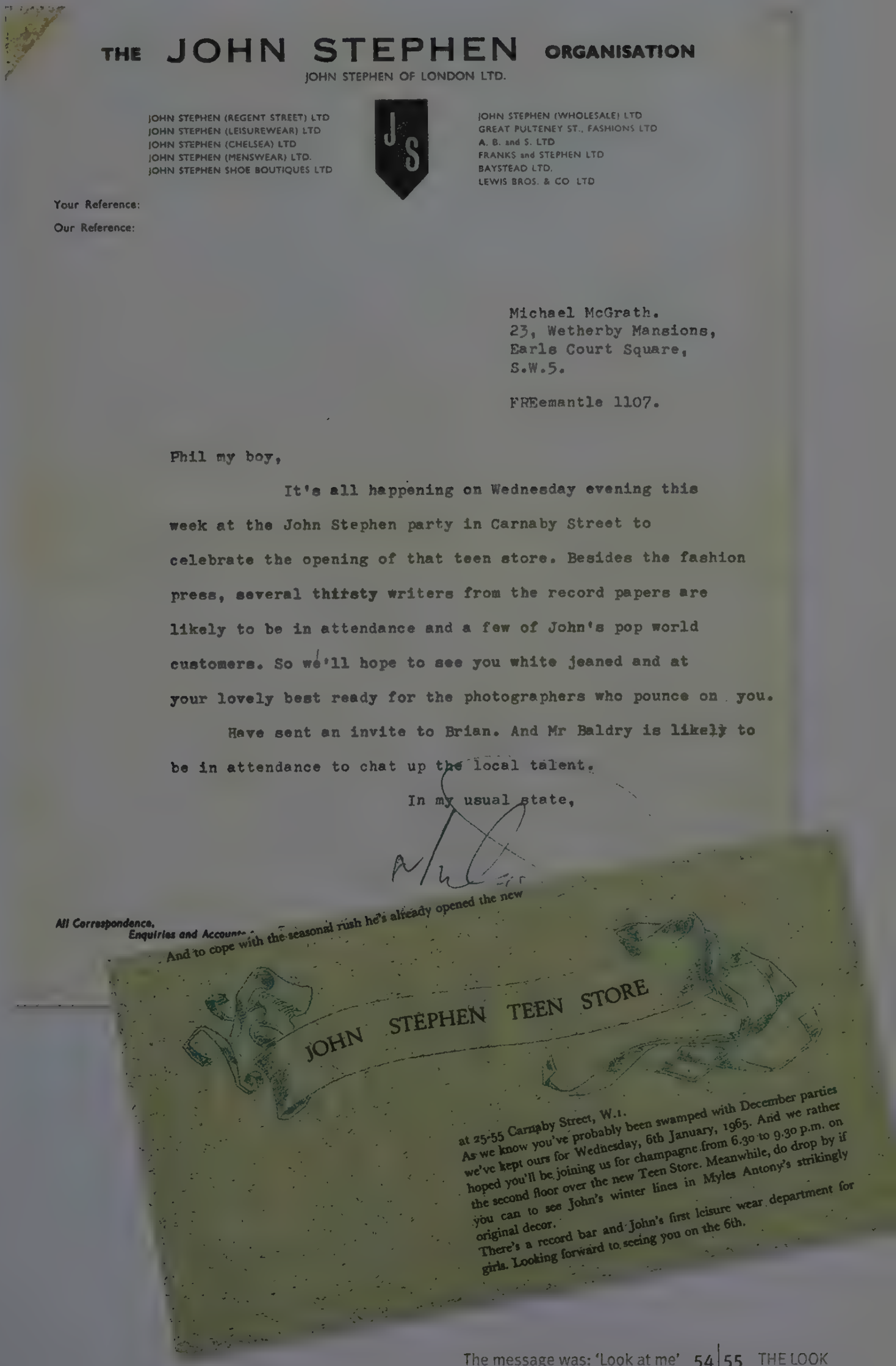
Waymouth also rejects the regularly levelled charge that Carnaby clothes lacked quality: "Although people thought of the clothes then as being roughly made, compared to now they were Savile Row standard. The quality of clothes is horrible now by comparison. Things were made in England then, not Taiwan with cheap threads and poor cutting." At the time, Stephen deflected these attacks on quality, saying they were "just a lot of crap, to be honest. As a matter of fact it sometimes worries me that our clothes do last for such a long time".

Stephen set off a deluge by opening outlets under a variety of names – Mod Male, Domino Male and Male W1 – attracting media attention with such lines as mini-kilts for men. Soon he was joined by other operators under guises such as Lord John and Paul's.

By this time, Carnaby Street also contained Adonis, Gear and Sid Brent's Take 6, which went for the cheap and cheerful approach, selling suits between 10 and 20 guineas (£10.50 – £21) when Savile Row prices were at least 70 guineas (£73.50). "Brent personifies the whole revolution," said *Town* of the company that started with shops in Carnaby and also operated a large store in Soho's Wardour Street before developing into a national chain. "Think of the idea tonight, work it out tomorrow, take it to the factory next day and have it in the shop in every size by the end of the week."

Warren Gold of Lord John had sold clothes from stalls in the East End's Petticoat Lane before moving into the West End. By 1967, he operated 18 franchises in Macy's stores in America as well as others in continental Europe. "Clothes are now a hobby to many people," said Gold, who parked his Rolls outside his shop, sometimes shining the lights inwards on dark evenings to illuminate the window displays. "People used to wear clothes simply to cover their bodies; now it's to

BELOW **Camp invite to a Stephen shop opening**



THE **JOHN STEPHEN** ORGANISATION
JOHN STEPHEN OF LONDON LTD.

JOHN STEPHEN (REGENT STREET) LTD
JOHN STEPHEN (LEISUREWEAR) LTD
JOHN STEPHEN (CHELSEA) LTD
JOHN STEPHEN (MENSWEAR) LTD.
JOHN STEPHEN SHOE BOUTIQUES LTD

JS

JOHN STEPHEN (WHOLESALE) LTD
GREAT PULTENEY ST., FASHIONS LTD
A. B. and S. LTD
FRANKS and STEPHEN LTD
BAYSTEAD LTD.
LEWIS BROS. & CO. LTD

Your Reference:
Our Reference:

Michael McGrath.
23, Wetherby Mansions,
Earls Court Square,
S.W.5.

FREemantle 1107.

Phil my boy,

It's all happening on Wednesday evening this week at the John Stephen party in Carnaby Street to celebrate the opening of that teen store. Besides the fashion press, several thirsty writers from the record papers are likely to be in attendance and a few of John's pop world customers. So we'll hope to see you white jeaned and at your lovely best ready for the photographers who pounce on you.

Have sent an invite to Brian. And Mr Baldry is likely to be in attendance to chat up the local talent.

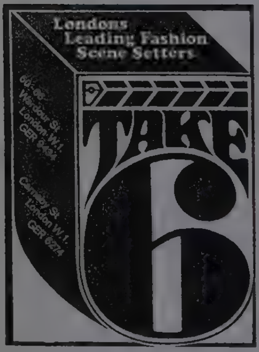
In my usual state,

All Correspondence,
Enquiries and Accoun

And to cope with the seasonal rush he's already opened the new

JOHN STEPHEN TEEN STORE

at 25-55 Carnaby Street, W.1.
As we know you've probably been swamped with December parties we've kept ours for Wednesday, 6th January, 1965. And we rather hoped you'll be joining us for champagne from 6.30 to 9.30 p.m. on the second floor over the new Teen Store. Meanwhile, do drop by if you can to see John's winter lines in Myles Antony's strikingly original decor.
There's a record bar and John's first leisure wear department for girls. Looking forward to seeing you on the 6th.


Londons Leading Fashion Scene Setters
66-68 Wardour St London W.1 GER 9434
Carnaby St London W.1 GER 6274
TAKE 6

TOP John Stephen's models in PVC, 1965

ABOVE Sid Brent's Take 6 went for "cheap and cheerful"

make them feel younger and happier. I think men's clothes are a way of life. They can control your thinking. They can definitely control your social life."

With its exclusive ranges of imported shoes, Toppers was a must-visit on Carnaby Street. "We all went there – the Stones, the Pretty Things, The Who. I've seen pictures of Mick (Jagger) in the same pair as mine" says Ian McLagan of the Small Faces, who adds: "The only other way to stay ahead of the pack was to go direct to the source. Once, when we were gigging in Italy, Steve (Marriott) spotted these amazing shoes, round-toed in brilliant colours, red and green, purple and black, almost like clown shoes. The assistants wouldn't sell them to us at first because they were worn by gigolos, but we each bought a pair."

Though male clothing dominated, there were outlets catering to young females, such as Lord John's counterpart Lady Jane, as well as forerunners like the ubiquitous Marion Foale and Sally Tuffin, who started their business in Marlborough Court, just off Carnaby Street, in 1962. Next door was a fellow Royal College graduate, the milliner James Wedge, who went on to operate such King's Road outlets as Countdown and Top Gear.

In their tiny wholesale showroom, rented at £6 a week, Foale & Tuffin produced knitwear, coloured tights, separates and pant suits in corduroy and lace with pop-art flourishes and cut-out holes. The duo eventually took over two tall houses in Carnaby Street, and in 1965 opened a retail outlet, all the while selling their wares in stores such as 21 and attracting the attention of emerging talent including Zandra Rhodes, who worked for them on fabric designs after graduating in the mid-'60s. In the same building was David Humby, who produced silk-screened designs such as target T-shirts for The Who.

By this time, Carnaby was the busiest street in London. "The sight was guys with back-combed hair running from one shop to another shop with trousers over their arms," says Lloyd Johnson. "It just exploded with Beatlemania and the British Invasion."

In his book on the youthful business successes of the period, *The Young Meteors*, the future disgraced Cabinet minister Jonathan Aitken says that fashion outstripped even music in the impact it had on baby boomers eager to escape the years of austerity. "The fashion revolution [is] the most significant influence on the mood and mores of the younger generation in the last decade," he wrote.

Meanwhile, American columnist John Crosby observed in the *Weekend Telegraph*: "On any twilight when the day's work is done, Carnaby Street pulses with slender young men in black, tight pants that fit on the hips like ski pants, their tulip-like girlfriends on their arms, peering into the garishly lit windows at the burgundy coloured suede jackets with the slanted, pleated pockets – very hot stuff." Inevitably, Crosby quoted Stephen: "Buyers from American department stores come here and are absolutely astounded. Why – they say – is this happening here and not in America? So they go right home and start young men's shops in their own stores."

In the October 23 1965 edition of *Fabulous*, Sheena Mackay gushed over the stars to be spotted in the thoroughfare: "OOOH, smashin', a whole morning out of the office wandering round Carnaby Street with *Fab* photographer Fiona looking for groups looking for gear! What could be lovelier, eh?"

In her excitement, Mackay spots The Who's Pete Townshend swigging milk from a pint bottle while buying three pairs of trousers and a shirt in Lord John. She witnesses singer Roger Daltrey spending £100 ("just like that") on a three-quarter length corduroy coat, a crew-neck sweater, six pairs of "special" trousers and a suit, while down the road bassist John Entwistle is purchasing light casual shoes in Toppers and Yardbirds frontman Keith Relf is fitted for dark grey trousers in the boutique next door. In Pauline Fordham's Palisades around the corner, Pretty Things John Stax and Dick Taylor are "having a ball" with singer Kiki Dee, and the Hollies' Graham Nash poses in white Levi's outside a John Stephen shop.

"I was a regular customer at John Stephen; they used to give me stuff on tick – in those days having a record contract meant that you didn't have to pay for your clothes!" guffaws Rolling Stone Ronnie Wood, then in Brit-r&b combo The Birds.

From new designers to the traditional clothing industry, there was a recognition that Stephen had created a market that would eventually benefit everybody. "Tourists from all over Europe were pouring into London for cheap weekends," wrote Barbara Hulanicki in her book *From A To Biba*. "They could buy suitcasefuls of clothes for virtually nothing as the exchange rate was so good. London was vibrating with

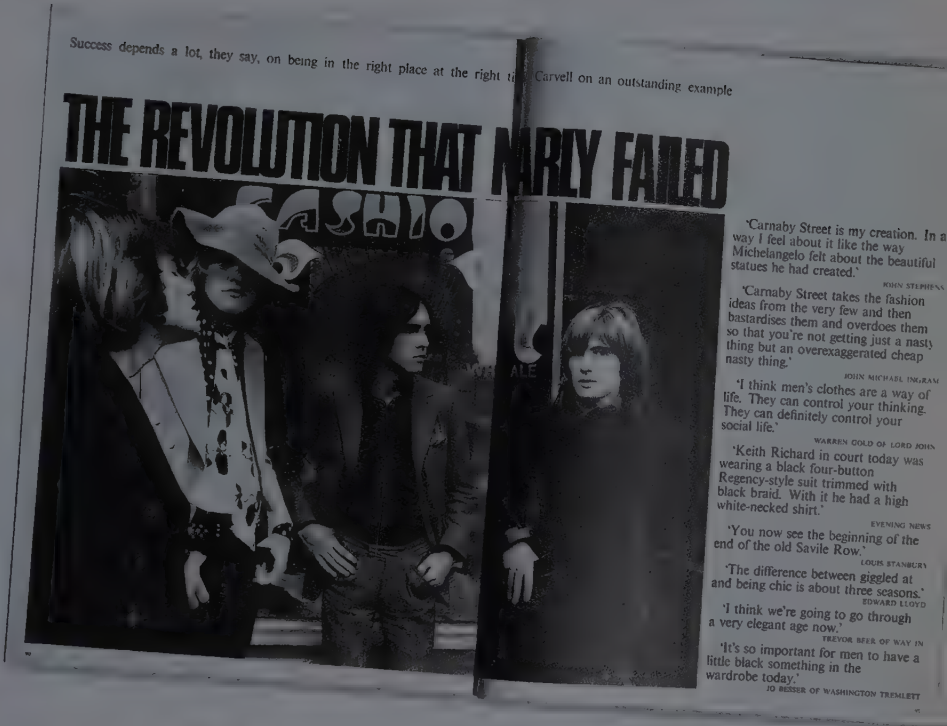
French, Italians, Germans, Swedes, coming to listen to music, see the shops and gawp at the beautiful girls."

Cohn says Stephen's revolutionary achievement was to introduce a new concept to post-austerity Britain: clothes as pop. "He had records blaring as loud as they would go, kaleidoscopic window displays, garments hung around the open doorways and spilling out across the pavements, in imitation of St Tropez. Clothes had become an adventure."

Personalities and pop stars were keen to be associated with him. Boxing's golden boy, Billy Walker, modelled for His Clothes in 1962, while a couple of years later David Bowie (then David Jones) even boasted in an interview that he was supplying designs for Stephen. "I think people like Cliff Richard, the Bee Gees and Herman's Hermits wore my clothes best," Stephen told me. "They were very different, and all took different styles from me, but they all looked fantastic."

Stephen launched his deal for franchises in 17 American department stores with a full-scale fashion show at Stern Brothers in Manhattan "complete with models and rock 'n' roll music – 1,000 boys and girls turned out and many of the boys stayed on and tried to buy", said *Life*.

The fact that he was young and glamorous with a James Dean haircut helped enormously. In the interview Stephen gave for *Town* in late 1967, he appears in a *faux*-Regency gold brocade jacket with rocker hair intact. At the age of 31, he was then running a business that extended to 22 outlets and had interests in America, dining nightly at La Mirabelle with his snow-white Alsatian called Prince, being driven around town in his matching snow-white Rolls or Cadillac and proclaiming for all to hear: "The menswear revolution has changed Carnaby Street from a dead place into the fashion centre of the world."



Success depends a lot, they say, on being in the right place at the right ti Carvell on an outstanding example

THE REVOLUTION THAT NARLY FAILED

'Carnaby Street is my creation. In a way I feel about it like the way Michelangelo felt about the beautiful statues he had created.'
JOHN STEPHENS

'Carnaby Street takes the fashion ideas from the very few and then bastardises them and overdoes them so that you're not getting just a nasty thing but an overexaggerated cheap nasty thing.'
JOHN MICHAEL INGRAM

'I think men's clothes are a way of life. They can control your thinking. They can definitely control your social life.'
WARREN GOLD OF LORD JOHN

'Keith Richard in court today was wearing a black four-button Regency-style suit trimmed with black braid. With it he had a high white-necked shirt.'
EVENING NEWS

'You now see the beginning of the end of the old Savile Row.'
LOUIS STANBURY

'The difference between giggled at and being chic is about three seasons.'
EDWARD LLOYD

'I think we're going to go through a very elegant age now.'
TREVOR BEER OF WAY IN

'It's so important for men to have a little black something in the wardrobe today.'
JO BESSER OF WASHINGTON TREMLETT

ABOVE ***Town*** **magazine, December 1967**

It all started in London
and it's making a smash here

LEFT ***Life*** **magazine profiles Carnaby, 1966**

City of Westminster
CARNABY ST
W1

ABOVE Promotional pamphlet as Carnaby went naff

But the knives had been out for Stephen for a while. In *Queen*'s "Society Index" of 1965, Stephen's name appears in the "No" column of tailors, along with John Michael, Savile Row's Hawes & Curtis, and Blades, which was operated in Dover Street by Rupert Lycett-Green and sold custom-made suits in velvet with mandarin collars for £52.

Lycett-Green had ploughed his inheritance into establishing the business, catering almost exclusively to the upper-class-young. "Twenty five years ago young people would be almost afraid to speak out and do something like this," he told the *Daily Telegraph*. "Now they want to see what they can do on their own."By that time, the magazine also listed Carnaby Street among its list of "where not to be seen".

And soon Savile Row was attempting to respond to the gauntlet thrown down by Carnaby. Turnbull & Asser came up with double-cuff shirts in pale purple slub silk at £10/5s in the summer of 1967, while newcomers such as Allsop, Brindle & Boyle at the World's End part of the King's Road accentuated quality in ready-to-wear suits. In August 1967, founder Simon Boyle was pronouncing, "We seem to dress anyone, from actors and pop-singers to parsons."

Others, including John Michael Ingram, were equally dismissive of the likes of Stephen: "Carnaby Street takes the fashion ideas from others and then bastardises them," he said. However, Ingram was encountering his own problems; he had spread his net across London with outlets such as Guys and John Michael in Soho, Savile Row and the King's Road. As rumours spread about financial troubles, he said: "Carnaby Street did a good job in commercially spreading the designs, but they made a travesty of them. For example, we brought out pointed shirt collars and they made them go down to the navel. We came out with lilacs and mauves and they picked this up but in the wrong colours."

In a fantastically snobbish interlude in her book *A Bomb In The Collection: Fashion With The Lid Off*, the author Roma Fairley upbraids Stephen for having the temerity to eat fish and chips at 4.30pm and mocks the line of "long haired wigs for men" among Stephen's stock.

During the encounter the "short, dark, natty" Stephen is on the defensive, according to Fairley, who describes him banging the table as he shouts: "Carnaby Street! Carnaby Street! It's always an angle on Carnaby Street! I *know* there is cheapness in Carnaby Street but *I* cannot be held responsible!"

Carnaby's novelty approach heralded a long slump into tackiness. While Lord Kitchener's moved from selling military wear into such gimmickry as politician-mocking toby jugs and five shilling (25p) replicas of the Royal coat of arms, outlets such as Gear, now run by Tom Salter, were given over to all manner of Union Jack-plastered tat.

The Menswear Association Of Britain – which had previously praised Carnaby for having liberated male fashion – now condemned it, with one conference delegate urging: "We must be guided by high fashion, the sort that makes us look like men, not perverted peacocks."

By the winter of 1967, rents had risen stratospherically. Stephen had opened His Clothes at a rent of £7/10s a week; 10 years later, Carnaby's average weekly rent was £100. Then the Greater London Council made the decision to pave the thoroughfare to accommodate the volume of human traffic. This sounded the death knell for creativity: Carnaby immediately became the full-blown tourist trap from which it has never really recovered. With the influx of the likes of Irvine Sellars and his Courtauld-backed Mates brand, many of the original players moved on as total annual turnover topped £5 million.

Some, like Warren Gold of Lord John, went for broke, opening a huge store with five floors in Oxford Street. This included a tailoring department and a VIP room to allow "pop stars and disc jockeys to order their wardrobes in private".

Stephen went upmarket, a move he had started a year earlier with an ad campaign featuring a model sporting a smart, dark jacket with matching paisley tie and handkerchief under the ironic tag line: Portrait Of A Hippy. "He's been seen in Carnaby Street clothes and worse," ran the copy. "He actually buys clothes from there. From John Stephen. Says not many people know about the more sober side. Keeps talking about jackets and suits, trousers, shirts and ties. Quality brand names and superior fabrics. Wool and worsted, cashmere and mohair. Tailored discreetly and cut with flair to John Stephen's discerning design. Says John Stephen suits him well. But he doesn't spread it around. Afraid his wife will find out that John Stephen can offer the same quality to women too."

To the last, Stephen was proud of the way in which his operation helped to export British fashion: "We had shops in the States and in Russia – it was really that big – and the international scene were following us," he said in 2001. "But then we got all these people imitating what we were doing and, because they manufactured in cheaper materials, it all got given a bad name."

There was no getting away from Carnaby's inherent naffness. The Christmas 1968 decorations comprised 14 pairs of illuminated women's legs in mini skirts with one pair topped by Union Jack knickers. The message read: "With Luv From Carnaby Street". Stephen defended the decorations in the press – "They are not traditional because Carnaby Street is not traditional" – but it was clear now that end-of-the-pier faddishness overshadowed any credible attempts at style.

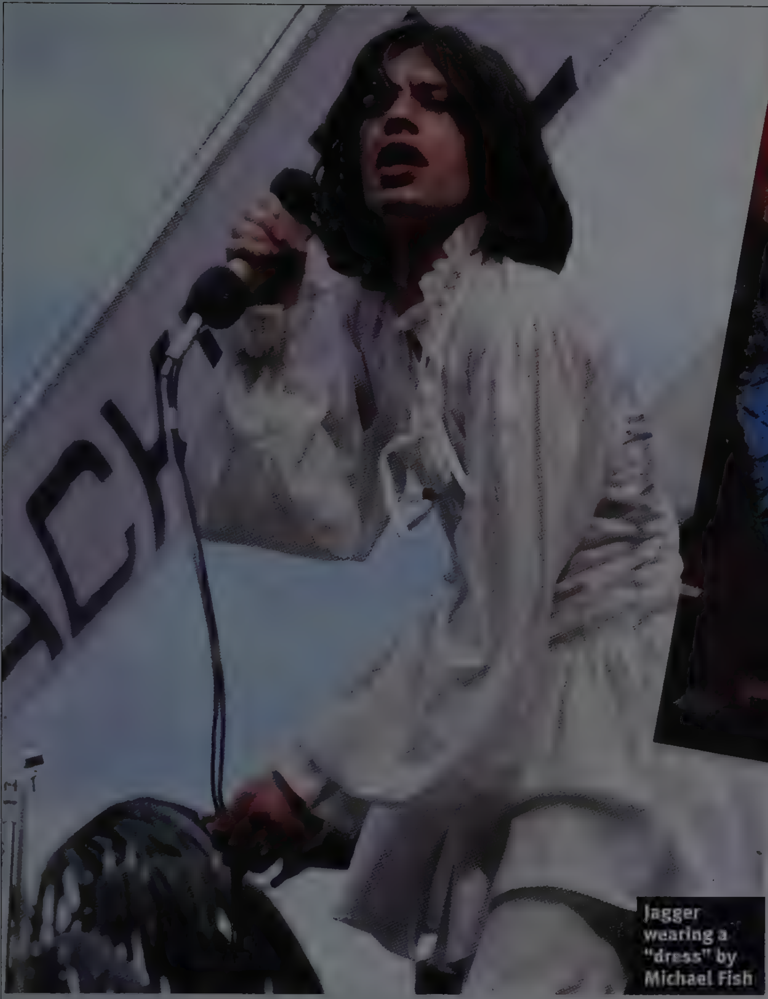
Having added women's clothes and attracted the film star custom of Elizabeth Taylor and Marlene Dietrich, by 1970 business was still good enough to support an advertising campaign taking in hoardings at Mexican World Cup stadia to capitalise on sales to the footballers who were already rivalling pop stars in public affections.

Yet within a few short years Stephen's heyday was over. He publicly floated his company in 1972 and three years later opened the Francisco-M shops in London, importing continental designs and operating the UK franchise for Lanvin, a contract that he retained until his death.

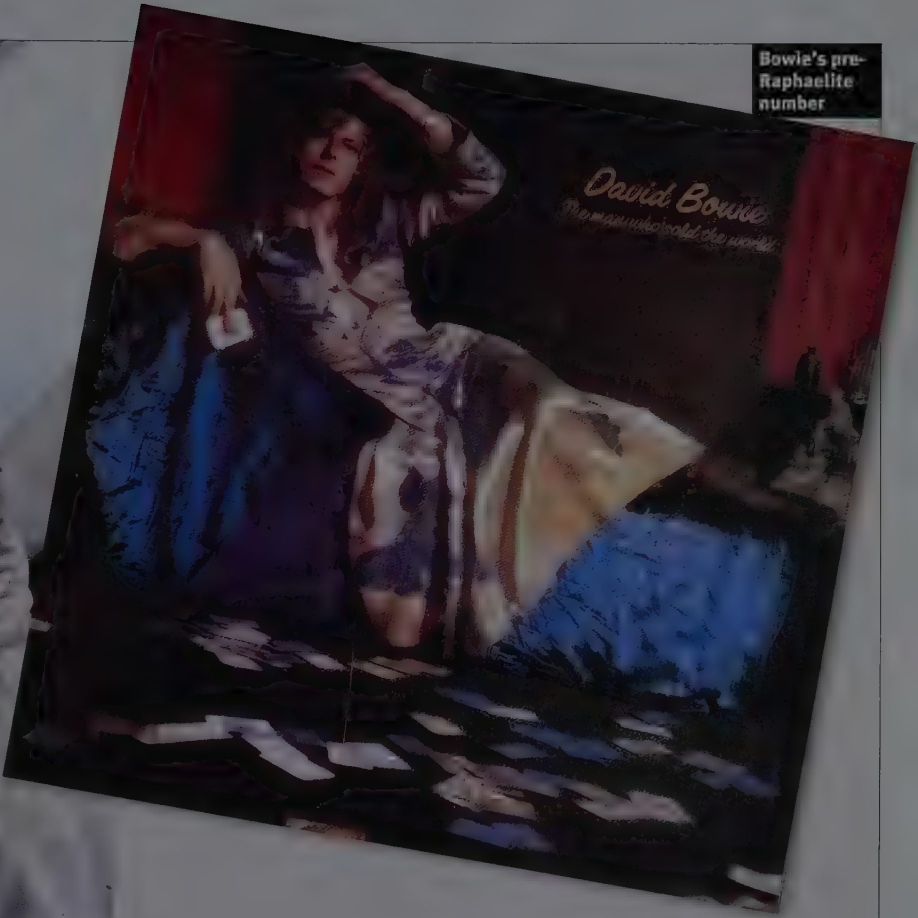
These days the John Stephen archive resides at London's Victoria & Albert Museum, not only ensuring that he maintains his position as a crucial component in the development of menswear but also placing a marker on his contribution to how we in the Western world look today. This contribution was confirmed by Franks' unveiling of the commemorative Green Plaque erected by Westminster Council on 1 Carnaby Street, at the junction with Beak Street.

Some of Stephen's clothes are to be included in the V&A's Swinging Sixties display in June 2006. It's not difficult to see why Cohn wrote that Stephen was "hardly a designer; he was a moment".

But, as Andrew Loog Oldham might say, what a moment.



Jagger wearing a "dress" by Michael Fish



Bowie's pre-Raphaelite number

"PECULIAR TO MR FISH"

It is a little acknowledged fact that John Stephen nurtured one of the most distinctive designers of the day, Michael Fish, credited with such creations as the kipper tie and dresses for men. "He was assistant to one of our buyers," Stephen told me. "That's where Michael learnt a lot about the business and he took it further when he went out on his own."

Fish had worked in Savile Row, at establishments such as Turnbull & Asser, where his penchant for ordering ties with width was noted by the mass media. In 1965 he dressed Terence Stamp in vivid Liberty prints for his film role in *Modesty Blaise*.

In 1966, with backing from Barry Sainsbury of the grocery empire, he opened Mr Fish in discreet Clifford Street. The clothes carried the distinctive tag, "Peculiar To Mr Fish", as indeed they were. The following year, Fish memorably wore a male dress, gold paisley jacket and scarf with knee socks and buckled shoes for a *Queen* spread in which he was photographed with playwright Joe Orton, model Twiggy and actress Susannah York.

At Clifford Street, Fish sold wide kipper ties, colourful suits and ethnic-inspired separates. A mixture of trendsetting aristocrats and stars made it a glamorous shopping destination.

Among his other notable designs was the silk jacket with hippy face painted on the back, as worn by Mick Jagger during the 1967 visit to Tangiers by some of the Stones and their coterie.

On the basis that dresses and skirts were as macho yet more physically suitable than trousers for the male form, Fish created outfits of long chemises over loose-fitting trousers based on traditional Greek military uniforms for fashion showcases in the spring of 1969. One of these, in white moiré over voile, was selected by Jagger to wear at the Rolling Stones' free Hyde Park concert that summer, prompting a furore in the press. Jagger had originally chosen a snakeskin suit made by Ossie Clark but decided against it because of the heat of the July day.

The following year, David Bowie upset his record company Mercury by wearing a Michael Fish dress – a knee-length, pre-Raphaelite, printed silk number – on the original cover of his album The Man Who Sold The World. It was subsequently replaced with a cartoon in America and a photograph of a glam Bowie in the UK. Fish also supplied some of the costumes worn by Bowie during his Ziggy Stardust phase two years later.

Although such associations raised Fish's public profile ahead of his former employer, he was forever keen to pay homage to Stephen, decrying the fact that he had not received any honours, let alone the knighthood that Fish believed to be Stephen's due, because "he wasn't part of the English old boy network".

08

“THE MAIN THING WAS TO LOOK IMMACULATE”

The early mods centred on a select band of clothes-fixated teenagers from the inner-city environs of London's East End. Many of them Jewish, they congregated in the Stamford Hill youth club, which is where, in 1960, 13-year-old Richard Young – now a leading paparazzo – hung out with Mark Feld, a fellow pupil at Hackney's William Wordsworth secondary school.

"He sort of took me under his wing," recalls Young of the future Marc Bolan. "Mark would wear tailored suits, and knew all the details of what was the right thing to wear, what was fashionable and where to go. I mean, this is someone who turned up at school at the age of 13 in an orange Harris Tweed suit and Church's brogues. It was unbelievable."

Stirring his black coffee in the Picasso Café, the enduring '60s hangout dead centre of Chelsea's King's Road, Young explains: "We all came out of Stamford Hill. There were only 20 or 30 of us, people like Freddie Moss and Peter Sugar who all went to the local youth club dances and hung around on GS scooters. My dad worked in Berwick Street Market selling ladies' hosiery and my mum helped him, while Mark's parents sold fruit and veg there." Suddenly Young recognises another Picasso customer: "See that guy over there? That's Gerry Goldstein. He was also one of the main guys from Stamford Hill. It's amazing we should be talking about this and he's sitting in the same place!"

Back in the early '60s Goldstein – later associated with another East End Jewish fashioneer, Malcolm McLaren – would join Young, Feld and their pal, pioneering DJ Jeff Dexter on forays into town.

"We would play truant from school," confirms Young. "We'd get on the 73 bus and go down to Soho. Mark would go off to find clothes with money he'd nicked from his dad or whatever and I'd find Dinky toys. There was a slight difference of priorities for a short while."

Another member of the same set was Johnny Moke, then a teenager called John Rowley but soon to become one of the capital's ace faces and later to clothe rock stars from Jimi Hendrix to Bryan Ferry. Influenced by his elder brother – a modern jazz fan who frequented the ultra-cool Flamingo Club – and encouraged by his dressmaker mother, Moke was already a dandy at the age of 13 in 1958, dressing in black cavalry twill trousers, a Fred Perry shirt and a blue-and-white-striped bum-freezer jacket.

"The first pair of shoes I bought was from a shop where my mum had an account," says Moke. "I got this pair of Densons in pearlised crocodile with Cuban heels and a gold buckle. Did my mum go mad? No, she loved them. My parents were very hip." Like his mates, Moke would either have off-the-peg clothes adapted or tailor-made to his exacting standards.

"There were just so few shops around," says Young, who vividly recalls the first time he visited Sportique, run by John Michael Ingram on Old Compton Street. Situated underneath Dougie Millings' premises and right next to the 2 i's coffee bar, Sportique sold exquisite three-button blazers with brass buttons and narrow lapels in Madras cotton and black roll-neck sweaters.

By 1962/3, adventurous youths also had an outlet for their musical tastes in the small but rapidly proliferating number of clubs springing up in London. Moke, who hailed from the east London neighbourhood of Walthamstow, remembers: "I left school at 16, in 1961, and pretty soon we were going to La Discotheque, the Huntsman, the Candy Lounge, Kaleidoscope. The Tottenham Royal was a big place – I knew Mark and Peter Sugar and all those guys from there – and also the bowling alley in Stamford Hill."

The mod hangout was Ronan O'Rahilly's The Scene club in Ham Yard, where black music evangelist Guy Stevens presided, hip to the latest and most obscure r&b via his connections with the American music industry and his position as head of the Sue label, backed by Island Records.

"We heard The Scene was opening at a club called La Discotheque (which was in Wardour Street and reputed to be owned by the notorious slum landlord Peter Rachman)," says Moke. "They used to put a mark on your wrist, so one would pay and then come straight out and press it on to everyone else's wrists and we'd steam in there. The records were fantastic because Guy Stevens was on top of everything, and

OPPOSITE **Steampacket, 1965: Rod Stewart (billed as Rod the Mod and The Mod's Delight), Long John Baldry, Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger**

ABOVE Ian McLagan, far right: "We'd raid shops for everything they had!"

hang out at Eel Pie Island, and were into the Pretty Things, Long John Baldry, Steampacket, The Yardbirds and particularly Georgie Fame. The Stones? Nah, we used to boo them because we didn't like the music. They were singing Come On. Well, we had the version by Chuck Berry. They did You Better Move On, but we had Arthur Alexander. See what I mean?"

Authenticity was a mod watchword. "My aunt had a lot of records because she worked on the boats, so I got into Cab Calloway, then into Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Billie Holiday and quickly went to r&b," says Moke.

As rock writer Dave Marsh detected, "there was no mod music, just music that mods liked", and Stevens fed this appetite while Dexter catered for bigger crowds at ballrooms such as the Hammersmith Palais, the Lyceum and the Purley Orchid, at the time the biggest venue in Europe. "Everyone talks about The Scene, but the ballrooms were really where it was at," says Dexter. "We reached a couple of thousand people a night, not just a couple of hundred. People go on about dance culture starting in the '80s but we were doing the same thing 20 years before."

Motown was very big. "The mod thing was born out of rhythm & blues, people like Jimmy Reed, combined with Tamla Motown," says Eddie Phillips, then in the Mark Four, which became The Creation in 1966. "We'd done our German apprenticeship playing eight hours a night, came back and really got into it. We had residencies at the Marquee and the Flamingo, playing them every other week. It was great to be up and down Wardour Street, close to everything that was going on."

Phillips adds: "We were on the same booking circuit as The Birds, The Action, the Brian Auger Trinity, Long John Baldry and Geno Washington, so we'd all play the same venues, town halls in the provinces and now and again a football stadium. We once played with the High Numbers at a small club above Burton's the tailors in Uxbridge. From a creative point of view, in terms of the music and the clothes, there was a real buzz to the scene. I've never witnessed such excitement in the air. It was genuinely electric."

The Creation also ran tight with The Birds' Ronnie Wood, who would later join the group. "He would come out and loon around with us, because Kim Gardner had been in The Birds before he played bass with us," says Phillips.

Another struggling band on the busy r&b scene was one of David Bowie's first groups, The Lower Third, who had formed in March 1965 at Tin Pan Alley hangout The Giaconda (where the Small Faces signed their deal with Decca just six months later) and became a staple on Saturday night bills at La Discotheque.

Meanwhile, The Birds would regularly play two West End venues a night. "We'd start at the 100 Club and then run round the corner to The Scene," Wood explains. "One night we played both of those and then went on to the Flamingo's all-nighter, supporting Geno Washington. We'd play with Jeff Beck's The Tridents and Tom Jones & The Squires at places like the Mojo in Sheffield or the Nottingham Boat Club. It was marvellous."

In terms of clothes, quality wasn't as important as the look. "The main thing was to look immaculate," says Moke. "I didn't buy too many things in Carnaby Street. I had a tailor, a good man in the East End, but I didn't tell anyone about it. This guy would get samples of stuff which never made it into mass production from companies like Burberry and Aquascutum, so I had some incredible things which nobody else could get hold of. There was an overcoat, a three-quarter-length motoring coat, which was tweed with a woollen collar, waterproofing and a red silk lining. It was the works."

As the look emerged, so certain characters stood out. In his book *All The Rage*, organist Ian McLagan remembered encountering the singular figure of Rod Stewart in 1963. "He was always a dapper fellow, and a bit of a jack the lad with the girls. The first time I saw him, at Eel Pie Island, he was wearing a three-button suit with the bottom one undone, of course. He wore a shirt with a long, pointed collar, a fiercely knotted tie, high-heeled boots, the whole bit, not to mention his back-combed hair and the longest nose this side of a Gerald Scarfe sketch. He was hard to miss. He was Rod the Mod and I was Mac the art student."

Not that London had the lock on mod, as pointed out by Roger Burton, owner of Contemporary Wardrobe and the Horse Hospital. He witnessed stylistic moves being made in Oadby, a satellite town of Leicester, which, in the early to mid-'60s was the richest city in Europe. "The area was really expanding with these massive hosiery and knitwear manufacturers and an influx of ethnic minority workers," says Burton. "Whatever was happening in London was happening simultaneously in Leicester.

"There were several shops where we bought London fashions and imported records from the States. We were a hardcore of working-class kids hanging out at the Oodley-Boodley club in a cafe in the centre of town. We didn't call ourselves mods, preferring the term 'stylists'. I spent every single penny of my £5 a week farm wages on clothes, starting off with Levi's, desert boots and suede jackets and then Sta-Prest, driving shoes from Ravel, leather coats in interesting colours like deep pink and maroon. We wore roll-necks and Italian knitwear. It was all about colour and self-expression. As I got older I got into tailor-made jackets for £15 and suits for £25. The quality was fabulous."

Burton points out that the top mods would have a new suit made every week, accentuating subtle details like sleeve and vent lengths to help them stand out from the crowd.

It was in the nature of mod to shift constantly, as the model Twiggy noted in her autobiography: "The mods changed their style every week. There was one group of boys we thought were lovely. On the week we first went [to a north London dance hall], they had their hair parted in the middle and giraffe-neck shirts and grey suits and desert boots. And within three weeks they'd all cut their hair and wore bright denim and braces. They were quite inventive in their fashions; they looked great. They were much more inventive than the girls."

"It was called drugs," chortles Moke. "You moved with the times. If you're a mod, you are a modernist, so you have to keep moving, and the times were moving very quickly. The sideburns got bigger [and] the collars got longer, but it came in stages. You didn't go from one extreme to another like you do now; it was slow progress, because the media wasn't on top of it. These days, it's dead before it begins; there are no signs of growth."

Continental style imported via foreign-language movies and increasing travel opportunities also played its part, with French cigarettes and copies of *Le Monde* often used as accessories to convey a sophisticated air. "The more you got to know about music, the deeper it got, the more obscure it became," says Moke of the evolution in tastes from modern jazz to r&b and soul, "and fashion changed the more movies we saw. There weren't any books then on style, so we had to take our lead where we could. I went to the south of France and celebrated my 18th birthday in St Tropez, then went to Italy and Spain, all the time learning the look and the way people dressed there."

Moke confirms the stories about fanatical mods traipsing to *nouvelle vague* films such as *À Bout De Souffle* for clothes tips rather than their plot lines. "We did go to all those foreign movies, and didn't understand a word. We watched the way they smoked a cigarette, how they buttoned their shirts and jackets, which shoes they wore."

This fastidiousness was not strictly a male preserve. Twiggy detailed a 14-year-old modette's existence in 1963: "It was the clothes more than anything which made you a mod, and I was into the clothes at once. The great thing about those clothes we wore was that we had to make things ourselves, because they were never in fashion long enough for the fashion people to catch up. It was a suburban thing; it used to start at the Tottenham Royal, that was the main place, and spread to the other suburbs."

Twiggy remembers exactly what she wore on her first visit to a mod dance at the Ritz in Kingsbury, north London: "I bought some grey pinstripe flannel and made a mid-calf dress – this was long before midis and maxis, of course, and everyone was wearing knee-length clothes then – in an A-line with a big V to the waist and criss-cross fastening. And a white silky blouse with a big, pointed collar. I wore my hair set in rollers parted on the side with flick-ups. The make-up was white lipstick from Woolworth's and very black mascara'd eyes."

Twiggy sums up the way in which Friday evening TV show *Ready Steady Go!* and its main presenter, Cathy McGowan – who sported a dark fringe and heavy eye make-up – helped broadcast the mod word: "'The weekend starts here,' it used to say, and our weekend started ... it was essentially a mod thing – mod dance, mod clothes. Cathy McGowan was our hero. I'd sit and drool over her clothes. She was a heroine to us because she was one of us."

Ready Steady Go! became associated with the groups who most embodied the different aspects of mod, from the ultra-hip Eric Clapton during his time with The Yardbirds ("he looked great, a real sharp-dressed mod, the dog's bollocks", recalled McLagan) to the scruffy/beatnik Rolling Stones and the dandy Kinks, who defined the new male archetype in "the Carnabetian Army" lyric in Dedicated Follower Of Fashion. Initially, The Kinks opted for an ironically posh look, supplied by theatrical outfitters Berman's, who in 1964 dressed them in red hunting jackets, frilled shirts and breeches at the insistence of their upper-class management team of Robert Wace and Grenville Collins.

In the authentically mod Small Faces, McLagan was the odd man out as an art student, the rest being diminutive East Enders with a full grasp of the mod ethic, just like their west London counterparts, The Action. The offices of Small Faces manager Don Arden were at 52–55 Carnaby Street, and as soon as McLagan was hired he was taken on a shopping trip to brush up his image. "We went from John Michael to Topper's to Lord John," he writes. "It was incredible. Little Steve, one of the sales assistants, knew them from previous visits and, being a short mod himself, was eager to show us all the new clothes ... Where I was inclined to get one shirt and

Europe's finest
music rendezvous...
R'N'B
& JAZZ
AT THE
Flamingo
Wardour St., W1
100
CLUB
RHYTH
Whisky a gogo
the
marquee
club

ABOVE **A network of clubs sprang up in the early '60s**

THE WHO
Brunswick
MY GENERATION

ABOVE **Townshend's I Can't Explain, My Generation and Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere spoke to mods about teen alienation, frustration and rebellion**

one pair of pants, Ronnie [Lane] would push me to get more."

This was Lane's habit, explained later Small Faces co-manager Tony Calder ruefully. "I had a phone call from Lord John saying Ronnie Lane wanted to buy some shirts – all of them. We had a hundred delivered to the office. They were piled up in the corner. Ronnie couldn't have someone else wearing the same shirt as him."

McLagan was soon converted: "Up until then I had one set of clothes, a nice jacket and shirt, pair of trousers and shoes, and that was it. But Steve, Ronnie and Kenney were real mods, obsessed, and pretty soon so was I. We'd go into shops and raid them for everything they had!"

McLagan was particularly keen on the shoe shop Topper's. "It was the place to buy wild Italian shoes in London; nowhere else came close. There's a photograph of the Small Faces with me in a pair of Topper's open-weave, two-tone brown-and-tan leather shoes that I'd give a bundle for today."

The band most associated with the movement, The Who, were not in fact mods. Leader Pete Townshend only became aware of the style in early 1964, and until then his group (previously The Detours) had essentially been an r&b covers act with showband roots.

"The Who were Johnny-come-latelys, but they also happened to be the best band around," says Dexter. "We mainly listened to black music from America because it was easier to dance to. By the time their first record was out, mod was over for people like me, but that didn't matter because their songs were so great they took it somewhere else."

McLagan, then in r&b outfit The Muleskinners, recalls: "None of us had the money to be mods at the time – Pete was spending his money on guitars and I was buying keyboards. They were phenomenal live, even then. The first time I saw the High Numbers was when we auditioned for a residency at the White Hart in Twickenham. Pete's guitar-playing was incredible, using really deep tremelo. Of course they got the gig, though I later learned the club shut on its first night."

Although Townshend's songs later articulated the mod experience and search for identity, their image was a construct of band associate and ace face Pete Meaden. Living life to the full, Meaden gabbled in the argot of mod, which is why he demanded the band change its name from The Who to the High Numbers, to project an image of pilled-up "numbers", or mod pack leaders. Meaden had previously worked as a graphic designer at John Michael and moved into freelance publicity for artists such as Chuck Berry and Georgie Fame, having shared an apartment with Mick Jagger and partnered Andrew Loog Oldham in a promotion company called Image.

The Drynamil-chugging Meaden was obsessed with the detail of mod life. It was he, for example, who led Oldham to a treasure trove in an obscure corner of the traditional department store C&A: "A few lightweight, staggered vent suits, cheap and in amazing colours," wrote Oldham about his first encounter with Meaden. "99% of British men's suits were still post-war grey or black. Bottle-green mohair with a paisley lining was a visitation to be celebrated, and coupled with side-laced, suede ankle boots we had heaven on earth and thrills on our feet."

However, Oldham and Meaden fell out after the latter was kicked out of a Stones press reception for acting like "a pill-headed mod". Approached by The Who's manager, Helmut Gordon, he was given £50 to overhaul their image. "I spent it on clothes, of course, 'cause togs are the only things that keep a mod together ... With his togs and a few pills inside him, he's God," reminisced the man who captured the essence of mod as "clean living under difficult circumstances".

Meaden was unimpressed by The Who's sub-Merseybeat garb – "Pierre Cardin leather jackets, cropped hair at the back and Beatle cuts at the front" – so he took them to The Scene. As he told the *NME*'s Steve Turner in the mid-'70s, "I said, 'Look, you can't go wrong. Why don't we become the focal point, the focus, the brand new feel of music and lifestyle?'" Meaden then kitted out the band at shops such as Austin's and had their hair cut at the hip Jack The Barber's. "I got the suits right, and the T-shirt under that, the boxer boots on, the jeans, the Levi's with the one-inch turn-up so the inner seam just showed from the outside, and Pete's jacket was right on, with the top button just outside ..." He also wrote the lyrics for both sides of the group's first single, marketed as "the first authentic mod record". The music for both tracks was pinched from songs played by Guy Stevens at The Scene – Slim Harpo's Got Love If You Want It and Country Fool by The Showmen – but the words betrayed Meaden's unstinting belief in style: "I wear an Ivy League jacket and white buckskin shoes," sings Roger Daltrey on I'm The Face, while Zoot Suit mentions inch-wide ties and jackets "with side vents five inches long".

Having scored the band notoriety with a residency at the Marquee, Meaden was unceremoniously dumped by The Who's new management team of Chris Stamp and Kit Lambert towards the end of 1964. Even though his mod evangelism had become increasingly incoherent under the weight of gargantuan speed and alcohol consumption, it was undoubtedly one of the keys to unlocking Townshend's writing talent. I Can't Explain, My Generation and Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere flowed from his pen in the following year, and all of them spoke to mods about teen alienation, frustration and rebellion.

Meanwhile, the band and their new management built on the foundations of the image constructed by Meaden. Lambert came up with the idea of a mod jacket for Townshend made out of a Union Jack, while Townshend's awareness of pop art via his art-school background prompted him and the rest of the band to appropriate images and symbols from military insignia: they proceeded to adorn their clothes with badges, medals, chevrons and targets.

Meaden drifted for years, spending periods in mental institutions. He re-entered The Who's circle in the mid-'70s and worked with Townshend on the film realisation of the band's superb 1973 album *Quadrophenia*. But he was never to see the finished version. Meaden was found dead from barbiturate poisoning at the age of 36 in his north London home in July 1978.

Both the film and the album of *Quadrophenia*, the latter housed in a brilliantly styled sleeve perfectly evoking the fashions of 1964, stand as a fine testament not only to Meaden but also to mod. Meaden's presence is everywhere, not least in the fractured character of the album's "Jimmy the mod", while the delicate song Almost Cut My Hair quotes the main line from Zoot Suit, and Meaden's spirit is invoked on the fade-out, where Daltrey can be heard crooning the lyrics to I'm The Face.

Mod hit national headlines in March 1964, when teenagers rioted in the grim holiday town of Clacton over the lack of amenities. By August 2 the *Sunday Times* magazine had latched on to the new movement. "You can tell us by the way we walk – feet out. Rockers are hunched. We hope to stay smart for ever, not shoddy like our parents," says one.

According to another, Denzil, "it's suits now, and basket shoes. You need £15 a week to be a leader – most mods make between £8 and £10 a week and spend £4 on clothes. 'It's pure dress now,' says a 'stylist', 'no gimmicks'."

The media coverage led to regular confrontations in coastal resorts between mods and rockers on bank holidays over the next couple of years.

"Each part of London had its own mod scene," says Ronnie Wood, who was at Ealing Art College with Townshend and Keith Richards' girlfriend, the model Linda Keith, who would later be instrumental in launching Jimi Hendrix's career. "They were a few years ahead of me," says Wood. "I used to see them in the canteen – Linda, Pete, Keith and sometimes Ray Davies."

Hailing from Middlesex suburb Yiewsley, Wood formed The Thunderbirds on leaving art school. Their name was subsequently shortened to The Birds to avoid confusion with Chris Farlowe's backing band. "The Birds were in Yiewsley, The Who were in west London and the Small Faces in the east," says Wood. "The Small Faces were actually the first group to dress the same as their audience. For them it was natural, not like other bands who deliberately copied whatever the audience was wearing and how they danced."

Parkas (American military-issue anoraks), three-button Italian suits, button-down shirts, desert boots, T-shirts, Levi's and cycling shirts became elements of the new mainstream look. Nik Cohn described this as "Shepherds Bush mod" in deference to its west London roots, in contrast to the East End dandyism of Feld, Young *et al*. "It began to get out of hand," recalled Bolan to Cohn in the early '70s. "The mods were uncool and I wouldn't speak to them. I took it all incredibly seriously and they seemed like a travesty."

The opening of Tiles in Oxford Street in 1966 received much media attention, and is seen by many original mods as being one of the first nails in the coffin of a movement that was fast becoming a lifestyle. "Tiles was naff," says Johnny Moke, "a place for all those people who came in after it had really got going."

The typical set spun by DJ Jeff Dexter at lunchtimes in 1965/6 included such bluebeat tunes as Delroy Wilson's Dancing Mood and The Wailers' Put It On as well as soul classics such as Eddie Floyd's Knock On Wood, Rex Garvin's Sock It To 'Em JB Parts 1&2 and home-grown winners Gimme Some Lovin' by the Spencer Davis Group and Cream's I Feel Free.

Tom Wolfe's piece about Tiles for the *Daily Telegraph Weekend* section, "The Noonday Underground", demonstrates how the sessions became a magnet for hundreds of dressed-up teen office workers: "The thing is, The Life – the mod style of life that got going about 1960 – has changed within the last year. Over the past year thousands of these working-class mods have begun moving away from home at 16, 17 or 18. They go to work in offices, shops, departments stores for £8 to £10 a week, but that is enough to

LONDON'S MOST "DYNAMIC" GROUP
THE BIRDS

ABOVE Ron Wood, second right: "It was marvellous"

ABOVE 1965: Mod and modette Lloyd Johnson and Sarah Nilsson

RIGHT 1963: Jeff Dexter twists in Dougie Millings and own-design spectacles

get them into The Life. Practically all working-class teenagers in The Life devote half their pay to clothes. There is no more contest between 'mod' and 'rocker' styles. The mod style and life have won completely."

Another haven for mods was the Whisky A Go-Go in Wardour Street, the target for Roger Burton and his Leicester posse on visits to London. "We had a friend who worked at Boots in Nottingham, so we brought down shoeboxes of amphetamines which would fund our weekends," says Burton. "That way we could stay up all weekend and enjoy ourselves, totally getting into the music and the clothes."

As early as 1965, *Queen* magazine was predicting that "chrome-plated modness is dead [and] can be left to architectural students and to pop groups with a name to make. Something more personalised is the present aim." The magazine said that those in the know "remain loyal to John Michael, the Savile Row of the Carnaby Street look. And the posher ones go to Blade's, the Carnaby Street of the Savile Row look."

Despite the fact that Lloyd Johnson's partner, Pat Cockell, ran the Ravel shoe store, which was housed within Tiles, he also could see the writing on the wall: "When everyone started talking about mod, it was really over. Gradually, it became part of that Swinging London thing."

McLagan pinpoints a Small Faces holiday in Ibiza as a turning point. "I remember we wandered around in Spanish peasant shirts, completely different kind of clothes to what we'd worn before," he says. "We brought them back with us and wore them at home. Mod was pretty much over. The clothes were crap and everybody was wearing them. Fuck that. We started to have ours made for us. As soon as Dave Dee, Dozy, Mick & Whoever and The Move came along and started buying the clothes, it didn't look right, so you had to move on. It all happened very quickly."

Hindsight has bestowed a rosy afterglow on the mod period, but, truth be told, any unity lay in fashion; the music scene was at best splintered. "You needed to play your own music in the '60s and we were all into doing our own thing," stresses Eddie Phillips. "It was all about individuality; this was probably the most creative period ever for young British musicians. You would try desperately to be different from everybody else."

McLagan says he never encountered the other groups who have been pigeonholed alongside the Small Faces. "Everyone thinks we were all dressed up to the nines and living and breathing mod, but most people weren't. There were really only one or two very cool people in every crowd. You look at footage of The Muleskinners backing Howlin' Wolf and Hubert Sumlin at the Cambridge Corn Exchange in 1964 and the audience look like a bunch of hicks. So do we."

Yet there is no doubt that mod provided the key for big business to unlock the youth market. "It is the mods, the direct opposite of the rockers (who seem to be anti-everything) ... who gave the dress trade the impetus to break through the fast-moving, breathtaking, upmarket revolution," said Mary Quant in 1966, although Johnson observes, "When it was called 'the mod look', that was when it started going silly. That look was, in fact, much more Ivy League and preppy. The really heavy side of mod came out of the East End, with midnight-blue mohair suits and those great coloured shirts in mustard or blue with a black knitted tie from John Michael."

"THE HIPPEST, CHICEST SHOP"

John Michael clothes had been much to the fore in early male fashion features, such as the one shot by David Bailey for *About Town* in November 1961, which included the store's "French-style" tweed jacket – cut very straight, with three buttons placed high and a single vent. This, with a matching slip-over waistcoat, cost 32 guineas. Paparazzo Richard Young's visit to Sportique the following year with his friend Mark Feld, however, proved epiphanic.

"I'd never seen anything like the clothes John Michael Ingram had at Sportique," recalls Young. "There were these amazing shirts in Swiss voile with a fly front, penny-round collars and detailed stitching, all for four guineas! They've never been copied. Ozwald Boateng, Paul Smith – they've all tried to do that fly-fronted shirt but it's all wrong.

"There were pure silk Jacques Fath ties, Levi's in all sorts of colours and MacDouglas leather jackets. I said to Mark, 'When I leave school, I'm going to work here.' He said, 'I hope you do, 'cause we need some new clothes.'"

After he left school and had a spell at the Smart Weston clothes shop in Dalston High Street, Young's mother swung a job for him at Sportique in 1964, which exposed him to a new world. "It was where I first came across gays, art, cinema, theatre and a much heavier sense of rock 'n' roll," says Young. "We had Bob Dylan and The Band coming in, Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, John Lennon – who I sold a black roll-neck jumper to – and David Bailey. His models would come in to buy Levi's jeans after shoots. Dylan came in 1965 and bought tons of stuff when he transformed his image. I had to deliver it to the Westbury Hotel. On the cover of Highway 61 Revisited, there's a picture of a guy next to Dylan wearing a striped T-shirt. I sold him that shirt."

Managed by Bobby Harris, Sportique was noted for its window displays, which were dressed by Charles Schuller. He would use the shelves in the relatively small space for regularly changing themes. "I remember he did a coffee bean number with all our clothes in brown to match and a black-and-white window with newsprint everywhere," says Young. "John Michael was the hippest, chicest shop in the world."

The Stones' manager, Andrew Loog Oldham, is far more disparaging about Sportique, describing its range as "fey clobber ... ludicrous unless you were swarthy, wealthy and gay". He preferred the main John Michael store in the King's Road. "With its formal grey flannel suits and striped or gingham, round-collared, fly-fronted, well tailored shirts, [John Michael] was another fashion plate we could ill afford but we badly wanted," he says in *Stoned*. "So I did starve a little for the superlative skinny wool-knit tie and gingham, tab-collared shirt."

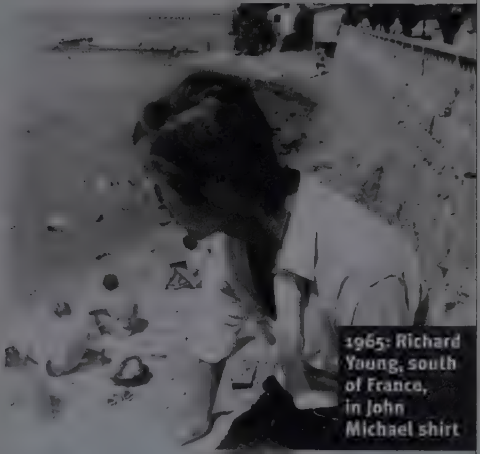
Young immersed himself in music during his time with John Michael Ingram. "I made friends with a guy called Geoff who was best friends with David Bowie, so I used to go over to their house in south London and got really turned on to r&b and soul, stuff on the Stax label – Otis, Sam & Dave, Carla Thomas, James Brown. It was such great dance music, so we'd go off to the Bataclan in Princes Street, Le Kilt and all those French clubby-clubby places owned by Louis Brown (owner of The Scotch Of St James and later The Valbonne)."

He was also exposed to high fashion. "At the shop, I became aware of things like Gucci shoes and Louis Vuitton luggage, but the ultimate was Bunny Rogers, who used to come to buy silk ties and socks and the shirts."

Hardy Amies designer Rogers was one of the greatest exquisites of the twentieth century and a template for fastidious mods, as Young attests. "He was the ultimate manicured dandy and a role model walking the streets of London. Bunny must have been the most chic, beautiful man you could ever meet, and I always wanted to be him. He had a 28in waist and would always wear a bowler hat [and] Savile Row tailored suits with very waisted frock coat jackets and no turn-ups in his trousers because they gathered dust. His shoes were always highly polished and he'd have a stick-pin collar, a carnation in his lapel and a cane or an umbrella."

Among John Michael's protegés was Tom Gilbey, who had undergone training as a tailor before heading up the John Michael design team. He set up his own business in Sackville Street in 1966 and, describing himself as a "couturier", went on to produce made-to-measure formal wear.

Young stayed at Sportique for three years before moving to Just Men, whose fly-fronted, crew-neck cardigans and big-collared shirts he sums up as "a real poncy kind of look". But he maintains huge reservoirs of respect and affection for Ingram, who in later years became a behind-the-scenes fashion consultant.



1965: Richard Young, south of France, in John Michael shirt

1963: Lloyd Johnson in John Michael cord coat

"The John Michael look was the ultimate," says Young fondly of his time working for Ingram. "My mate Brian Aris took a photo of me in one of the voile fly-fronted John Michael shirts when I was 19 in the south of France. I treasure it to this day. The look was so clean and so wearable, and fantastic quality. It would certainly stand up today. I've begged him to do it again, because people would buy it, but he doesn't seem interested. He's obviously moved on."

09

“WE WERE TIGHT-LIPPED AND COOL”

The Ivy look had been promulgated since the mid-’50s by individuals such as John Simons, who left Cecil Gee in 1964 and teamed up with Jeff Kwintner at a shop called Clothesville in Peace Street, just off Petticoat Lane in London’s East End. The shop was situated in the basement of a garment manufacturer, which would turn around their designs in a day.

“We were selling polka dot and paisley tab-collared shirts, Pierre Cardin-style ones with button-down collars, reefer jackets and tight peacoats,” says Simons. “All the local lads would snap them up. We did some great stuff, including a knee-length Burberry corduroy raincoat in various colours. It was mod mixed with Ivy League. Then we’d put really sarcastic, ridiculous tags on them, such as ‘Cary Grant Never Wore This Suit’ or ‘Edward G Does Not Shop Here’.”

In 1965, the pair, on the hunt for a store of their own, came across a retail space in the leafy south-west London suburb of Richmond. The shop, on Richmond Hill Rise, was just two doors down from L’Auberge, a coffee shop and mod hangout that attracted many pop stars. “Everyone went there – the Stones, everyone – because it was close to Eel Pie Island,” says Simons. “Richmond was a cool place for a couple of East End guys. People said it was too far away from the centre of things, but we thought, ‘Bugger it,’ and the rest is history.”

The Ivy Shop set the standard for Ivy League dressing. Sharply cut Prince of Wales check suits were matched with button-down shirts from Albany of Walthamstow, which predated the Ben Sherman brand by a number of years, while an encounter with Jeff Flood, a sales rep for Dickies jeans, opened up other avenues.

Kwintner and Simons also sought out clothes and shoes made in Britain for export to America. The Ivy Shop was the first to sell Royals shoes, a range of traditional designs including brogues and plain caps, at four guineas a pair. They also supplied Regent shoes and mail-order Beatle boots. By 1966/7, the first loafers were provided by the British company Saxone.

One landmark find was the windcheater jacket made by British company Barracuta and sold in America as a G9. After being worn by a character called Rodney Harrington in the TV series *Peyton Place*, it became known as the Harrington: zip-up design, two pockets, two-button collar and tartan lining. “It was an English brand which had been made for export for years,” says Simons. “I’ve seen a picture of Elvis wearing one in 1954.” Worn by the sharper collegiate-influenced mods, the Harrington was later to become a major element in the skinhead look.

Kwintner and Simons moved on to develop this Ivy style at their Squire and Village Gate shops, and after they separated Simons retained the Ivy Shop for long enough for it to play a part in the mod revival of the late ’70s. The outlet has long since closed, but for those in the know it was a key part of the development of pop fashion. “We did get a little write-up in *Town* magazine,” says Simons, “but we didn’t court the press. We were tight-lipped and cool, not very accessible, listening to our Charlie Parker LPs instead. Maybe that’s why we never really received the credit.”

Meanwhile, in Blackheath village in south-east London, another former mod, Jeff Banks, had begun his fashion career by operating the boutique Clobber with two partners. After Sandie Shaw won the Eurovision Song Contest in 1967, Banks approached the barefoot singer with the proposal that she lend her name to a label that would feature a range of well-tailored dresses, skirts and separates like those she wore on stage. Sandie Shaw clothes took off and within a year the couple were married and Banks had launched his International Clothing Company.

The traditional world of gentlemen’s outfitting had taken note of such developments, albeit slowly. Hitherto, young men had followed in their fathers’ footsteps, buying their clothes from the same tailors, outlets and department stores. Now, without the range of colours, fabrics and styles demanded by the Youthquake, the inability of traditional stores to keep pace with fast-moving trends was exposed. More importantly, a sizeable chunk of business shifted as Carnaby-like shops opened all over Britain and the look was exported to America.

OPPOSITE Hendrix in a waistcoat from I Was Lord Kitchener’s Valet. “Jimi was so proud of it,” says photographer Bruce Fleming

ABOVE John Simons, 1964: "Edward G doesn't shop here"

TOP The Ivy Shop: "Richmond was the place. Everyone went there"

Richard Channing, by the mid-'60s a leisurewear designer at Jaeger, was contacted by a buyer from Bloomingdales called Frank Simon, who was in London on a trip. "He called me up and we arranged to meet," says Channing. "I thought we were going to talk about the upmarket stuff that Bloomingdales sold, but the first thing he asked was, 'Now tell me all about Carnaby Street. Who are The Beatles? What are the mods?' I knew then that the whole business was changing. Forget tradition, authentic and genuine – all the code words we were used to. I told him this meant change every six months. I said, 'This is fashion,' meaning that it was definitely not Bloomingdales territory. Within a couple of months, they'd opened their own youth department."

Of the big three male fashion stores – Austin Reed, Aquascutum and Simpsons of Piccadilly – only Simpsons had dipped a toe in the youth market. In 1962, it had recruited the man credited as having been the first male fashion editor: Gordon Deighton. He was poached from *Man About Town*, arguably the world's first male fashion magazine, which had caused a sensation by targeting a new generation of young men who were keen to dress *à la mode*.

Man About Town was rooted in tradition itself, as an offshoot of the staid trade newspaper *Tailor & Cutter*, but it was transformed when it was acquired by two ambitious Oxford graduates, Clive Labovitch (scion of a Leeds cloth merchant family) and Michael Heseltine (future Conservative Party grandee). They built themselves the publishing empire Haymarket and, in a neat twist, Labovitch's daughter Carey was to launch the style magazine *Blitz* more than two decades later. Under the duo's direction, *Man About Town* (the title of which was reduced to *About Town* and then eventually *Town*) flourished, with Deighton driving the editorial to meet the demands of an increasingly young and fashion-hungry men's market. In recognition, Simpsons headhunted Deighton to work on the creation of Trend, which opened in 1964 and sold the Carnaby look: lilac Crepon shirts with high collars and French cuffs, brocade jackets, wide silk ties in exotic prints. "It's every man for himself at Trend, not because it's a free-for-all but because every one of our customers has his own personal taste in clothes," ran the copy in a newspaper ad featuring a candy-striped double-breasted suit.

In late 1965, Christopher Gibbs praised Trend in his *Men In Vogue* column for its "lovely" herringbone shirts, priced at £4/5s, while Erica Crome of *Menswear* magazine said Trend offered "the combination of highly individual, avant-garde styles with the Simpson tradition of quality clothing and excellent cut". But therein lay the problem: the standards supplied by manufacturers to Simpsons were simply too good.

"Carnaby was built on what you might call the Biba principle, which came later: knock it out because young people aren't going to wear it for very long," says Colin Woodhead, then a *Town* advertising salesman charged with styling the editorial fashion spreads when Deighton left. "This was design over content. There was no point in making clothes that well because the price went up and then the market was lost."

Woodhead, then 23, was shocked by the length of time it took the traditional sector to react to Carnaby and, under unusual circumstances, was granted a platform for his views at the ultra-conservative National Association of Men's Outfitters conference in Harrogate in September 1964. "They roped me into the judging panel, and I thought the clothes were as dull as hell, no reflection of modernity. By the evening, the two other guys on the panel had been drinking all day and were very much the worse for wear, so the chairman asked me to speak. I was very wet behind the ears in those days, but I'd seen virtually nothing of interest, apart from maybe a Jupiter of France blouson jacket in a Levi's style – definitely directional – so I made this tub-thumping speech saying that, if you lot don't wake up soon, you're going out of business."

Predictably, the speech was greeted with stunned silence. However, one member of the audience took note: Barry Reed, of the family that controlled Austin Reed's stores around the country. Within a month, he approached Woodhead to open a modern menswear department at the company's flagship outlet in Regent Street.

Woodhead says Carnaby Street introduced the idea of using colour in men's fashion, "so we came out of the grey". It's a neat summation of the Carnaby effect: everything came out of grey in its wake, and, interlocked with music, drugs and youth culture, the fashion business was about to sever its traditional roots for ever.

At the other end of the scale, individual shoppers reacted to Carnaby by delving into the past, while canny retailers recognised the value in buying up antique clothing and reworking it for modern youth. Totters' stalls and street markets were plundered, as were dealers such as Alfred Kemp and military surplus supplier Laurence Corner, both in Camden Town.

"On Portobello, you could pick up a great double-breasted suit for nothing, maybe a pound," says shoemaker Johnny Moke. "We'd wear wide ties, big hats, but with other, more contemporary stuff, put it together with something else." The look was exemplified by the surreal act The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band, whom Moke befriended in 1966. Drawing on his aunt's collection of vintage and novelty jazz, Moke lent the Bonzos' lead singer, Viv Stanshall, a lot of tracks that became staples of their set, including the hilarious Jollity Farm.

The '20/'40s look was rivalled by the burgeoning interest in military wear. I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet, which started on the Portobello Road, became the public face of this business.

It was owned by Ian Fisk and John Paul, who claimed to have sold his entire first batch of 500 Boer War jackets one Saturday in 1966. Once opened in Carnaby Street, Lord Kitchener's was run by former mod Robert Orbach. "I sold Jimi Hendrix his famous military coat, the one with all the braiding that he wore so much that it just became part of his image," says Orbach.

As the scene blossomed, Lord Kitchener outlets opened in Piccadilly Circus and Chelsea, but Portobello remained the centre for such vintage wear. "The men had shoulder-length hair and several sported antique military jackets, brocaded with gold," Richard Neville of underground magazine *Oz* said of the denizens of the area. "Medals clinked. I assumed it was sartorial satire – a projection of anti-war sentiment."

Meanwhile, in Chelsea Antiques Market, the stall run by Australians Adrian Emmerton and Vernon Lambert pioneered what became known as the vintage trade by selling couture cast-offs from the '30s to the '60s by the likes of Schiapirelli, Chanel, Dior, Lanvin and Vionnet. E&L also adapted clothing, such as their popular sailors' trousers dyed in a variety of outrageous colours, three-button granddad vests, lace shirts, overhauled demob suits and cavalier jackets in upholstery fabrics. Hendrix is said to have cleaned the stall out of all of its vintage and ethnic silks, shawls and scarves in a single splurge one day.

The contribution to the '60s look made by Emmerton (latterly an antiques dealer in Northumberland) and Lambert (who died in 1999) should not be underestimated. With custom from the pop elite, they rode successive fashion waves and not only helped found the market in second-hand clothing but also stoked the ethnic look by importing Indian silk garments.

Among their customers was Barbra Streisand, by 1966 reprising her Broadway role in the London company of *Funny Girl*, and the fact that the assistants included the exotic Jenny Kee also helped. A beautiful Australian of Italian/Asian extraction, Kee had studied fashion design at East Sydney Technical College before attracting the attention of John Lennon when she turned up in an outfit of her own creation at The Beatles' gigs at Sydney Stadium in June 1964.

Kee arrived in London the following year and waited tables at rock club the Speakeasy, numbering among her conquests John Lennon, Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton and Roger Daltrey. Having posed naked on the cover of *Oz*, Kee proved to be a strong draw at Emmerton & Lambert, garbed in Pakistani tribal scarves matched with the vintage items.

The likes of Yves Saint Laurent were quick to spot the achievements of Emmerton, Lambert and their cohorts in adapting vintage items. "He told us, 'Keep up the good work, lads'," Lambert – who worked with Conde Nast Italy's feted Anna Piaggi – told Nik Cohn. "That pleased us a lot." By 1970, YSL was featuring '40s chic in its new clothing lines.

"One of the turning points had been seeing *Bonnie & Clyde*," says Roger Burton, by this time running a collectibles shop in Leicester selling art deco, art nouveau and '30s, '40s and '50s artefacts and clothes. "We had the pick of the vintage stuff because everyone else was into flares and kaftans. To wear straight-legged or peg trousers was completely alien."

Another two likely characters were Paul Reeves and Pete Sutch, who sold dandy hippy shirts and kaftans under the Sam Pig In Love label.

"Paul Reeves went to the East End and bought loads of kiddies' fabrics, like Noddy or whatever, and turned them into big-collared shirts which they sold under their own brand," recalls Trevor Myles, the son of an East End publican. "I hooked up with Paul and Pete pretty early on, and started supplying them with bits and pieces." Myles also started supplying a number of outlets direct, among them Kleptomania in Kingly Street.

Kleptomania stocked hats, Gladstone bags, frock coats, '20s boating blazers and velvet double-breasted jackets. "I used to buy them at markets and from theatrical costumiers and do them up, sell them to Dandy Fashions," says Tommy Roberts, who ran the store with his wife and partner Charlie Simpson. "We had The Who, Ringo Starr, people like that coming in. Then we got all this stuff in a Moss Bros sale – diplomats' dinner jackets with frogging – and it really took off. We ended up selling to people like Liberace, because it made such fantastic stage gear."

The vintage boom reached its peak in the summer of 1967, when the Sgt Pepper sleeve featured The Beatles in their *faux*-military finery. But back at the start of the Victoriana craze, a couple of years earlier, the keenness of one young vintage clothes fan, Sheila Cohen, appeared to have got out of hand, such was the size of her wardrobe. At this point, Cohen's boyfriend, Nigel Waymouth, persuaded her that they should open a shop themselves, if only to sell off some of her clothes.

ABOVE Pioneering militarywear at I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet, Portobello Road, 1966

Woodhead: creative force behind Cue, London, 1965

"A THIRD WAY"

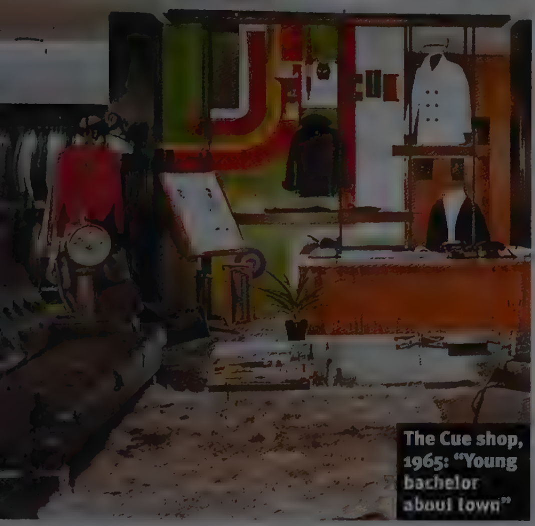
Granted complete control over designs, the shop interior, sales and marketing in 1965, Colin Woodhead gave Austin Reed's new department the appropriately snappy and mod name Cue, scripted in modern jazz style. "The idea was to try to find a third way between the utter cheapness of Carnaby Street, which had a great visionary effect and was fun but wouldn't last more than a week or two, and the traditional, which was still working on the post-war theory that clothes should last a lifetime," says Woodhead.

He recruited staff from outside the company: young, clothes-fixated contemporaries of the customers that he hoped to attract. Among them was Lloyd Johnson, who had recently left Cecil Gee. "Cecil Gee were kind of in that market anyway, because we used to cater to the Denmark Street crowd," says Johnson. "There was a coffee shop downstairs, so you had this complete mix of people, from trad to r&b. Acker Bilk and Kenny Ball would be in there, then The Beatles and the Stones would walk in. It was a real crossover."

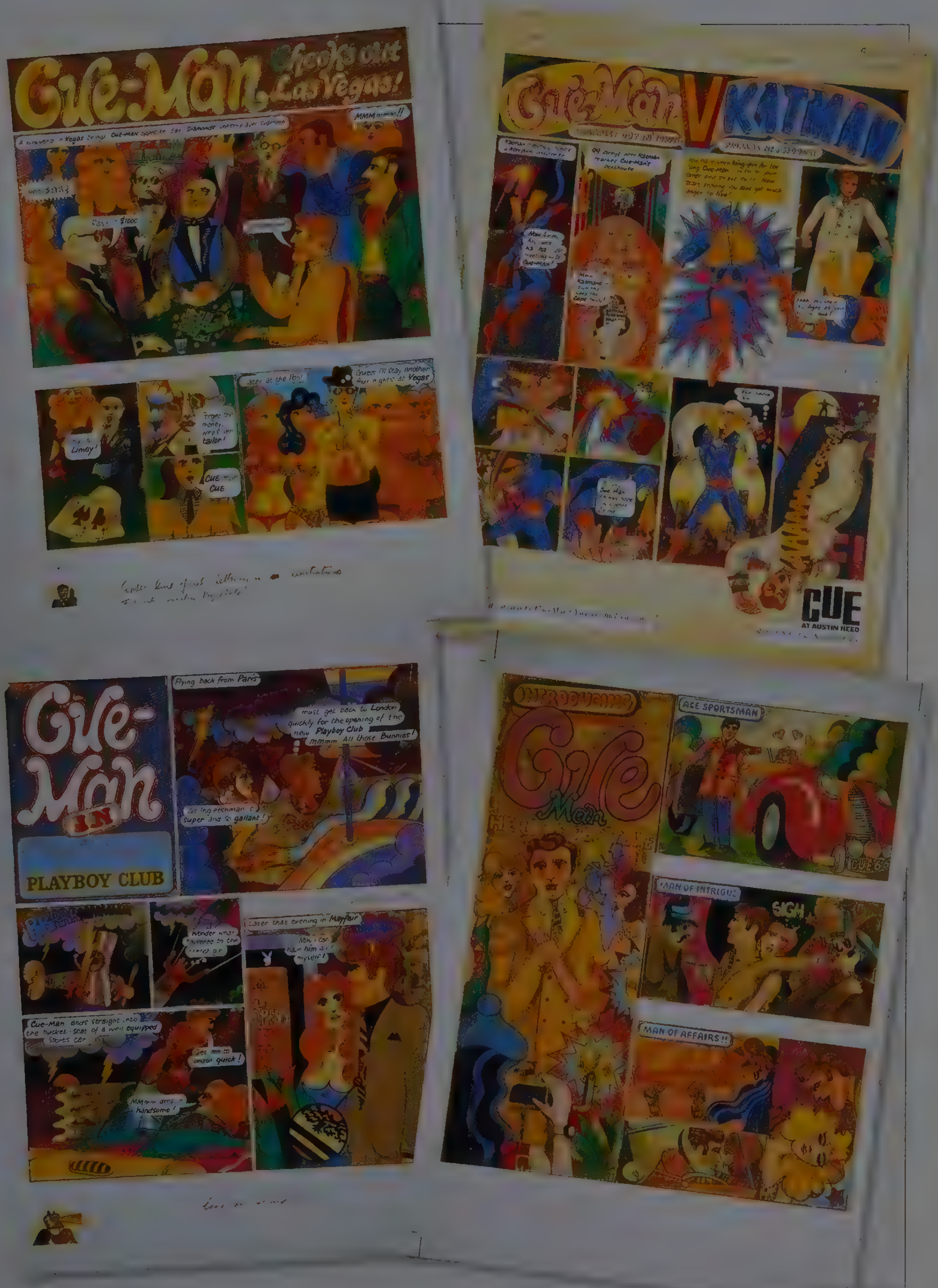
Woodhead had a fight on his hands, not least from suppliers such as Barran's of Leeds, which initially baulked at such revolutionary suggestions as lowering waistbands, sewing on belt loops and tapering trousers to the fashionable 14in width.

The atmosphere in the first Cue shop, which opened in the autumn of 1965, was upmarket and pop, young bachelor about town, all clean lines with cubist-style typography, modernist chairs, a large goatskin rug on the floor, a pinball machine in the corner and a Bang & Olufsen music centre blasting out the sounds of the day. "For no apparent reason, we had a ship's capstan, which was very 'Yellow Submarine'," says Woodhead. The initial range featured looped alpaca cardigans to complement little knitted shirts, white roll-necks and even white and black vinyl peacoats.

The shop was introduced via an advertising campaign based on a series of psychedelic-edged cartoons by Alan Aldridge, the illustrator who was later to work closely with The Beatles. They first portrayed "Cue Man Hero Of Our Time" in a number of Bond-like situations: Ace Sportsman (with a groovy sports car); Man of Intrigue (punching out gangsters); Man of Affairs (on a beach with a dolly bird, kissing another in a car).



The Cue shop, 1965: "Young bachelor about town"


Cue-Man Checks out Las Vegas!
MMM
Cue-Man V Katman
CUE AT AUSTIN REED
Cue-Man IN PLAYBOY CLUB
Flying back from Paris
must get back to London quickly for the opening of the new Playboy Club mmmm All those Bunnies!
Later that evening in Mayfair
Cue-Man
ACE SPORTSMAN
MAN OF INTRIGUE
SIGH
MAN OF AFFAIRS!!

Aldridge's glossy advertising campaign

The hurdles that Barry Reed faced in selling such an outrageous concept to the company is illustrated in the note that he issued to Austin Reed's shareholders soon after Cue opened: "I find it difficult to express this to you in detail but its purpose is to cater to young men who like to dress in more advanced styles than normal ... To be frank, I have been quite surprised by the amount of business so far achieved in this small department. It means we have got coming into our Regent Street shop men who we never saw before."

Neat and modern, Cue pegged its range at around the starting price for clothing sold in the rest of the store, so a two-piece suit would have been around £25 in 1966. Soon, Cue's kudos was increased by the custom of pop stars such as Jeff Beck and the rest of the Yardbirds and the shop turned around Austin Reed's business. By the end of the '60s, around half of its 56 outlets housed Cue departments, while Woodhead went on to oversee all men's clothes at the company.

Meanwhile, Johnson was occupied drawing clothes while sitting at an easel in the shop during opening hours. "That was OK for a while but I left there because the personnel manager kept on flicking my hair and telling me to get my hair cut," says Johnson. "I told him, 'Take your hands off of me, you old poof,' and was immediately sacked."

Cue also spurred on other traditional operators: Aquascutum followed with Club 92, Harrods with the Way In and even Moss Bros opened One Up at its Covent Garden store. "All the mainstream people jumped on the bandwagon," says Woodhead, "and then the manufacturers were forced to make for this market. It wasn't just the John Stephens and those people having it whipped up in the East End for next to nothing."

10

"DON'T YOU KNOW CONVERSATION'S DEAD, MAN?"

One Saturday lunchtime in December 1965, a trio of exotically dressed young people set about erecting a bizarre sign above an equally unusual retail outlet down the wrong end of London's King's Road, the World's End. Struggling with the fascia, which spelled out the knowing statement "Granny Takes A Trip" in red art deco script, they attracted the attention of Chelsea fans on their way to Stamford Bridge.

The fans hooted and jeered at the sign and the shop interior, which was decked out as a psychedelic New Orleans bordello, mixing Aubrey Beardsley reproductions with *fin de siècle* opulence and art nouveau references amid blow-ups of French postcards of naughty '90s minxes in silk stockings, a horn gramophone, glass beaded curtains and marbellised wallpaper.

"That morning, as we put up the name, people couldn't believe the sight of this shop," says Nigel Waymouth, then a would-be painter. Waymouth was opening Granny's with his girlfriend, Sheila Cohen, and their friend John Pearse, a disaffected mod who had served a Savile Row apprenticeship before bumming around Spain. "It was like nothing they'd ever seen before. We got all these comments: 'Fucking weirdos – who are these people?' We realised we were the first kids on the block."

That they were. Granny Takes A Trip fused the art, clothes and musical interests – not to mention the recreational drug use – of this disparate bunch and created a new, dandified style of dress. In no way allied to the rampant materialism of Carnaby Street, it drew on Victorian frills, Edwardian velvets and satins and ethnic exotica as much as it did on beatnik aesthetics and mod sharpness.

Nostalgia had taken hold of London's *demi-monde*, as a reaction to modernism. Particularly in vogue were the graphic work of Edmund Dulac, Czech artist Alfons Mucha and the insane, fairytale art of the likes of Arthur Rackham, Richard Dadd and Louis Wain. The decadent work of Beardsley was to be the subject of a retrospective at the Victoria & Albert Museum in 1966, although he and the others were already being collected by young art and antiques dealers with acute cultural antennae, such as Christopher Gibbs.

When Beardsley's portfolio was reissued – including as it did the priapic drawings for his Lysistrata series – copies were available in Granny's. The shop was picking up on the mood of the times, but imbuing it with pop-art sensibilities. Thus Cohen, Pearse and Waymouth are responsible in many ways for the look that was soon to be known as (whisper it) hippy.

Not just through their clothes, either. Granny's was an early example of what would these days be described as a multimedia company, its founders involved in pursuits from psychedelic poster art and fashion modelling to record design and club promotion. They even recorded an album, nearly a decade before the Sex Pistols were created out of the scene surrounding McLaren and Westwood's Sex shop, which was to open a few doors down from the original Granny's site.

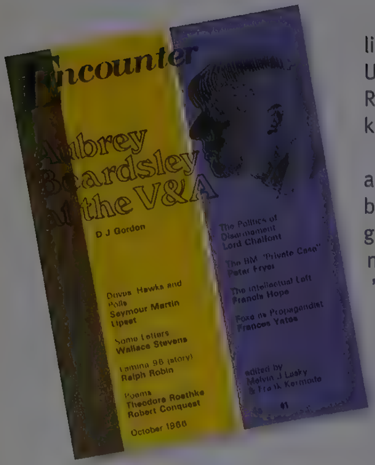
Granny's even had McLaren and Westwood beat when it came to frequent overhauls of the store image and shopfront. "Those first days were very surprising," considers the amiable Waymouth amid the clutter of his studio in Santa Monica, where he has plied his artist's trade since 1995. "One morning, we were sitting cross-legged on the floor, passing a joint around, and these two blokes came in. They looked around and said [adopts Liverpudlian accent], 'Well, this is a nice place, isn't it? It's yours, is it?' We looked up, and of course it was John and Paul. They were very sweet and very impressed with the shop. They used to come and see us all the time."

The Beatles were soon sporting the trademark Granny's shirts (wildly patterned and slim fit, featuring long collars with rounded ends) on the back cover of Revolver, which came out in August 1966. The Rolling Stones followed suit in February 1967 by wearing a selection of Granny's gear on the sleeve of Between The Buttons, and Pink Floyd used the shop's swirling designs to complement the psychedelia and light shows that became their trademark at the UFO club.

It's no surprise that the rock elite embraced Granny's with enthusiasm: Cohen, Pearse and Waymouth were products of the same network of clubs, coffee bars and fads that spawned '60s pop. And the clothes and environment they created paralleled the changes that took place in music when the drugs started to work and pop turned kaleidoscopic.

OPPOSITE Granny's customer Michael Chaplin – son of Charlie – and owner Nigel Waymouth outside 488 King's Road, 1966

Granny Takes a Trip
KINGS ROAD



Encounter

Aubrey Beardsley at the V&A
D J Gordon

Doves, Hawks and Polls
Seymour Martin Lipset

Some Letters
Wallace Stevens

Lamina 96 (story)
Ralph Robin

Poems
Theodore Roethke
Robert Conquest

October 1966

The Politics of Disarmament
Lord Chalfont

The BM "Private Case"
Peter Fryer

The Intellectual Left
Francis Hope

Foxe as Propagandist
Frances Yates

edited by
Melvin J Lasky
& Frank Kermode

ABOVE The 1966 Beardsley retrospective sparked interest from a new generation

BELOW Nigel Waymouth, 1967: "Those first days were surprising"

Waymouth first encountered Pearse in 1965. For Pearse, like many another mod, continental Europe had beckoned. Unlike Eric Clapton (who opted for a trip to Greece) but like Rod Stewart, he travelled for a year or so in Spain, where he knocked around then-bohemian Torremolinos.

About the time Pearse returned, Waymouth picked up work as a freelance research writer for a group of medical journals based at 488 King's Road, on the corner of Langton Street. His girlfriend Cohen, who was also known as Sheila Troy – and has not been in touch with her Granny's partners since the mid-'70s – was one of a small group of hipsters whose reaction to the Swinging London fashion treadmill was to opt out.

"She wouldn't buy new clothes but was obsessed with Victorian, Edwardian, '20s stuff – anything that was old," says Waymouth. "I'd go with her to flea markets and to Portobello. Eventually, she bought so many clothes that it started to get out of hand, so one day I suggested we should open a shop and sell them."

Cohen's fascination with vintage clothes coincided with growing drug experimentation by the couple and their circle. "We were beginning to flirt with dope, and had taken a few trips," says Waymouth. Through "two camp chicks dabbling in acid", Cohen and Waymouth met Pearse. "He was a sort of mod, smart and sharp, but he had a visual style all of his own," says Waymouth. "One of these girls that lived around the corner, Barbara, brought him along. We all got along very well so I put it to him that we should open a shop and call it Granny Takes A Trip.

"We were going to be selling granny clothes, and everyone was talking about tripping, so we thought it was funny. John was very keen on the idea, having trained as a tailor. We were on the dole, but John borrowed a couple of hundred quid from his uncle, Sheila had the clothes, I had the design for the shop, and we were off."

Waymouth had already earmarked premises: the ground floor of the offices where he had worked as a writer. At a rent of £14 a week, they set up shop just before Christmas 1965, two months ahead of the psychedelic boom marked by the opening of the Indica art gallery and bookshop by dealers Barry Miles, John Dunbar and Peter Asher.

The location could not have been more out of the way. Around the bend of World's End, it was not only across town from the happening areas of Carnaby Street and the West End, it was also a good mile west of the King's Road epicentre, where Mary Quant's Bazaar had established the Chelsea look 10 years earlier. One of the few outlets already in the area was Alice Pollock's Quorum, which moved to Radnor Walk in 1966.

Pearse describes the neighbourhood as "a complete khazi", recalling the day he brought a couple of Savile Row friends to the shop. "I was the tailoring boffin, and my two partners wanted me to work with them because of my experience. I showed my tailoring buddies what we were going to do, but they walked away because they thought the location was crap and we didn't have a chance in hell down there."

Granny's opened with Cohen's vintage clothes supplemented by a small range of Pearse's shirts. Satin ties were 30 shillings (£1.50) while floral shirts and white Venetian cloth flared trousers were six guineas (£6.30) and second-hand satin blouses were £3/10s (£3.50). *Town* magazine was mocking, yet discreetly impressed: "A purple-painted shop stuffed with second-hand clothes for men and women and Victoriana which must have raised a titter when it was new."

The vintage stock soon ran down as word got around, and it was replaced by new designs for men and women by Pearse and Cohen. Shirts and jackets in trademark William Morris prints made from Liberty fabrics were complemented by tight trousers in velvet and brocade, while Cohen supplied velvet and lace skirts, blouses and dresses.

Multi-coloured, full-length suede coats were worn by such customers as John Paul Getty, while bohemian Henrietta Moraes' biography recalled a pair of Granny's boots "made from the most fetching William Morris prints, chrysanthemum and honeysuckle".

A popular brand was Gohill, a Camden Town-based company that provided high-heeled, multicoloured leather boots and shoes inset with stars and other designs. Pink Floyd's fractured genius Syd Barrett wore Gohill boots with frilly shirts and waistcoats made by his girlfriend Lindsay Corner, who also encouraged Barrett to apply kohl around his eyes and tease his hair out. Biographer Tim Willis believes this look was later taken to its glam extreme by Barrett fan Marc Bolan.

The shop interior underwent many changes, although one constant was that it was never well lit – a boon to the dope-smoking owners and clientele – and boomed out loud music from its hi-fi.

"The first people to sniff us out were a mixture of Chelsea gays and debutantes," recalls Waymouth. "Then pop stars started coming pretty quickly after them. We had all these personalities coming through, and groups like The Animals would have their photos taken outside." The relatively high price of the shirts (five guineas) did little to deter interest. "They flew off the shelves," Waymouth says.

Pearse adds: "We very quickly moved into our own creations, with lots of those floral shirts with long collars. It wasn't only the Stones and The Beatles but everybody – The Who, the Small Faces, The Byrds. We knew when the plane had landed from San Francisco."

Gram Parsons – who was briefly a Byrds member – became fascinated by Granny's. "He used to sleep on the floor of the shop because he liked it so much," says Waymouth. Parsons was particularly keen on a range of jackets inspired by one worn by James Dean's character Jet Rink in the 1955 movie *Giant*. "It had a box back with 'jet' pockets – those curved ones with the darts at the end," says Waymouth. "It was typical western wear, but John brought something new to it because he tailored it with a bit of London, of Savile Row. We had them with a velvet collar, and they became more elaborate when we added beading."

The jackets were made by traditional tailors such as Foster and Tara of King's Cross, a connection of Pearse's from his apprenticeship. But Pearse was keen for the shop to venture into pastures new: "We were the first bisexual shop, if you like," he smiles. "We had women's clothes big-time, frocks and blouses, and there was no hard sell because everyone knew everyone else."

Within four months of opening, Granny's was featured in *Time*'s Swinging London cover story, confirming the King's Road as the new place to be seen. *The Times* also carried a feature headed "The King's Road Boys".

As a 1966 *Daily Mail* article points out, while Quorum was selling a "ton-up", zippered, black leather jacket, studded across bust and back, at 15 guineas, Granny's was charging

ABOVE **John Pearse, 1970: "He was sort of a mod, smart and sharp"**

23 guineas for a heavily patterned "men's art-nouveau jacket in yellow and brown", with a matching cotton mandarin collar shirt with pop-on frill, at four guineas. These jackets were probably modelled most effectively by the pop-psych act Toby Twirl on the sleeve of their single Movin' In.

Granny's ripple effect was soon detected. By mid-1967, Take 6 was knocking out facsimile Granny's velour double-breasted jackets and velvet Regency frock coats for 14 guineas (£14.70). Meanwhile, Michael's Man Boutique opened its seventh outlet at 122a King's Road and owner Leslie Frankel said, "Carnaby Street is on the wane. King's Road is international. Fifty per cent of my customers are from abroad."

Dandy aesthete and intimate of the rock elite Christopher Gibbs recalls the trendification of Chelsea spurred by the opening of Granny's: "I remember in about 1966 walking down the King's Road with a girl I knew, and most people were dressed in suits or jackets and trousers if they were men and the girls were wearing nice frocks or trousers and jacket. Very occasionally, there would suddenly be someone unusually and noticeably dressed, like a work of art. And she said, 'You know, we know all these people.' Within a few months, you'd walk down and everybody would be dressed like that, like Gram Parsons or Mick Jagger. It actually became quite difficult to suss out who was a pop star and who wasn't."

Gibbs, once described as being the most avant-garde dresser Britain has ever known, is believed to have been the first man in England to wear flared trousers as a fashion statement, in 1961. The antiques dealer can't recall if this is true. "Goodness, did I?" he shrugs. "I know it's a cliché to say, 'If you remember the '60s, you weren't there,' but I definitely suffer from the blown-mind syndrome. The only thing I'll say in my favour is that I was practically the only person I knew who actually went to work at nine o'clock in the morning, whether I'd been up to eight o'clock or not, because I had a job, my own business, and I realised that, if I didn't, I wouldn't have any of those things."

Between the ages of 20 and 30, until 1968, Gibbs ran an antiques shop near Sloane Avenue and was the leader of a pack of upper-class dandies that included David Mlinaric, who would later design interiors for Mick Jagger. Also in with the in-crowd were Michael Rainey, who ran hippy outlet Hung On You, and the Hon Tara Browne, whose death in a car crash was commemorated in The Beatles' song A Day In The Life.

Living in Cheyne Walk, Gibbs absorbed his Montesquieu, Beau Brummel and Baudelaire, and determined to adapt their aesthetic sensibilities to contemporary style. "You had to be monumentally narcissistic and have time on your hands, and just about enough money to do it," he says of his fascination with clothing. Having been expelled from Eton, he spent time at the Sorbonne in Paris before pitching up in Morocco in 1958. He retained connections with north Africa, and over the ensuing years brought back many items of clothing. "Being a shopkeeper, I used to sell things sometimes. Then I used to parade around in them. Yes, maybe I did have an effect on a few people."

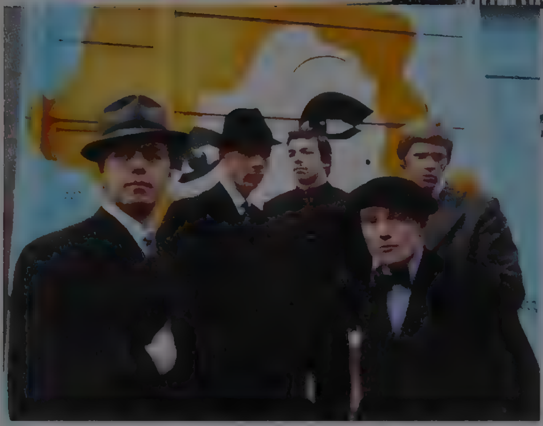
Gibbs would wear *djelabas* and chequered headscarves, which he matched with hand-tailored clothes: double-breasted waistcoats with frogging and the like. "I didn't want to dress like an English gentleman," he says simply.

Gibbs' interest in north African style flowered years later. Over Christmas 1966, he, Keith Richards and art dealer Robert Fraser stayed in a house in Marrakech, which is where the Stones' love affair with Moroccan style blossomed. It would reach its apotheosis when Brian Jones visited the Monterey Pop Festival the following year swathed in multi-ethnic dress. "Brian did absolutely love dressing up," says Gibbs. "He had a tremendous lot of clothes, and spent an awful amount of time preparing himself for rather late-night forays into the clubs. He also had to prepare himself with all kinds of chemical inducements."

Jones was encouraged by the fashion-savvy Anita Pallenberg, who had studied graphic design in Italy and assisted *Vogue* photographer Gianni Penati before becoming a model and travelling to London. She and Jones split as a result of his debauched behaviour during a 1967 trip to Morocco, after which she was Richards' partner for a decade before entering a phase of severe drug addiction. Clean by the late '80s, she went back to her roots by undertaking a fashion illustration course at Central St Martin's in London, and has subsequently worked with the likes of Vivienne Westwood and inspired designers such as Anna Sui and Clements Ribeiro.

Gibbs' position as a style leader was confirmed by his editorship of *Men In Vogue's* shopping guide, and by the fact that his house was used for the dope-smoking party in Antonioni's abstruse, 1966, Swinging London thriller, *Blow-Up*.

The most avant-garde piece of clothing Gibbs ever wore was


ABOVE **The Purple Gang pose outside Granny's**

made by Turnbull & Asser, he reveals: "I had some shirts made with ciphers of my initials on the breasts. It was open work, so my nipples showed through. But [the shirts were] only to be worn in high summer – my 'freeze your tits off' shirts."

Also in the King's Road by this time was Dandy Fashions, opened in October 1966 by Neil Winterbotham and John Crittle, the Australian who had operated the original Dandy outlet in Baker Street and went on to head up The Beatles' Apple Tailoring at 161 King's Road. As part of a quid pro quo, the Fab Four's right-hand man Neil Aspinall became a director of Dandy.

Among the musicians who frequented the shop were Hendrix, who purchased a red silk jacket printed with roses which is still in the possession of his childhood friend Luther Rabb, and David Bowie, who acquired the silver suit he wore in his 1969 film *Love You Till Tuesday*.

Meanwhile, milliner James Wedge had moved from Carnaby Street and a spell operating within Vidal Sassoon to open Top Gear with model Pat Booth on King's Road in 1965. The pair were also behind the Countdown shop that opened next door.

As such outlets sprang up in its wake, Granny's frontage changed regularly. After the *fin-de-siècle* revivalism came lurid photographic portraits of native American chiefs for no better reason than "they represented everything that we as hippies – or however you like to label us – looked for", according to Waymouth.

The most recognisable Granny's façade was a pop-art portrait of Jean Harlow, painted by Waymouth and Michael Mayhew, which covered the entire shopfront. The only means of seeing inside was through the movie star's mouth. "Sometimes you'd see people looking in and they'd look as if they were the tongue," laughs Waymouth.

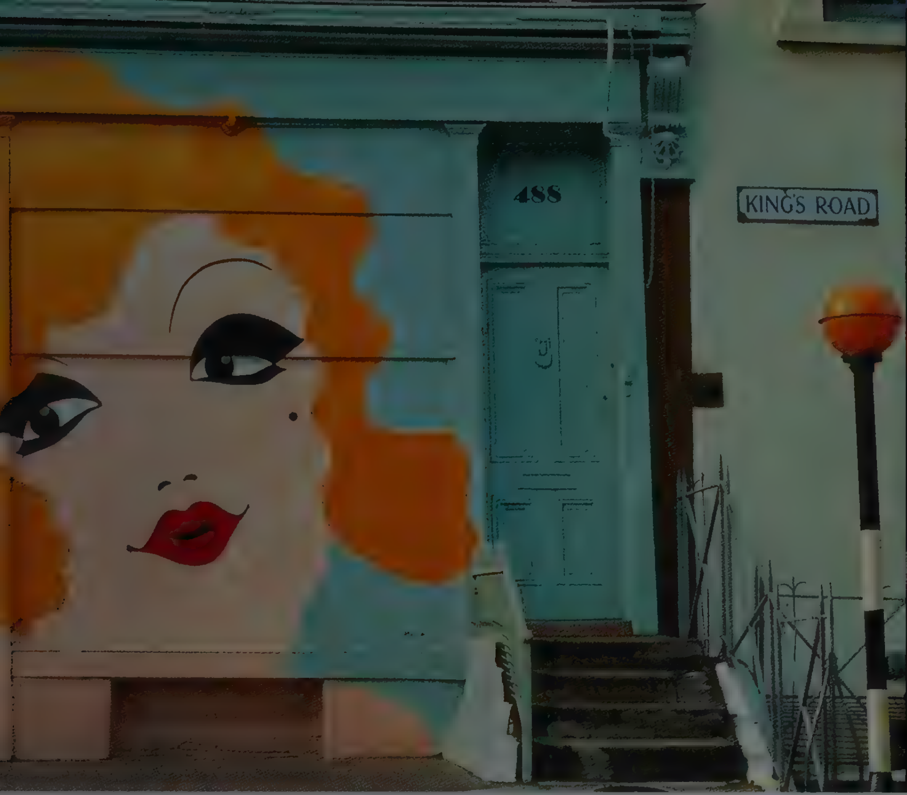
Most ingenious was the 1968 decision to bolt the front half of a 1947 Dodge car on to the front window. "It was John's car; the big end went one day on the way to the airport, but we didn't want to take it to the breaker's yard because it was such a nice thing," explains Waymouth, "so I suggested that we cut it in half and have the front half protruding from the shop, and as we had the forecourt we could do it."

Granny's reputation ensured regular police raids. "Funnily enough, we were never busted," muses Waymouth. "They thought they could get us, but eventually I think they just used to come around for their own amusement. We were so naïve, we didn't give them backhanders."

For six months, the basement of Granny's was occupied by Johnny Moke, who sold antique clothes: "We used to cut up blouses and dresses and turn them into shirts or tops for men. What was great about Granny's was that there were no boundaries. Anything went, and they kept on changing. The best clothes they made were the green velvet jackets with red collars – fantastic for the time."

Above Granny's lived Judy Scutt, who had worked with Waymouth at the medical research office and made ties and other clothes. Her son Paul, then a Cambridge student, dropped by occasionally with a group of friends that included Jonathan Meades (broadcaster, novelist, future restaurant critic and assistant editor of *Tatler*) and novelist Salman Rushdie.

Meades was not at all enamoured of the Granny's crowd, as he told Jonathon Green in his oral history of the English underground, *Days In The Life*: "It was the first time I realised this extreme snobbery based on clothes. I remember Nigel Waymouth sneering at me – you could hardly see his face through this mass of Afro hair and this huge collar. He obviously



thought I was a jerk and wanted me moved out of the way, because I was an extremely bad advertisement for his shop."

Waymouth doesn't remember this encounter but eagerly recounts a story about Rushdie which the writer himself recalled for *The Guardian* in 1995, and which underlines the hipper-than-thou aura surrounding Granny's. Rushdie set the scene by evoking the shop's gloomy interior: "The air was heavy with incense and patchouli oil and also the aromas of what the police called Certain Substances. Psychedelic music, big on feedback, terrorised your eardrums. After a time you became aware of a low purple glow, in which you could make out a few motionless shapes. These were probably clothes, probably for sale. You didn't like to ask. Granny's was a pretty scary place."

Rushdie sums up Cohen's style, which pre-dated goth by decades: "She was pale, probably because she spent her life sitting in the dark. Her lips were always black. She wore mini-dresses in black velvet or see-through white muslin: her vampire and dead baby looks. She stood knock-kneed and pigeon-toed, after the fashion of the period, her feet forming a tiny ferocious T. She wore immense, silver knuckle-duster rings and a black flower in her hair. Half love-child, half zombie, she was an awe-inspiring sign of the times."

Waymouth encountered Rushdie a few years back at a lunch given by a mutual friend. "He told me that he sometimes used to stay upstairs," says Waymouth, "and one night this Rolls Royce with blacked-out windows pulled up and out came John Lennon. Salman decided this was the best time to say hello and knocked on the partition door. Sheila opened it, huge joint in hand. He said, 'Hello, my name's Salman Rushdie and I thought it was time I introduced myself. I thought we could have a chat.' She said, 'Don't you know conversation's dead, man?', and promptly shut the door on him."

Granny's peaked around 1967/8, its profile boosted by involvement in a host of extramural activities. Pearse had already received media attention for his relationship with model Gala Mitchell, who appeared in *Blow-Up*. Waymouth, meanwhile, hooked up with artist Michael English to form psychedelic graphic design venture Hapshash & The Coloured Coat. English was the hippy designer *du jour*, having worked on the first issues of Barry Miles' underground newspaper *International Times*, and the pair set about producing posters in mind-bending DayGlo colours for the UFO club, opened in Tottenham Court Road by the scene's leading players, John "Hoppy" Hopkins and Joe Boyd.

Although Waymouth was not a trained artist, he complemented English well and over a year-and-a-half the pair produced posters for UFO and the other main club of the era, Middle Earth, as well as record sleeves, notably for the Purple Gang's appropriately-named single Granny Takes A Trip.

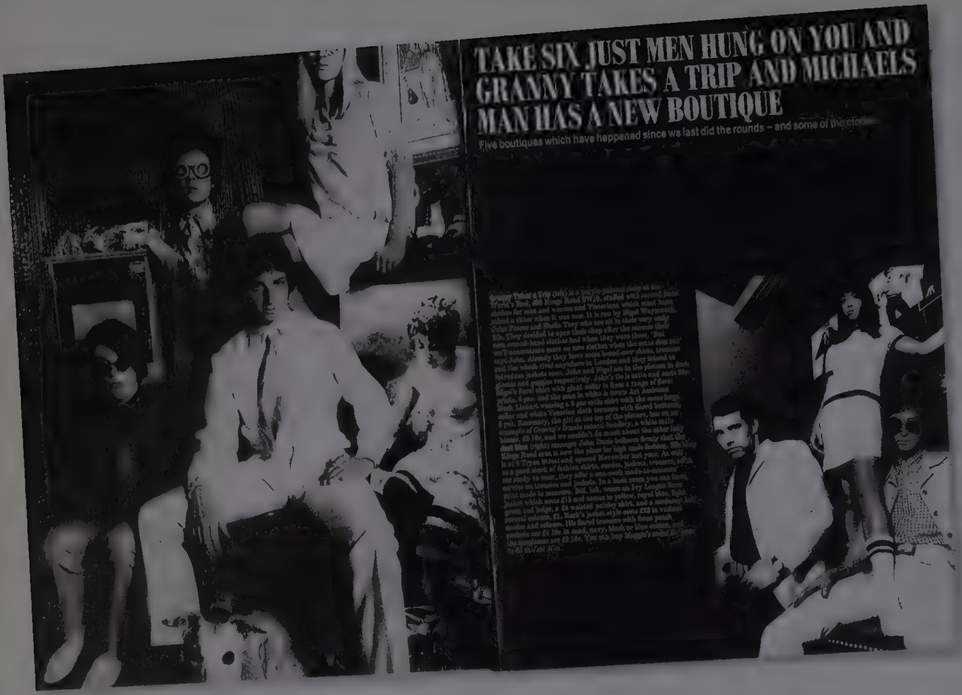
The Purple Gang's leader, Joe Beard, recalls a publicity photo-shoot at the shop. "I remember Nigel Waymouth was there, and Brian Shuel, the photographer with our record company Transatlantic, took some pictures inside," he says. "Paul McCartney was there buying a dress for Jane Asher and stayed around to watch, but turned away as the photos were taken. He had that crap moustache and a wine-coloured velvet jacket, and asked us who we were. He said, 'Oh, yeah,' when we told him we were from Stockport Art College. Then he wished us luck and said, 'See ya later'. Patti Boyd was waiting outside in a pink, flowery Mini Moke."

Hapshash also produced promotional posters for The Who single I Can See For Miles and What's That Sound? by the pre-Spooky Tooth band Art. When the duo were interviewed for the *Observer* in 1967 by George Melly, he described their artwork as "a rubbery synthesis of Disney and Mabel Lucy Atwell taken to the edge of illegibility".

FAR LEFT **1966: Native American chief Running Bear being painted on the facade**

MIDDLE **1967: Pop art Jean Harlow**

ABOVE RIGHT **1968: The 47 Dodge is adorned with stars**

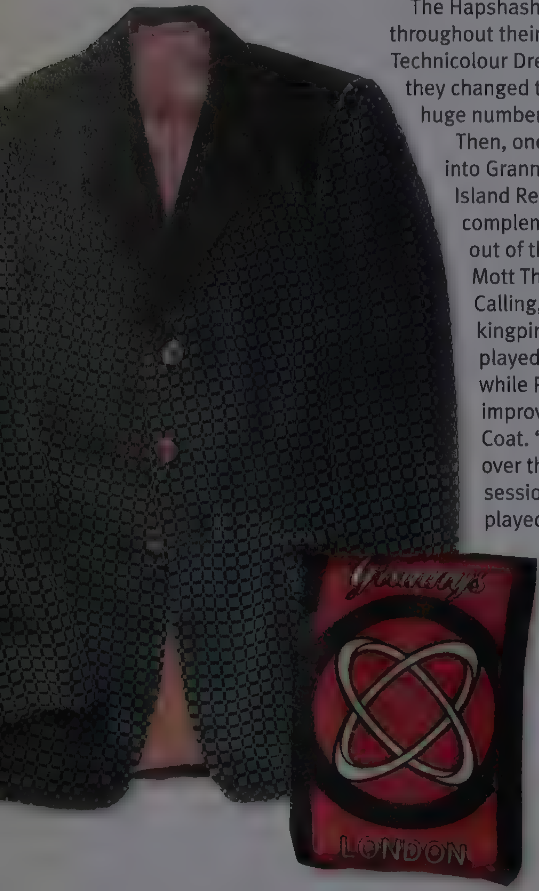


TAKE SIX JUST MEN HUNG ON YOU AND GRANNY TAKES A TRIP AND MICHAELS MAN HAS A NEW BOUTIQUE

Five boutiques which have happened since we last did the rounds – and some of the

ABOVE *Town* magazine, August 1966

BELOW Late-period Granny's velvet jacket



Wherever there was a major event in the Summer Of Love, there were Hapshash. They provided posters for Hendrix's series of dates at the Fillmore West in San Francisco in June 1967 and illustrations for *Oz* magazine. One of the rarest Hapshash items is their design for the jacket of Corgi Books' volume of *The New Love Poetry*, which combined dreamy eroticism with art deco flourishes.

The Hapshash team retained an innovatory edge throughout their collaboration. For the landmark 14-hour Technicolour Dream at Alexandra Palace on April 29 1967, they changed the ink colours for the posters so there were a huge number of variants within the one print run.

Then, one day, regular customer Guy Stevens came into Granny's and pitched an idea. Head of A&R at Island Records, he wanted to make a record to complement the clothes, designs and ideas streaming out of the store. The maniacal Stevens, later to create Mott The Hoople and produce The Clash's London Calling, was at that time one of hippy London's kingpins. He supplied Island act Spooky Tooth, who played the backing tracks at Marble Arch Studios while Pearse, Waymouth and their friends improvised wildly as Hapshash & The Coloured Coat. "Guy said we could do whatever we wanted over the top while others came along to the sessions, like Amanda Lear and Brian Jones, who played piano, harmonica and guitar," says Pearse.

Housed in a Waymouth-designed sleeve and pressed on red vinyl, the Hapshash album is, to contemporary ears, an unlistenable hodgepodge, with one side featuring a single track of chanting overlaid with various sounds, including Pearse scratching away at an amplified violin.

The lines between shop, design team and group became blurred as the crowd enthusiastically joined in such late '60s adventures as "getting it together in the country", exemplified in 1969 by pop artist Peter Blake and his wife Jann Howarth establishing the Brotherhood Of Ruralists at a disused railway station in Devon. In her autobiography, Henrietta Moraes recounts a dope and acid-infused trip to the sticks with the Hapshash/Granny's crowd, "sounds blaring, long hair blowing, feathers and silks furling in the wind".

At one point, when she announces her intention to take a bath, she is admonished: "Real travellers and people on the road don't have baths, Henrietta ..."

The Hapshash album proved to be a project too far for Granny's. "The music sort of interfered," admits Waymouth. "We went off to Amsterdam, trying to recreate this concept album live, which was an impossibility. There were these other characters trying to get in and turn it into a proper pop group, so egos started to clash." This in turn jeopardised the central relationships at the shop, particularly since the trio's business sensibilities were at best haphazard. "I became more involved in the posters, and the dynamic started to die out," says Waymouth. "It was very disorganised, bad business. My time was divided between the shop, the posters, designing fronts and clothes. And things were beginning to get a bit seedy in the King's Road. It was becoming overblown, the whole hippy thing. Given our background, we weren't in total sympathy with the commercialisation of it all. Plus the fact that we were probably over-enjoying ourselves. Basically, we lost the plot."

For his part, the "edgy" Pearse disliked the insidious hippy element which, for him, was epitomised by the shop's decision to sell imported Afghan sheepskin coats. "We were the first to do them. They stank," he shudders. "I hated them and all those bells and hippy shit. My partners went more in that direction, but I was always considered to be a more urban creature. I remember my partner pointed out that I never wore jeans. I don't know what it was but I was always more streamlined in my appearance. We may have been construed as being at the dead centre of hippydom, but we weren't; what we did had a subtle difference."

By 1968, Pearse's style had become defiantly anti-hippy, as he produced '50s revival clothing with a twist. "I saw *East Of Eden* and came into the shop and said, 'All this has got to go.' I announced that we would make these jackets with black-and-white flecks, with felt set in the back and pleats. There was a wonderful tigerskin version. But they all stayed in the shop for a long time."

In October 1969, *Rolling Stone* ran a photo-feature on the trio and their friends. Entitled "An Hour In The Life Of ...", it consisted of a series of frames of a sofa in the shop, shot over 60 minutes as people dropped by and chatted. The differences between them are apparent: the long-haired Cohen is garbed in a velvet maxi-dress and lounges languidly; the be-jeaned Waymouth is identifiable from his huge mop of hair while, in the corner, Pearse looks proto-punk, wrapped around himself with short hair and shades.

Waymouth confirms "there were the usual undercurrents of jealousies and tensions". He was no longer involved romantically with Cohen, and soon married heiress Nicky Samuel. Cohen announced that the only way she would remain at Granny's was if Pearse left. "It wasn't very fair to John, but one day it just blew up between us," says Waymouth. "John and I had a spat over nothing, the way these things are. I can't quite remember what it was about – I think he wanted to paint the Dodge in leopardskin print and I said no way."

Pearse blames Hapshash. "It was probably the music that was driving me mad," he says. "Our band had fragmented at some gigs in Holland and I think we'd all had enough of each other." According to him, the final row centred on his wish to paint a New York skyline on the shopfront to complement the Dodge, while "my partner wanted stars or something, some cosmic kind of job. And that was it. I said, 'I'm out of here. You can have the shop and I will take the band. I shall become a rock 'n' roll star.' I went off with Mickey Finn [musical sidekick of Marc Bolan], and the band folded about three weeks later."

As Waymouth says, "That was the end of it for me and for John and for Sheila." Cohen moved to Cornwall and is said to have become involved in spiritualism, and Waymouth's working relationship with Michael English also collapsed. "We were bored and needed to find ourselves. UFO had closed. There was no purpose to it any more," he sighs. "We weren't straight. In fact, we were all dysfunctional and too busy enjoying ourselves, letting rip with our imaginations. But it all just slid away. The Beatles broke up. Another day the music died."

Pearse pursued a variety of projects. In 1971, he chartered planes for rock stars visiting the Isle of Wight Festival and is said to have made and lost a great deal of money on the venture. His film directorial debut, *Moviemaker*, came out the same year, produced by Michael White. "It was a kind of requiem of those times – at least that was how it was described," he shrugs. "It was a good social document." The biographical film centres on wannabe film-maker Virgil Kane (played by Pearse). In an echo of *Blow-Up*, Kane inadvertently films the murder of a society figure. George Melly described it bewilderingly as, "engaging ... with a good pinch of the Warhols ... Its truth is to a way of life, and here it's both accurate and knowing".

Some screenings were accompanied by a short piece called *Filmstrip*, directed by Waymouth. "John and I were reconciled pretty quickly," says Waymouth. "In fact, he was living on my studio floor in Notting Hill Gate for a while. We realised that it was all a bit of a fiasco, and none of us were really interested in Granny's, so what was the point in squabbling?"

With Pearse working in the Italian film industry, the disinterest of the remaining partners resulted in them relinquishing all rights to the Granny Takes A Trip name and premises to the manager, Freddie Hornick. Waymouth says the decision to hand over is "another example of how unintelligent we were. Sheila and I went to a meeting and signed over lock, stock and barrel".

Hornick brought in a couple of American habitués of the shop, Gene Krell and Marty Breslau. Under their control, Granny's became associated with the crushed velvet and rhinestone showbiz finery sported by the likes of Ronnie Wood and Keith Richards. The pair developed a particular trouser pattern popular with rock stars, described as a "stiletto-legged velvet shape" by Krell, who also conducted a relationship with former Velvet Underground singer Nico.

"I first met John Pearse and Sheila Troy, as she called herself in those days, when I went to Granny's as a customer on my first trip to London in 1968," says Krell in his Brooklyn twang on the line from Tokyo, where, as Condé Nast creative director, he works on seven titles across Asia as well as being international fashion director for *GQ* and *Vogue*. "Nigel wasn't around much but there was a guy called Terry involved and he and I became very close."

At the time Krell, who had trained as a tailor, worked at NYC fashion outlet Stone The Crows within the Salvation nightclub. This imported certain Granny's items and ordered boots direct from Gohill.

In the late '60s Krell returned to London with Breslau. "We had no intention of doing anything beyond hanging out, but that was when I met Freddie Hornick," he recalls. "By then I had established my image, with white make-up and my hair dyed black, which I used to promote the shop. Freddie and I soon became buddies and he asked me whether I'd be interested in buying Granny's. By this time there was nothing there; maybe three pairs of boots and some trousers. You had to blow through the cobwebs to get in."

Krell and his partner sank £1,000 into reviving the enterprise. "From the outset I wanted it to be more theatrical," says Krell. "Previously it had been a little bit love-child, hippy-dippy, and I wanted to make it more demonstrative and dramatic."

While Breslau handled the production aspects of the business, Krell drew on his tailoring experience and attracted the pop crowd who would populate the charts during the glam rock years, although some were not directly identified with that genre. "One of the first things we did was a rhinestone suit for Keith Richards," says Krell. "It was made for us by a woman named Auntie Alice who, we were told, also made clothes by royal appointment. I had always been interested in Nudie, but his stuff was actually very poorly tailored. We wanted to create that kind of glamour."

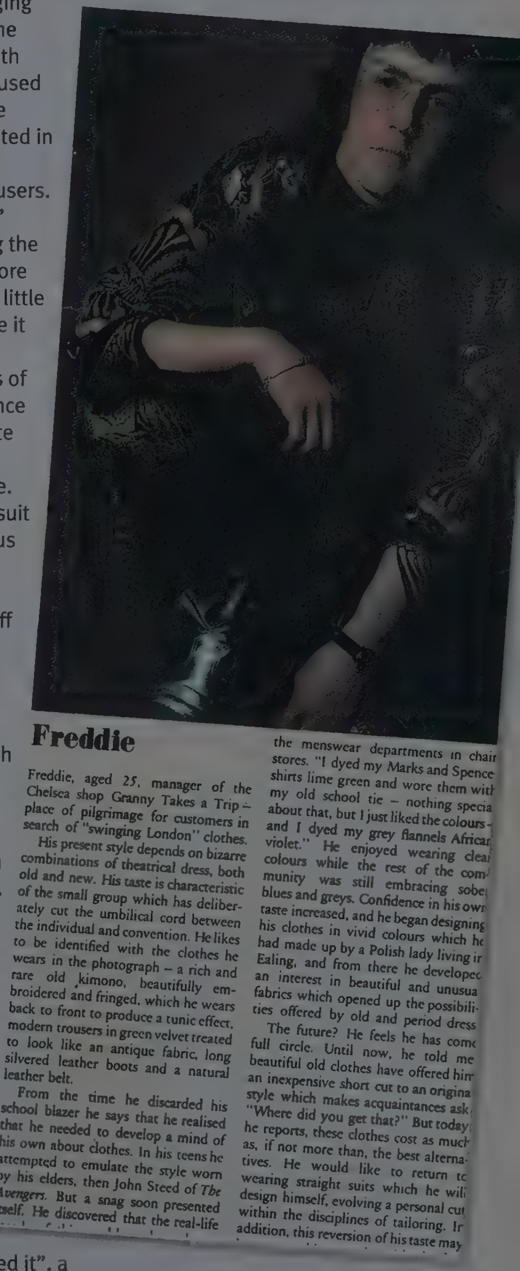
Krell's point is that such clothes contrasted with those produced previously at Granny's not in terms of quality, for Pearse, Cohen, Waymouth and their team were sticklers for that, but in terms of content and ideas. Richards' suit drew others to the store, and a hook-up with a company that made school uniforms resulted in contracts for clothes embroidered with sequins.

When the New Yorkers installed themselves, the front half of the Dodge remained on the shopfront. One morning they arrived to find a council sign proclaiming "This is an illegal erection – please remove it". They complied, a move condemned by at least one of the former owners.

"They were very nice guys," says Waymouth of Krell and Breslau, "but I was pissed off that they took the car down, instead of making a scene about it like we would have done. I thought, 'Oh, you've just lost it'."

Waymouth also says he wasn't interested in visiting the outlet because "they never changed it", a charge angrily disputed by Krell. "I only ever met Nigel once and he was very nice that time," he says. "He never confronted me with the things he has said subsequently about us being crazy at taking over Granny's. In fact they proposed it to us. And it's an absolute falsehood that we

BELOW **1970: Granny's manager Freddie Hornick profiled in the local press**



Freddie

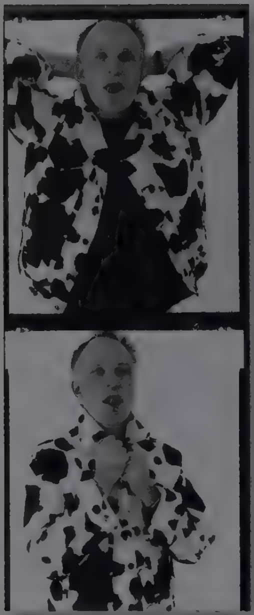
Freddie, aged 25, manager of the Chelsea shop Granny Takes a Trip – place of pilgrimage for customers in search of "swinging London" clothes.

His present style depends on bizarre combinations of theatrical dress, both old and new. His taste is characteristic of the small group which has deliberately cut the umbilical cord between the individual and convention. He likes to be identified with the clothes he wears in the photograph – a rich and rare old kimono, beautifully embroidered and fringed, which he wears back to front to produce a tunic effect, modern trousers in green velvet treated to look like an antique fabric, long silvered leather boots and a natural leather belt.

From the time he discarded his school blazer he says that he realised that he needed to develop a mind of his own about clothes. In his teens he attempted to emulate the style worn by his elders, then John Steed of *The Avengers*. But a snag soon presented itself. He discovered that the real-life

the menswear departments in chain stores. "I dyed my Marks and Spence shirts lime green and wore them with my old school tie – nothing specia about that, but I just liked the colours – and I dyed my grey flannels Africa violet." He enjoyed wearing clea colours while the rest of the community was still embracing sobe blues and greys. Confidence in his ow taste increased, and he began designing his clothes in vivid colours which h had made up by a Polish lady living i Ealing, and from there he develope an interest in beautiful and unusua fabrics which opened up the possibilities offered by old and period dress

The future? He feels he has com full circle. Until now, he told me beautiful old clothes have offered hi an inexpensive short cut to an origina style which makes acquaintances ask "Where did you get that?" But today he reports, these clothes cost as muc as, if not more than, the best alternatives. He would like to return t wearing straight suits which he wil design himself, evolving a personal cut within the disciplines of tailoring. I addition, this reversion of his taste may



ABOVE John Pearse: "We'd go from art nouveau to pop art to conceptualism in the course of a year"

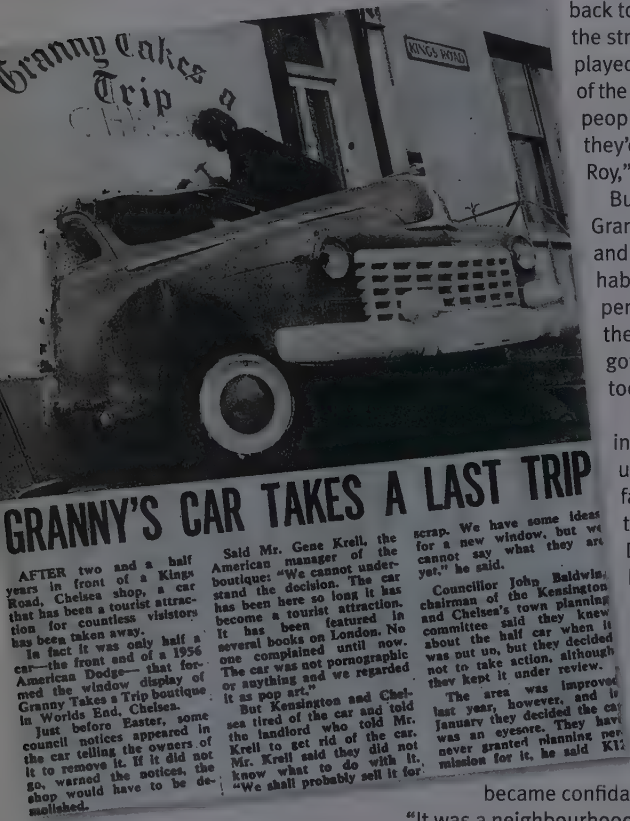
never changed the place. That's why we took the car down, so that we could make these special jackets in special fabrics and put them in the window, just like an old tailor's."

The Americans' extrovert nature resulted in friendship with other retailers, among them Vernon Lambert of Emmerton & Lambert in the Chelsea Antiques Market. "He was a great mentor, and suggested these jackets which were embroidered and rhinestoned. We sold them for £500 a time. That's like £5,000 each now," says Krell.

"Our tailors were Foster & Tara and we had a couple of bootmakers – Costas out in Tooting Bec (south London) and a guy called Michael who supplied these gorgeous ankle boots that Jimmy Page used to wear. And the boots that Joe Cocker wore when he performed at Woodstock were not made by Gohill, as everyone thought, but Costas."

Krell says the clientele was from across the board, from actor Joel Grey to singer Diana Ross. "Jimi Hendrix was in pretty much the day before he died," Krell adds. "I remember that because he ordered a bunch of clothes to be made and when I picked up the newspaper the next day I had to call people like Costas and cancel the order."

Soon there were American branches of Granny's, franchised by Hornick to operators in uptown New York. Initially these were supplied from the London outlet but later switched to local designers and used the Granny's name until they closed in the mid-'70s. "Unfortunately the quality wasn't up to the standards we set," says Krell.


Granny Takes a Trip
KINGS ROAD

GRANNY'S CAR TAKES A LAST TRIP

AFTER two and a half years in front of a Kings Road, Chelsea shop, a car that has been a tourist attraction for countless visistors has been taken away.

In fact it was only half a car—the front end of a 1956 American Dodge— that formed the window display of Granny Takes a Trip boutique in Worlds End, Chelsea.

Just before Easter, some council notices appeared in the car telling the owners of it to remove it. If it did not go, warned the notices, the shop would have to be demolished.

Said Mr. Gene Krell, the American manager of the boutique: "We cannot understand the decision. The car has been here so long it has become a tourist attraction. It has been featured in several books on London. No one complained until now. The car was not pornographic or anything and we regarded it as pop art."

But Kensington and Chelsea tired of the car and told the landlord who told Mr. Krell to get rid of the car. Mr. Krell said they did not know what to do with it. "We shall probably sell it for scrap. We have some ideas for a new window, but we cannot say what they are yet," he said.

Councillor John Baldwin, chairman of the Kensington and Chelsea's town planning committee said they knew about the half car when it was put up, but they decided not to take action, although they kept it under review.

The area was improved last year, however, and in January they decided the car was an eyesore. They have never granted planning permission for it, he said

ABOVE "This is an illegal erection"

Krell's musical knowledge stretches back to when he was a doo-wopper on the streets of Brooklyn, and the music played at Granny's became an integral part of the shopping experience. "We'd have people like Leon Russell come in and they'd be listening to Big Youth and U-Roy," he says.

But as hard drugs took hold, Granny's began to falter again. Krell and Breslau acquired substantial habits, and Krell is candid: "To be perfectly honest, that is what led to the demise of the shop. The richer we got, the more expensive the drugs we took. People started to die."

Nevertheless, Krell says this incarnation of Granny's occupies a unique place in the history of pop fashion. "You have to understand that we were nothing like, say, Dolce e Gabanna or Hedi Slimane," he adds, "not that I have anything against those guys. My customers were people I got loaded with, broke bread with, they stayed at my house. Many of them were in long-term relationships, some of them married, and it would be an indiscretion to say who, but they became confidants.

"It was a neighbourhood shop. It sounds altruistic but it's true that we'd help out old-age pensioners in the area if they couldn't pay their rent or whatever. If people had problems with their kids they would sometimes talk to us to see if we could help out."

Nevertheless, Krell lost interest and by the mid-'70s was hanging out with neighbours Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood, with whom he was to work closely over the coming years. "I just divorced myself from it and moved in with Vivienne and Malcolm," he says. "I wasn't interested in a buyout or anything. I remember walking past and there were these new people there working with Marty. Years later a guy called Byron bought it and moved it down the road, but it was a shadow of what it had been."

With the assistance of McLaren and in particular Westwood, Krell eventually overcame his drug problems, but Breslau succumbed. "I knew he was living on the street in New York and tried to track him down," says Krell. "Then I heard he'd died – twice. The second time it was confirmed by somebody else."

Granny's closed at 488 King's Road in the mid-'70s, and the site became a greengrocer's, though the faded awning bore the Granny's name for years afterwards, visible from the top deck of a passing double-decker. This last trace of what had been was removed when the site was converted into a café.

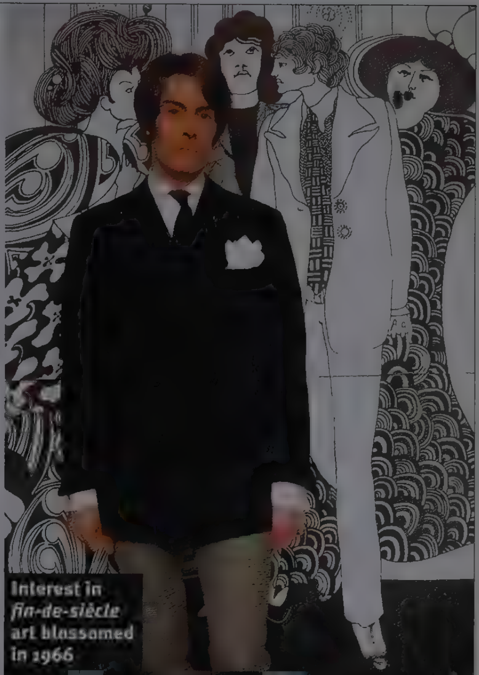
As for the original trio, Waymouth divorced Nicky Samuel and she briefly became part of the New York beau monde, married to jewellery designer Kenneth Jay Lane. Waymouth "started to paint, and never looked back", while Pearse gave up the clothing industry for many years before starting to dabble again.

By the early '80s he was taking shirts and fabric to Los Angeles to sell to the likes of Jagger and Jack Nicholson. In 1984, he moved into the basement of a bookshop in Meard Street, Soho, intending to open a film production office. The office contained a rail of clothes on which he had been working. "Then the clothes took over and the bookshop closed, and I came up here," he says of the move to the larger, ground-floor space. "I started making suits again – rather conventional things because everybody had got older. Nobody was really wearing suits at the time, apart from the Comme des Garçons unstructured thing, so I'd make jackets with four buttons and patch pockets."

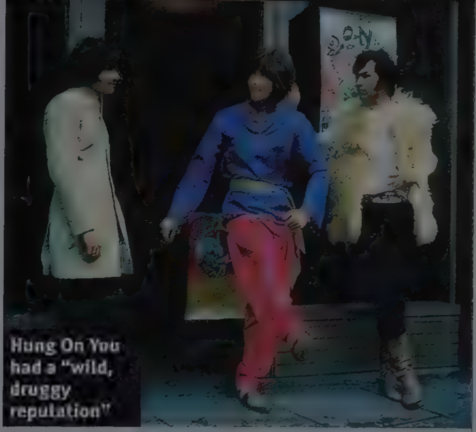
Although Pearse's clothes still contain surreal elements of his Granny's days (giant painted ties with silkscreens of handguns on the front and tuxedos printed with voodoo skulls), he has come full circle in many respects. "It's absolutely a return to the Savile Row days. My mates had all come to a certain age where they'd want a suit because they were going to see the bank manager, or they were working in the City themselves. But there is still that double-take."

Among his range is a black-and-white with the trademark Granny's collar, straight out of 1966. "It sells mainly to middle-aged Americans who liked Blonde On Blonde," says Pearse. "There isn't a generation gap any more. At one time, you couldn't walk down the street with hair over a certain length without being stopped by the cops."

Pearse nowadays views Granny's as more of an art project than a retail outlet. "We weren't particularly conscious of it, but we'd go from art nouveau to pop art to conceptualism in the course of a year, and it was reflected in the clothes. We'd wipe out a line of clothing when we could have gone on and made a fortune flogging it to death. I think it was because we were snobby. And edgy."



Interest in *fin-de-siècle* art blossomed in 1966



Hung On You had a "wild, druggy reputation"

"A DIPSOMANIAC'S NIGHTMARE"

Within a year of Granny's opening, Hung On You was installed several premises to the west by owner Michael Rainey, at 430 King's Road. This had previously been a greengrocer's, a restaurant and a clothes shop run by a character called Bill Fuller and his girlfriend Carol Derry, who proclaimed they stocked "the cheapest clothes in London this side of Biba".

With Hung On You occupying the site, 430 was on its way to becoming the most significant address in the story of pop fashion, later housing Mr Freedom, then Paradise Garage, the McLaren/Westwood stores in all their incarnations and still, 40 years later, World's End.

Rainey had worked with Ossie Clark and Alice Pollock at Quorum, and was very much a part of the new clothing establishment. His wife was Jane Ormsby-Gore, daughter of Lord Harlech and sister of the dandy Julian, who modelled for aristocrat Mark Palmer's agency, English Boy. "Michael was the most stylish man, one of the best-dressed people I have ever met in my life," says Trevor Myles, who supplied his shop with shirts and tops. "He was also incredibly nice, and funny with it."

Hung On You had started life in 1965 at 22 Cale Street, Chelsea Green, a site later occupied by the teashop owned by Paul McCartney's former girlfriend, Jane Asher. The area between Chelsea and Knightsbridge was already blooming as a fashion centre; in posh Beauchamp Place there was a shop called Deborah & Claire, which sold flowery, puffy-sleeved shirts with long cuffs to the likes of Cream.

Meanwhile, Rainey reworked vintage clothing: tapered guardsman's trousers with red stripes down the sides, relined dragoon coats and military bandsman's jackets. He also sold quilted, high-buttoned Mao jackets called "The Great Leap Forward". As well as Liberty print, mandarin collar shirts, complete with frills, Rainey overhauled '40s suits to coincide with the opening of the movie *Bonnie And Clyde*.

Hung On You had a wild and druggy reputation. In the basement, Rainey would thrash around a drumkit, dressed like a member of The Byrds with a Brian Jones haircut and oblong-shaped dark glasses. Customers were handed smiles on sticks.

"The first time I went to Hung On You there was this guy prostrate on the pavement outside with blood pouring from his mouth," says Myles. "A concerned crowd gathered around him. Suddenly he leapt up and ran back into the shop cackling. It was one of the assistants who had used blood capsules as a prank on the passers-by."

Infamous assistants Jay and Bo would sit on a chaise longue in the window and smoke joints, climbing down to serve customers. *Over 21* magazine described it as "a hippie boutique for young bucks" while, because of its wildly coloured interior, the *Evening Standard* dubbed the shop "a dipsomaniac's nightmare". Among the customers was Syd Barrett, whose friend, artist Duggie Fields, recalls the Pink Floyd founder changing from polka-dot print Hung On You trousers into Granny Takes A Trip splattered velvet numbers for a Mick Rock shoot at the flat they shared in Earl's Court Square.

One of the regulars and models for Hung On You was the dandy Michael Williams, who told *Life* magazine in May 1966 that he lived "only for my car and my clothes". Williams is photographed in the Edwardian splendour of the Salisbury pub with other "young elegants" including Ossie Clark, sporting "a wildly patterned wide tie, a revival from the '30s", the aristocrat Neil Winterbotham in "Regency sideburns" and their friend Julia Cooke, "adding to the period flavour with a fur boa".

Soho set acolyte Henrietta Moraes recalled in her biography how she became "a complete hippy" by buying the shop's Afghan robes and "edible-looking, ice-cream-coloured suits – white, pink, pistachio-green and cream", while *Town* magazine wrote that the shop's clothes were "simple and uncluttered ... Michael Rainey puts a lot of emphasis on colour". He told *Town*, "We're not tailors but we will make things up for people if we think their ideas are good."

When Ormsby-Gore returned from a trip to India laden with carpets and rugs, the pair had the material transformed into boots by Gohill. "He didn't like having to work with kilims and tapestries, but those boots were beautiful, among the best things Hung On You ever sold," says Rainey's friend Jeff Dexter.

Ormsby-Gore was the perfect match for Rainey. The editor of *Vogue*'s Shop Hound section, she was renowned for creating her own fashions by adapting second-hand and new clothes with bells, chains, rings and beading.

Hung On You clothes did not come cheap. "Groovers didn't mind paying triple for a floral chiffon shirt because Mick Jagger had probably bought one like it the day before," according to *Oz*'s Richard Neville. Suits, with wide lapels and two-button jackets, sold for 35 guineas (£36.75), while shirts in silver, wine, gold, pink and red satin sold for six and a half guineas (£6.85p) apiece. LSD pioneer Michael Hollingshead says he and his flatmates were billed £600 by Hung On You for "a pile of fashionable clothes. I ended up with a pair of flared pinstripe trousers with an enormous belt and silver buckle, several silk shirts and ties, and a couple of hand-embroidered jackets".

Like Granny's, the Hung On You crowd were cliquey. Lloyd Johnson and Pat Cockell made ties for the shop and were once invited by Rainey to a gathering at Jagger's flat at Marley House in Chelsea. Johnson recalls: "Patrick knocked at the door and Bo and Jay leant out of the window and shouted, 'Are you cool?' Patrick said, 'Actually, we're fucking freezing.' Then they let us in."

11

“THE SWITCHED-ON LOOK”

Although the Swinging London look exploded across America in the mid-’60s, there had been pockets of stylistic development to parallel those in Britain for many years, particularly in the hipper urban areas of New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. However, regional variations were huge, and indicative of the atmosphere in which they blossomed: while New York fashion accentuated monochrome edginess and stripped-down cool, the dandy LA look is best exemplified by the dressy *Riot On Sunset Strip* gear as sported by numerous garage bands and the likes of Nancy Sinatra and Sonny & Cher.

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, a hippy twist was added to match the psychedelic, pioneering and gutsy charm of bands from the Grateful Dead to Janis Joplin and Big Brother & The Holding Company.

New York led the way, however. As early as 1961 and 1962, Greenwich Village boutiques such as Etcetera and Chiaro Oscuro sold flat Greek sandals and short shift dresses, the ones worn by socialites as they attempted the Twist at the Peppermint Lounge.

“There were also Little Louis heels, which were very Audrey Hepburn,” says Richard Channing, then working at Ivy League store Paul Stuart. “My wife and I would walk around the Village and we’d see girls wearing these shifts which were taken out of Givenchy, hung short above the knee. When we went back to Britain, everyone was raving about the mini, but we’d already seen that. It had become part of summer leisurewear in New York.”

In his memoir, *Popism*, artist Andy Warhol recalled the New York look of 1962: “It was a great summer. The folk-singer look was in – the young girls with the bangs were wearing shifts and sandals and burlapy things.” The Warhol set were also swayed by their acquaintance with the British art director of *Vogue*, Nicky Haslam, who hipped them to what was happening across the Atlantic. “Nicky may actually have started the frilly men’s look,” gushes Warhol, “because I remember him getting curtain lace at Bloomingdales and tucking it up his sleeves, and everybody would be asking him where he got this ‘great shirt’ because they’d never seen anything like it. He made us aware of the new men’s fashions – the short Italian jackets and the pointed shoes, winkle-pickers – and of the way cockneys were now mingling with the upper classes and things were getting all mixed in and wild and fun.”

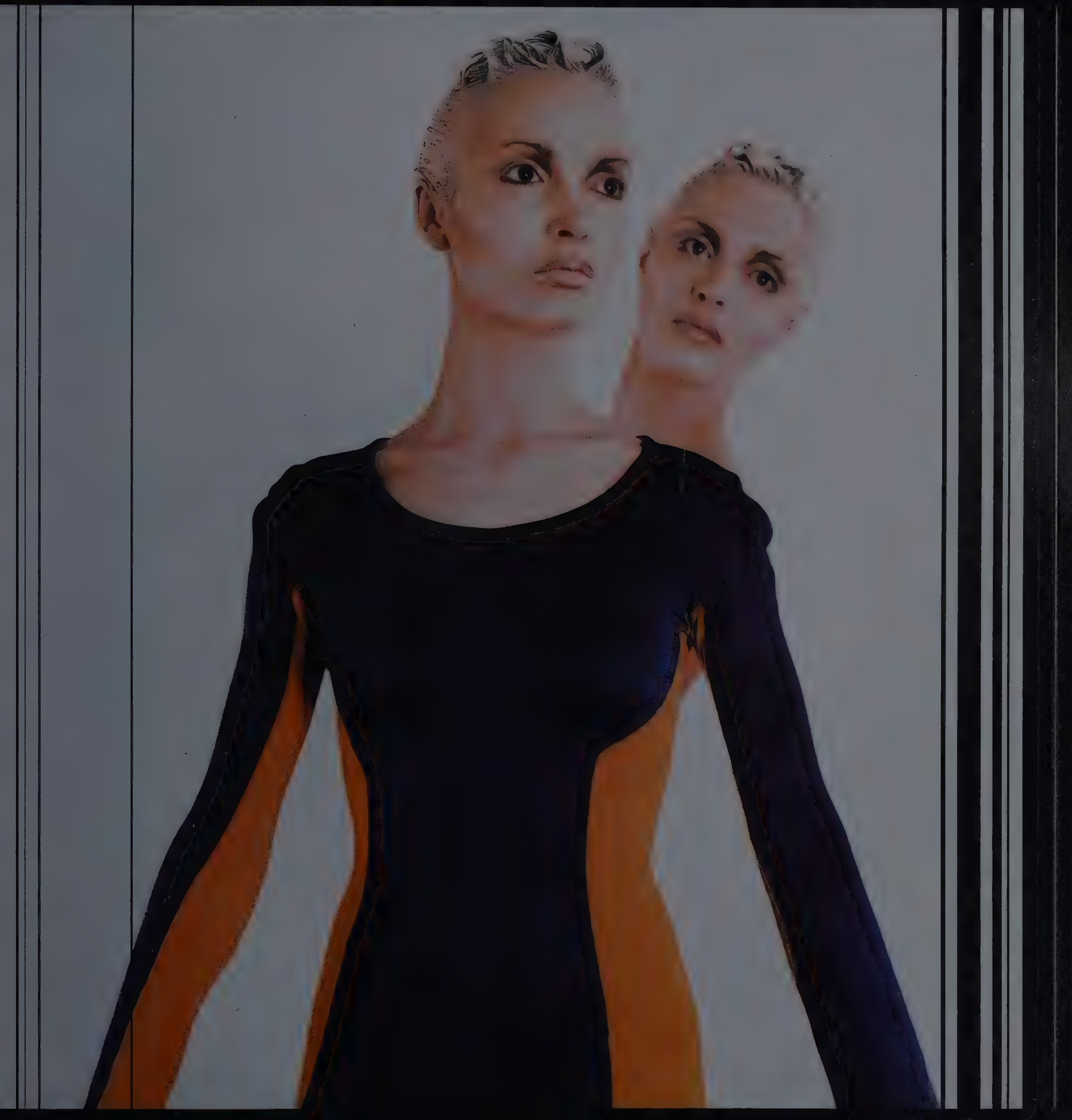
Warhol experienced this in a spring 1963 encounter with David Bailey and Mick Jagger, who were staying at Haslam’s apartment on East 19th Street. “They each had a distinctive way of dressing – Bailey all in black and Mick in light-coloured unlined suits with very tight hip trousers and striped T-shirts, just regular Carnaby Street sports clothes, nothing expensive. And of course they were both wearing boots by Anello & Davide.” By the following year, however, “everything went young. The kids were throwing out their preppy outfits and the dress-up clothes that made them look like their mothers and fathers, and suddenly everything was reversed – the mothers and fathers were trying to look like the kids”.

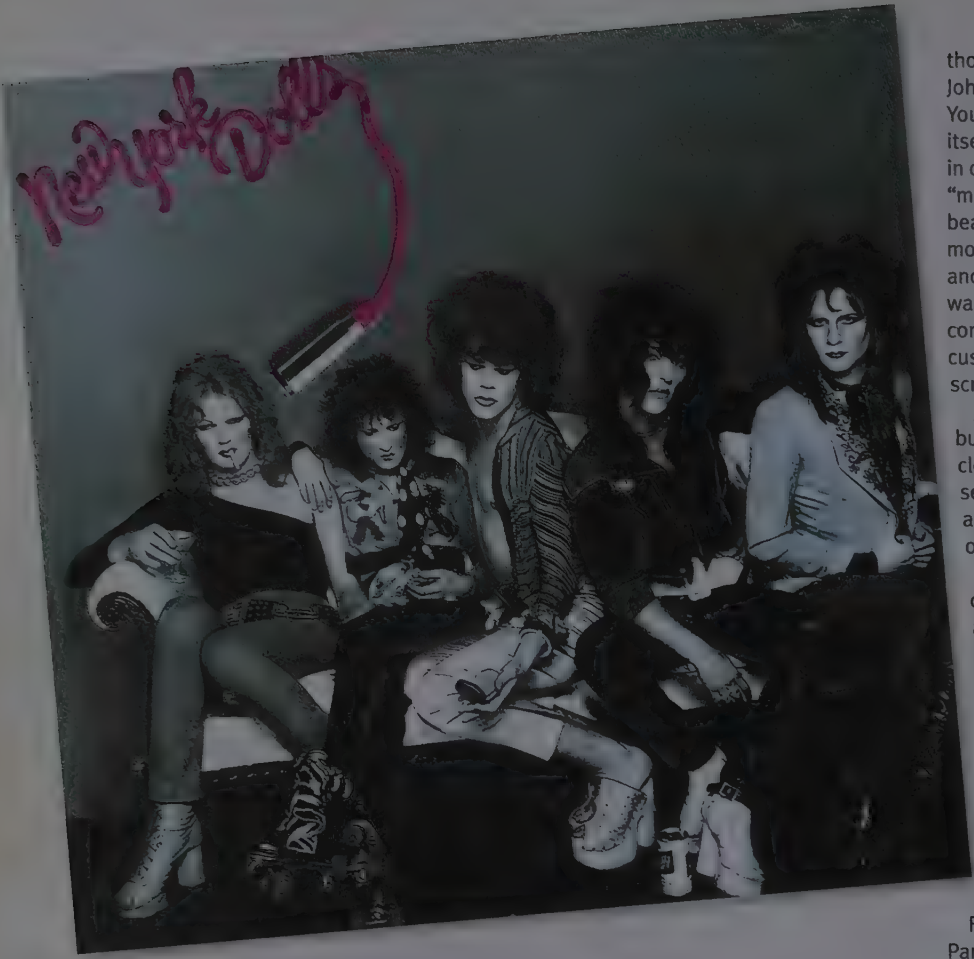
Society ladies took to aping the pop artist, turning up at Upper West Side parties with stitched-in Brillo pad carton images and commercial signs such as “Fragile – Handle With Care” printed on their dresses.

The Beatles and the Stones undertook their first American tours in 1964, and a “mods vs rockers” theme party was held in honour of the latter band at the Park Avenue South studio of photographer Jerry Schatzberg in October that year. The party also celebrated the 24th birthday of Warhol acolyte Baby Jane Holzer, named “girl of the year” by Tom Wolfe in his piece of New Journalism reportage on the event: “Her style of life has created her fame – rock ’n’ roll, underground movies, decaying lofts, models, photographers, Living Pop Art, the twist, the frug, the mashed potato, stretch pants, pre-Raphaelite hair, Le Style Camp.”

Holzer exemplified the “switched-on look” promulgated by Puritan Clothing’s Youthquake promotion of young British style – and in particular Mary Quant – in New York in 1965. One of the people behind Youthquake, JC Penney European buyer Paul Young, decided the best way to translate Swinging

OPPOSITE Models wear original ’60s designs by Betsey Johnson





ABOVE **Johnson and models in *Life*, 1966.**

TOP **The New York Dolls, as styled by Betsey Bunky Nini**

London to the mass market was to open a shop in Manhattan, at Madison and 67th.

Named Paraphernalia and underwritten by Puritan, the shop opened in September 1965 and stocked clothes by Quant and Foale & Tuffin, as well as eight pieces each from the emerging local talent Young had recruited. Among these were Elisa Stone, who specialised in dresses made from paper and lighting gels, and a trio of graduates from New York's Parsons School Of Design: Joel Schumacher, Carol Friedland and Deanna Little. The last-named had recently won a Coty award for her work in the youth market.

Fortuitously, Young was also put on to 21-year-old Betsey Johnson, who had worked at *Mademoiselle* magazine that summer after winning a competition that offered a trip to London. "That was it for me," she told *Scene* magazine. "Biba, Mary Quant – it was so inspiring. London told me to be a fashion designer. I can cut and sew wildly, but it never occurred to me to go into this business." Young had been attracted by a Johnson design for a T-shirt. "It was the era of the tight, high armhole, and we all thought it was terrific," said *Mademoiselle* fashion editor Edith Raymond Locke. "We ran a little thing about it in our shopping column and she got orders. Then Paul Young called and said he needed a young with-it designer for his new company."

Johnson visited Young with a suitcase full of clothes. "It was very Englandy," she says. "For a long time, people actually thought I was English." Young promptly launched the Betsey Johnson For Paraphernalia label, while she also designed Youthquake fashions for Puritan. The Paraphernalia shop itself was designed by architect Ulrich Franzen on two floors in chrome and glass, with rock 'n' roll blasting and live "mannequins" in the window. It soon became the haunt of the beau monde, from European aristos and the Kennedys to the model Veruschka. Soon followed outlets in Greenwich Village and Lexington Avenue and 55th Street, where the store name was emblazoned in neon at the front though the interior contained no other lighting. Clothes were not displayed – customers were given remote controls to operate video screens which showed stock items.

Johnson's installation at Paraphernalia provided the new business with focus as she and her chums churned out clothes in attention-seeking fabrics and textiles: silver, vinyl, see-through plastic with coloured stars and stripes to be applied by the wearer (such as Lauren Hutton, who posed in one for a photoshoot in 1967), tinsel, even blotting paper.

Paraphernalia also hit the headlines selling a $150 vinyl dress featuring gaudy strips of electric light. Designed by an electrical engineer, the battery-operated dress sold out its entire stock of 300.

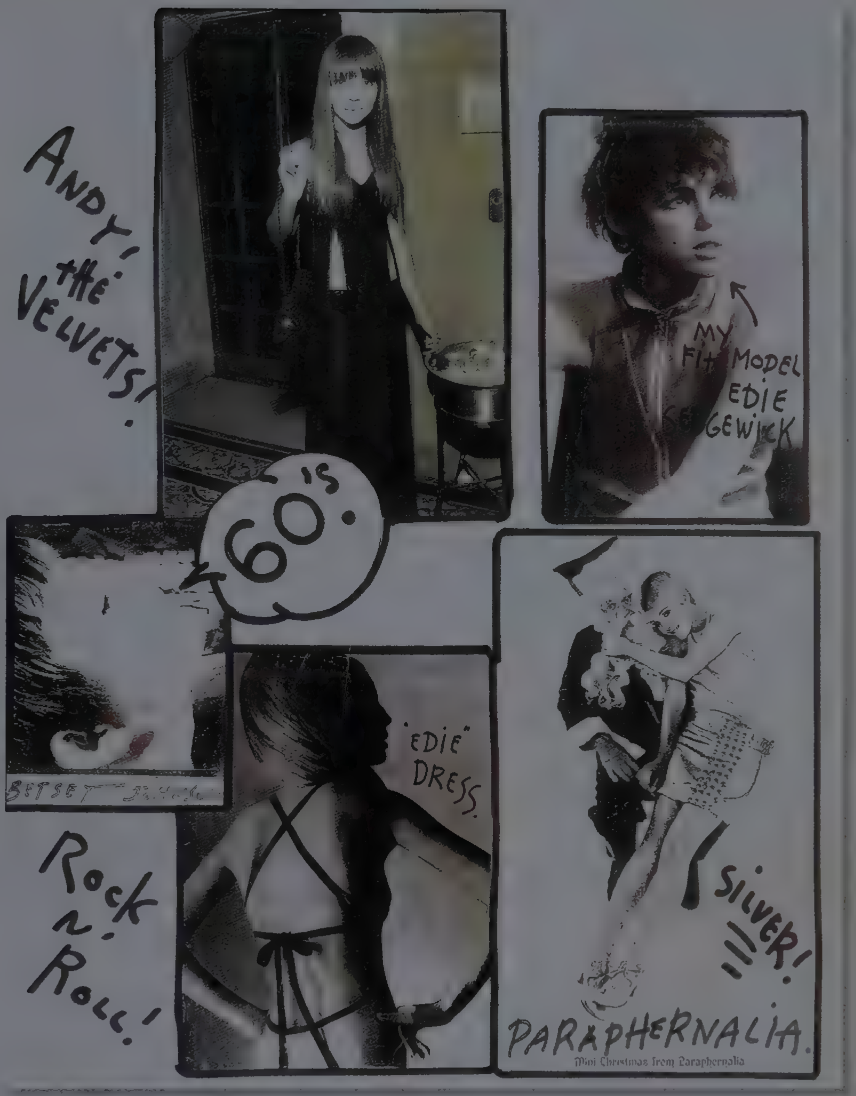
Paraphernalia adopted such unusual sales techniques as staying open very late, sometimes until 2am. "You'd go and try on things and Get Off My Cloud would be playing – and you'd be buying the clothes in the same atmosphere you'd probably be wearing them in," said Warhol with his usual percipience. "The sales people in the little boutiques were always so hip and relaxed as if the stores were just another room in their apartment – they'd sit around, read magazines, watch TV, smoke dope."

Film director Joel Schumacher was a member of the Paraphernalia design team, and recalled the fashion show for the opening of the Cleveland branch: "I had done a dress of mirrors. There was another dress with LOVE cut out down the front of it. A couple of girls began fighting over who was going to wear what – [model/actress] Marisa Berenson was very upset she wasn't going to wear the mirror dress. You had to show these things off and, not only that, you had to do it all night. You had to dance ... and you had to dance fabulously. And everything you read – every paper, magazine – told you how fabulous it was to be young: youth was it."

An art major from Lou Reed's alma mater, Syracuse University, and a resident of the Chelsea Hotel, Johnson also had strong ties with the Warhol camp. In May 1967, she met the Velvet Underground's viola player, John Cale, at a Paraphernalia fashion show while dating the band's guitarist, Sterling Morrison. "She was doing in fashion what we were doing in music," Cale recalled in his autobiography, *What's The Welsh For Zen?* "It seemed to me she knew everybody I knew ... It was a match made in heaven."

Johnson was soon making clothes for the band: a velvet suit for Cale, green and maroon velvet designs decorated with nail-head studs for Morrison and drummer Mo Tucker and a grey suede suit for Lou Reed. "With Lou's suit, everything was fine except for the crotch, which was incredibly exaggerated, so Lou had this enormous sagging basket he could not fill," wrote Cale.

Such was the combination of the band's notoriety and Johnson's newsworthiness that an offer to pay for Cale and



ABOVE Johnson celebrates '60s heyday

Johnson's 1968 wedding celebrations came from an unexpected source, she claimed to Victor Bockris in his Velvets biography *Uptight*. "The awful thing was the *Ladies Home Journal*, 'The Magazine Of Togetherness', was very much interested in us freaks then," says Johnson. "I must have established some kind of something for myself at Paraphernalia; the press was really great." In the event, the drug-prone Cale contracted hepatitis and the wedding was delayed by four months, by which time the magazine had lost interest. The relationship also added tension to the band's dynamic: "Lou was not very happy [that] John was getting married, period – to me, period," she said in *Uptight*. "It was like the girl breaking up the group."

Cale and Johnson occupied a 1,500 square foot loft space, decorated as a battleship, on La Guardia Place, and for a time Johnson sported clothes she had fashioned entirely out of his collection of rugby shirts. But their "divergent career paths" (Cale's phrase) placed stress on their relationship when Cale left the band to embark on a hefty workload of production. He and Johnson divorced in 1971.

Naturally, Johnson was an habitué of the New York underground's premier hangout, Max's Kansas City. This bar/restaurant performed the same function for designers as the Speakeasy in London, allowing them to showcase new designs to their target audience simply by wearing them to dinner. Among other fashion movers and shakers who frequented Max's were the iconoclast Rudi Gernreich, women's wear specialists Barbara Hodes (who later lived with Lou Reed) and Annie Flanders, YSL designer Maxime de la Falaise and *Harper's Bazaar* photographer Bill Solano.

"I used to have my business people meet me there at Max's cocktail hour, which was really a riot," Johnson says in the 1999 book about the venue, *High On Rebellion*. "It seemed really natural that if they wanted to meet me they should come to my environment. The fashion industry didn't like it. They read it as 'youth', and they weren't young."

Fashion swirled around Warhol and the Velvets. The glacial vocalist Nico was often teased for having appeared in an ad campaign for London Fog raincoats in 1964, and one of Lou Reed's first songs – the novelty track Do The Ostrich – was inspired by a column written by fashion high priestess Eugenia Sheppard, which predicted that ostrich feathers would be big that season. Meanwhile, Cale matched a Kenneth Jay Lane choker in the form of a snake with black ensembles and a Richard III hairstyle.

As the Velvet Underground's reputation grew, so the band's audience became increasingly dressed up, "glittering and reflecting in vinyl, suede and feathers, in skirts and boots and bright coloured mesh tights and patent-leather shoes and silver and gold, hip-riding mini-skirts, and the Paco Rabanne thin plastic look with the linked plastic discs in the dresses and lots of bell-bottoms and poor-boy sweaters", according to Warhol, who also spotted young guys wearing polka dot shirts with tight, flared trousers, boots and caps to clubs such as Le Club in Sutton Place and Cheetah near Times Square on Broadway and 53rd Street. Cheetah contained a boutique selling "mod" London fashions from the likes of Biba.

To cater to this crowd, boutiques sprang up in hitherto no-go areas, such as St Mark's Place, and the army surplus store Limbo was raided for its peacoats, sailor tops and bell-bottoms. Warhol stocked up on leather gear from Leather Man in Greenwich Village, while the legendary Tiger Morse – who had designed for high society before making a name for herself by wearing a dress made out of electric light bulbs and another with LOVE inscribed on the front and HATE on the back – operated A La Carte from her apartment on the Upper West Side and then Kaleidoscope on East 58th Street, selling beaded dresses and, after a trip to Swinging London, clothes made out of shower curtains.

Morse (whose Christian name was actually Joan) also ran Teeny Weeny, a small shop on Madison Avenue selling clothes made only from synthetic materials, such as Mylar and painted vinyl, as well as the boutique inside Cheetah.

Department store buyer Annie Flanders was inspired by Morse to open Abracadabra on East 60th Street. "She was the most incredible of all the designers and one of the first major influences on fashion in America," she says of Morse in *High On Rebellion*. "She did the first American flag shirts and had her store covered in tinfoil ... [Morse] designed clothes for

ABOVE **Betsey Johnson: "It was so fabulous"**

Jackie Kennedy and all the leading society women and then just completely went berserk. She left all her alligator handbags and fantastic thousand-dollar gowns when she got into speed and pills."

Morse's lifestyle caught up with her. After a couple of failed fashion ventures, she subsisted as a Max's Kansas City waitress before taking a fatal overdose of sleeping pills in 1972.

Meanwhile, Johnson benefited from Paraphernalia's nationwide clout as it was franchised out to branches all over America, boosted by the flair of jewellery designer David Croland and the see-through crochet designs of Barbara Hodes. Johnson's commercial sensibilities and clean lines also helped put the company on the map, particularly after Julie Christie modelled a $35 black-and-white Johnson number for *Mademoiselle* in 1966, the same year in which the actress won an Oscar for her lead role in John Schlesinger's *Darling*. Whenever stocks of this item were replenished, they sold out immediately.

In the wake of this splash, Johnson's clothes were championed by the likes of models Twiggy and Penelope Tree (who wore a Johnson creation in fluorescent lime green to a party thrown by novelist Truman Capote at the Plaza) and actresses Geraldine Chaplin, Brigitte Bardot and Raquel Welch. Janis Joplin wore a Johnson silver mini-dress for her first performances with Big Brother & The Holding Company.

Johnson's musical associations were everywhere: psychedelic wool knits and bikini tops were supplied by a company called Truth & Soul run by Sylvain Sylvain and Billy Murcia, later to be the guitarist and drummer in the New York Dolls.

Using brightly-coloured dyes and yarn from Colombia, the pair established Truth & Soul at 691 Broadway, where they sold skinny-rib men's and women's knitwear. "Truth & Soul, baby," ran their ad campaign. "It's honest. It's wild. It's colour. It's cool. It's love in a far-out line of threads. It's the revolution in fashion." By licensing patterns to knitting mill operator Nussbaum, the pair would later finance a dope-smoking European trip on which they encountered Kensington Market and such King's Road shops as Paradise Garage.

Meanwhile, Johnson had become disillusioned with the franchising of Paraphernalia. In 1971, she was designing for rock clothing company Alley Cat, and that year received a Coty Fashion Critics award for her knitwear. She also launched the funky Betsey Bunky Nini outlet with two colleagues, and the three of them "stage managed" the cover for the New York Dolls' 1973 debut album, in which the pioneering glam-punk act mixed drag and slap with thrift-store chic.

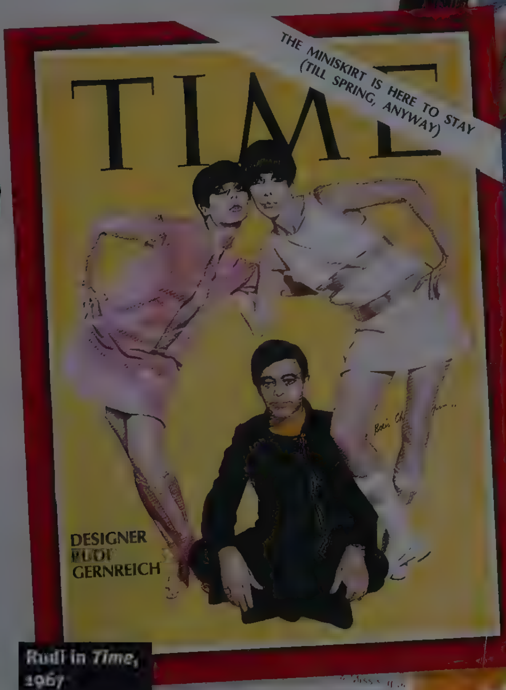
Whatever the impact of such collaborations, for much of the '70s Johnson felt left out in the cold ("my customer had disappeared"), until punk swept through New York. Energised by the new rebelliousness, she hooked up with model Chantal Bacon and opened the first Betsey Johnson store in New York in 1978. Others soon followed, including an outlet on LA's fashionable Melrose Avenue. By 1999, the chain consisted of 26 boutiques, including four in New York and one in London, and her label was being sold in such major department stores as Neiman Marcus and hundreds of specialty outlets. Her store in Soho turns over around $2.5 million a year, while the entire company was achieving annual sales of close to $40 million in the late '90s.

A unique selling point of the business has been the involvement of her daughter Lulu, who epitomised the company's youthful side while the orange-pigtailed Betsey symbolised the restlessness of the '60s generation. Betsey's cut-off shorts and exuberant cartwheels became a fashion-world fixture, as did her relationship with Lulu, who started modelling for her mother at the age of eight.

In March 1999, Johnson was presented with an award by the Council Of Fashion Designers Of America for "her timeless talent". By that time she had branched into perfumery and beauty products and launched the Ultra brand. There aren't many high-profile females who haven't worn Betsey – the ones who have include Gillian Anderson, Minnie Driver, Helena Bonham Carter and Cameron Diaz – and she still has a loyal following in the pop and rock community. Those who have worn her clothes over recent years include Lenny Kravitz, Steve Taylor, Brandy, Lil' Kim, kd lang and Courtney Love, although by 2003 she was being lambasted by the likes of *The Guardian* for a "truly terrible" showing at New York Fashion Week for relying on "trite sexiness".

Johnson remains wistful about her days at Paraphernalia. "For five years I had nobody to say, 'Do this' or 'Do that'," she told the *New York Times*. "It was so fabulous. I'd go to work every day and think, 'What do I want to wear?' If it sold, I still had a job. There was nothing negative. Now, you have to think of the negative and the positive constantly."

"SPIRITED WACKINESS"



Rudi in *Time*, 1967

Andy and Edie in *Life*, 1966

Betsey Johnson had been at Paraphernalia for about a year when she received a request for silver clothes to be sent to Andy Warhol's Factory for a film shoot. This was to prove her first encounter with the woman she describes as representing "the look of the time": Edie Sedgwick.

"Well, that was all I had been making," Johnson says in an interview for the 2002 DVD issue of the Sedgwick-starring film *Ciao Manhattan*. "So I sent them all over – hard-as-rock silver chrome minis, silver mesh dresses, silver belts, clothes made from silver car interior fabrics."

The well-born, gorgeous Sedgwick had already made a splash with the Warhol short *Rich Girl*, shot in her own apartment. *Vogue* reported in its August 1965 issue: "She is shown arabesquing on her leather rhino to a record of The Kinks." By November 26 that year Sedgwick had her own fashion spread in *Life*, in which she appeared with massive Kenneth Jay Lane earrings and a series of Rudi Gernreich clothes including a wool-knit dress ($35), a checked silk print number with a turtleneck which tied over the head ($155) and a stretch T-shirt dress ($110).

Gernreich was a particular favourite of the Factory set; his fetishistic approach to beach- and leisurewear was an obvious choice for the New York underground. "Clothes are just not that important," he said, cocking a snook at the New York fashion establishment. "They're not status symbols any longer. They're fun."

The Austrian-born former dancer Gernreich – who worked in tandem with his muse/model, the doe-eyed, asymmetric-bob-sporting Peggy Moffit and her husband, photographer William Claxton – had sent the fashion world reeling in 1964 with his $25 topless bathing suit, and raised eyebrows with transparent blouses and hemlines of mini-skirts raised to almost untenable levels. Yet, in 1967 Gernreich was on the cover of *Time* and inducted into the Fashion Hall Of Fame as "one of the fabulous originals".

He was embraced by the establishment; famed *Cosmopolitan* editor Helen Gurley Brown said his clothes were "sexy, foxy, amusing", although he retained enough danger for Youthquakers like Sedgwick.

She made waves when she wore his pink lurex, floor-length T-shirt dress to a Warhol film première in Toronto. *Life* announced: "This cropped-mop girl with the eloquent legs is doing more for black tights than anybody since Hamlet. She used to wear her tights with only a T-shirt for a top ... her spirited wackiness is just right for lively girls with legs like Edie's."

Sedgwick – who also performed as a dancer with the Velvet Underground and was a short-lived paramour of Bob Dylan (he wrote Leopardskin Pill-Box Hat about her) – also wore the T-shirt dress to New York's happening Scene club and was the centre of attention that night, photographed with a visiting Mick Jagger. "It's Mick and Edie," said NYC art mover Rene Ricard. "New York's big girl and England's big boy, and they're going to be together."

However, Gernreich was overshadowed by Johnson, who virtually became the Factory's in-house designer. "All the clothes at Paraphernalia were experimental," said Johnson in Jean Stein's 1972 biography *Edie*. "It had nothing to do with the customer. It had everything to do with the time, the moment. Everybody felt real future, real positive, real up, optimistic. Edie and Andy were the ultimate, you know. Edie and the rock 'n' roll groups were it. The Stones, The Beatles were where you could hear it. Paraphernalia was where you could buy it."

Among the Johnson designs worn by Sedgwick were backless bathing suit dresses (which she later called "the Edie dress") and a "skeletal one" with silver outlining the collarbone, arms and pelvis. There was also a "Story Of O" dress, with metal grommets featured down the front.

Sedgwick wore the latter for a March 15 1966 session for *Vogue*, photographed by Gianni Penati. In another shot she oozed bruised sexuality in Dietrich-style corset, suspenders and stockings. The formidable fashion doyenne and American *Vogue* editor-in-chief Diana Vreeland said: "She was a Youthquaker wasn't she? One of the true personalities of the '60s ... Lovely skin, but then I've never seen anyone on drugs that didn't have wonderful skin. There must have been some frustration. She was after life, and sometimes life doesn't come fast enough."

This was certainly true of Sedgwick. By 1971, expunged from the Warhol circle and having repeatedly absconded from rehab clinics, she was dead of a barbiturate overdose at the age of 28.

Yet her doomed glamour lives on. In 1985, hard-rockers The Cult paid tribute with their storming track Edie (Ciao Baby), and as recently as spring 2005, catwalk collections focused on black and white stripes and op art. While some designers took their inspiration from such '60s icons as model Penelope Tree, actress Julie Christie and singer Nico, Christian Dior's John Galliano resurrected Sedgwick's spirit with striped sweater dresses offset by black patent leather caps and flat 1960s winkle-pickers.

By the late summer of 2005, fashion features such as *The Guardian*'s "Factory Girl" spread proclaimed "the look of Warhol's muse is back", matching separates from such disparate sources as Top Shop, Marks & Spencer, Silas and Chanel.

12

“THERE WAS NOWHERE IN THE WORLD LIKE IT”

The involvement of Andy Warhol’s ultra-cynical and sleazy Exploding Plastic Inevitable in the so-called three-day “Carnaby Street Fun Festival” in Detroit at the end of 1966 underlined the impact Swinging London was having on American pop culture. There, the Velvet Underground lined up alongside The Yardbirds and Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs at a ludicrous event that included a mod wedding, at which the bride wore a white mini-dress and high white satin boots and the groom sported a “Carnaby uniform” that included plaid jacket, cowboy belt and kipper tie.

Detroit was not alone. Youth fashion had swept through the Midwest, as evinced by *Life*’s cover story for its May 13 1966 issue: “FACE IT! Revolution in Male Clothes”. The cover photograph shows four uber-Carnaby young gentlemen who turn out to be, on closer scrutiny, Chicago school students. The feature says the London look constitutes “a brash change in clothes which, for the first time since the more subtle take-over of the Ivy League-style, is invading the fashion habits of the US male” while Chicago retailer Cesar Rotondi claimed that young men thought nothing of spending $150 a month on a new wardrobe: “No wonder the industry feels it can persuade American men to choose clothes the way women do – not for durability but for style.”

Rather than the organic growth of Carnaby, big business was involved in pop-inspired fashion from the off in America. One of America’s biggest clothes companies, McGregor-Doniger, launched a line for 20-something men called Brolly Male, with polka dot shirts ($5), London Cue turtleneck sweaters ($13), checked wool hipsters ($18) and herringbone double-breasted jackets with epaulettes ($45).

The American take on Swinging London spread like wildfire, stimulating an entire generation to head to America’s entertainment centres in search of fame. One such was Rodney Bingenheimer, who ran away from home in 1966. Naturally, he headed for Hollywood. “I was still at grade school – really young,” he says in the inimitable tones that have endeared him to listeners of *Rodney On The ROQ*, the show that has been running on LA alternative station K-ROQ for three decades. “I was picked up for breaking curfew a few times, and my parents came to get me, but eventually I stayed because I kind of wanted to be in a band. So I just became this kid in Hollywood, hanging around with people like the Chocolate Watchband and Sonny & Cher. They took care of me. In fact, Sonny & Cher almost raised me.”

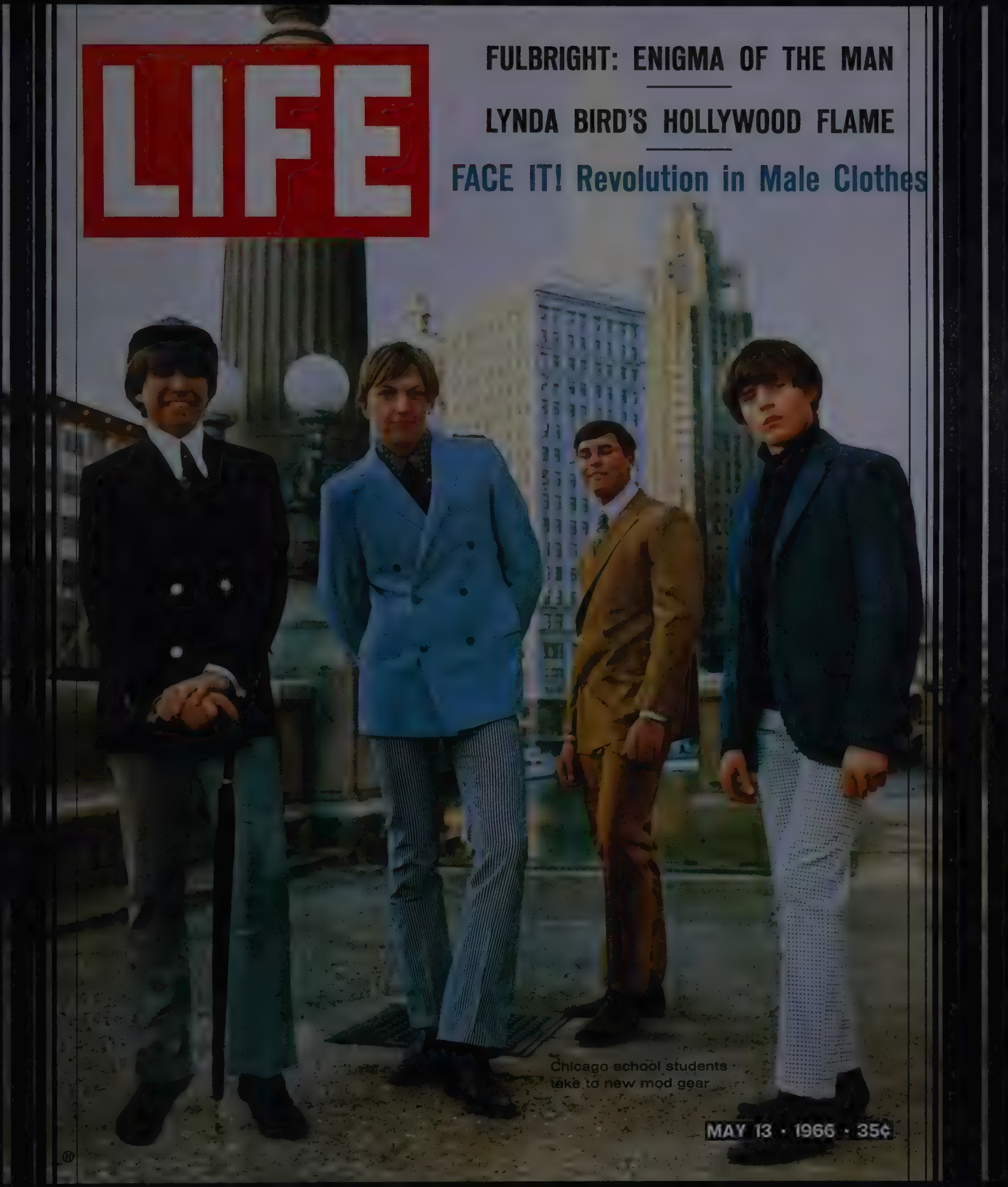
The west coast duo had added a distinctly American element to Carnaby: the somewhat portly Sonny Bono, then in his late 20s, squeezed himself into candy-striped hipsters, to which he added a broad-banded matelot shirt, teetering Chelsea boots and accoutrements such as sleeveless sheepskin jackets. This ensemble, along with his long dark bangs, provided an approximation of Brian Jones’ look.

By the time Bingenheimer arrived in LA, there were already several stores catering to the burgeoning pop scene, situated mainly on Sunset Boulevard – particularly the Strip, between Fairfax and Doheny – and Hollywood Boulevard. At Sunset and Vine was Beau Gentry’s, which sold dandy fashions such as elephant-cord suits to the likes of Carl Wilson and the other Beach Boys, while The Byrds bought capes, suede boots and granny specs there. Nearby was Cy Devore, the tailor who had produced sharkskin suits and spearpoint-collared shirts for the Rat Pack, and in the same vicinity was DeVoss, which Bingenheimer describes as “swinging mod, for your older types”.

Also on Sunset was North Beach Leather, where Jim Morrison bought his trousers, while Head East on the same boulevard incorporated native American designs into its clothes and Holly Harp catered to hippy womanhood with her glamorous chiffon, jersey and crepe dresses offset with feathers and marabou boas in alarming colours.

The Beverly Hills set frequented Jax on Rodeo Drive for its glamorous stagewear. The boutique had opened in the mid-’50s, and provided an early showcase for the likes of Rudi Gernreich. Among the shop assistants was Peggy Moffitt, the model who would later become Gernreich’s muse. “We had

OPPOSITE **“Carnaby” mods take over the Midwest, 1966.**



LIFE

FULBRIGHT: ENIGMA OF THE MAN

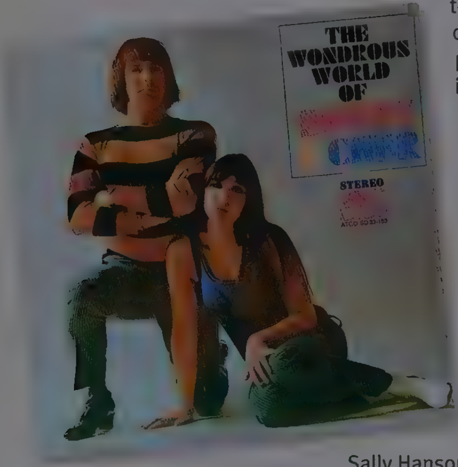
LYNDA BIRD'S HOLLYWOOD FLAME

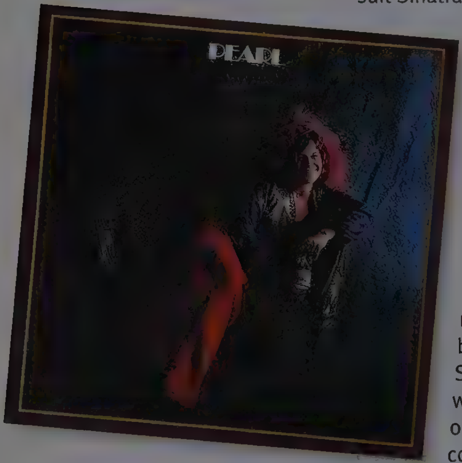
FACE IT! Revolution in Male Clothes

Chicago school students take to new mod gear

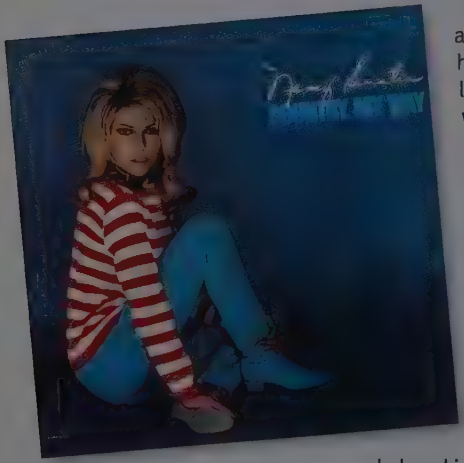
MAY 13 · 1966 · 35¢

BELOW **Sonny & Cher "epitomised the Hollywood take on Swinging London"**





ABOVE **Janis Joplin's casual gypsy look**



ABOVE **Nancy Sinatra: "It was a kick to be innovative"**

far-out things of our own so we had a ready-made clientele for Rudi's stuff, and we pushed him," said the owner Jack Hanson.

By the mid-'60s, Jax was selling go-go boots and mini-skirts to stars such as Nancy Sinatra, who had picked up on English style on trips to London. "They were perfect for me, and I felt at home in them immediately," Sinatra says of the Carnaby Street fashions she had first encountered in 1964. "I knew there was nothing like this new look here at home, and there were only a few people wearing the Mary Quant designs. It was a kick to be in on something completely innovative." She was also struck by the shop interiors and ways in which fashions were presented: "They were boutiques with lots of colourful patterns and prints, stripes and polka dots. It was totally obvious that this would catch on just looking at the store windows." When Sinatra came to make her landmark TV special, *Moving With Nancy*, in 1967, Jax was the natural choice for clothes. Sally Hanson, the wife of the owner, Jack, provided designs to suit Sinatra's requirements. "We didn't have stylists then," she says. "At least, I didn't! I just shopped and chose what I thought would photograph well. Jax was the closest to what I liked best."

The first fashion shop on Melrose Avenue in West Hollywood was Fred Segal, an ivy-covered establishment that continues to import the latest styles to this day, and the proximity of Lennie's Boot Parlour on Gower to the TV production company Screen Gems ensured the custom of The Monkees.

Monkee Peter Tork had his puff-sleeved shirts made by Jeannie "The Tailor" Franklyn, who was based next door to the Troubadour venue on Santa Monica Boulevard and became acquainted with many of the bands who played there. A cousin of folk singer Phil Ochs, Franklyn wrote fashion columns for teen magazines and supplied clothes to Hollywood's resident and visiting rock and pop cadre, including jackets, shirts and trousers for Cream.

Described by producer/musician Jack Nitzsche as "probably the first groupie" (she in turn labelled him "the evil one" for encouraging Neil Young to leave Buffalo Springfield), Franklyn hooked up with Fairport Convention guitarist Richard Thompson and moved to England in 1968. Her career as a fashion exponent was cut cruelly short when, travelling home with the band from Birmingham in May 1969, she was killed, along with drummer Martin Lamble, when their van crashed on the M1. Her close friend Jack Bruce wrote the song I'll Bet She Knew It about Franklyn and also dedicated the title of his first solo album, Songs For A Tailor, to her.

The hip young LA meeting point was the Strip's diner Ben Franks, which had become such a magnet that it was namechecked in the ad placed in *Hollywood Reporter* by producers Bob Rafelson and Bert Schneider for auditions for The Monkees' TV series: "Wanted: Ben Franks types …" Over lunch in the now-closed "rock 'n' roll" Denny's on Sunset, Bingenheimer told me how he was among the hundreds of wannabes who responded. "There were a lot of us kids who were too young to get in anywhere. We'd just be walking up and down the Strip, forming bands or promoting gigs, or just meeting up. Ben Franks was a perfect place to see everybody and find out what was happening."

Bingenheimer was successful in becoming a stand-in for the diminutive English Monkee, Davy Jones. Then, in 1966, actor Sal Mineo dubbed Bingenheimer "The Mayor of Sunset Strip". This was a key role, given that the historic teen "riots" had taken place on the Strip that year when the heavy-handed LAPD tried to put a halt to the all-night revelry. The clash between teenagers and cops was soon commemorated in the exploitation flick *Riot On Sunset Strip*, which was granted a suitable fuzz-toned soundtrack courtesy of The Standells. The event also acted as inspiration for Buffalo Springfield's unsettling single For What It's Worth.

"When I got there, it was like taking part in the Renaissance," rhapsodises Joey Stec, who arrived in LA in 1967 as a 19-year-old member of Chicago group The Poor, whose ranks also included future Eagle Randy Meisner. Stec later formed sunshine pop outfit The Millennium, and was also a member of power-rock band The Blues Magoos. "From Fairfax to Doheny there were people walking up and down the Strip, flashing peace signs, passing out LSD, playing guitars. It was wild. Drugs didn't yet have a horrible criminal stigma, and we were basically all into peace and love. There was nowhere in the world like it. Hendrix would be playing at the Whisky, The Byrds would be at Gazarri's three doors down, The Doors were at Pandora's Box – it just never stopped. At three in the morning, there were crowds everywhere."

The Sunset Strip look peaked with the riots. Thereafter, psychedelia filtered across the Atlantic, peddled in head shops such as Headquarters and Hole In The Wall. Meanwhile, Hell Bent For Leather on La Cienega catered to more obscure tastes: it was here that Brian Jones acquired the Nazi insignia that he wore for a 1966 photo-shoot in which he dressed as a stormtrooper.

Bingenheimer recalls taking Beatle George Harrison to an ethnic store called Satperush in Westwood: "I met him at a Ravi Shankar press conference in Hollywood and told him about Satperush, which was where the cover for the Strawberry Alarm Clock's Incense And Peppermints was shot. We went there, and he really liked their Indian stuff. Then we moved on to another store called Surreal Times, on Santa Monica Boulevard, where he bought a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses."

Around this time, San Francisco was emerging as a hippy haven, with tie-dye T-shirts and headbands reflecting the less glamorous and more bohemian edge of the city, in contrast to Tinseltown. One of the leading lights of the San Francisco scene was Janis Joplin, whose rootsy mixture of gypsy flash and vintage vavoom – as displayed on the cover of her album Pearl – was put together in collaboration with her room-mate at Lyon Street in Haight, clothing designer Linda Gravenites, wife of harp player Nick. The singer had left the city in the early '60s after her career had failed to take off, and when she returned she was dressed from head to toe in workwear: Levi's, overalls – any clothing that played down the physical appearance that dissatisfied her.

Gravenites – who had sold her clothes via a shop called The Hatch before producing specific designs, such as the blouse of silk crepe-backed satin embroidered with antique red glass beads she made for Joan Baez's sister, folk singer Mimi Farina – decided that, for Joplin to shine on stage, she should adopt the clothes San Francisco's female hippy elite were already sporting: antique lace, silk and satin, feather boas with head-dresses, teased hair and a lot of jewellery. In 1967, Gravenites concocted a pantsuit for Joplin from a lace tablecloth, and also made her push-up bra mini-dress, which was inspired by an outfit the singer had seen worn by one of her heroines, Tina Turner.

Many years later, Turner said it was costumes such as this that propelled her into wearing increasingly outrageous on-stage garb: short dress in black velvet matched with black lace tights and a multi-coloured feathered head-dress. Joplin applied the beadwork on the breast herself and wore it at the 1968 Newport Pop Festival in Rhode Island.

The collaboration between Gravenites and Joplin received accolades not only in features in American *Vogue* but also from east coast rivals such as New York shop Abracadabra, which took out an ad delineating the style options for those attending Joplin's performance at Madison Square Garden with Big Brother & The Holding Company and Johnny Winter on December 11 1969.

Back in LA, a group of male musicians decided to appropriate the clothing of the Wild West to suit the growing move towards country music. A prime mover was the dandy Gram Parsons, whose International Submarine Band had worn western styles and covered Buck Owens tunes. Later, he became a short-lived member of The Byrds, and coerced them into embracing country on the 1968 masterpiece Sweetheart Of The Rodeo. He then flowered in his own right as the founder of the Flying Burrito Brothers, whom he persuaded to wear clothes from the flashy Nudie's Rodeo Tailors in North Hollywood.

Miss Mercy, of Frank Zappa's groupie creation Girls Together Outrageously, told *LA Weekly* about her first sighting of Parsons: "A tall, lean cat in a sparkling Nudie suit drifted by. He was true glitter, true glamour rock. The suit sparkled like diamonds ..."

BELOW The Flying Burrito Brothers in Nudie suits

SNEEKY PETE
CHRIS ETHRIDGE

"THE MAYOR OF SUNSET STRIP"

The blandness and lack of imagination engendered by the LA cowboy look soon provoked a reaction among the dressed-up crowd. Rodney Bingenheimer was a radio promotion man for Mercury in the early '70s, and often worked with the latest acts from Britain, such as David Bowie, whom he escorted around town wearing the Mr Fish Man Who Sold The World dress.

During a visit to London, Bingenheimer went to a club in Ealing called The Cellar, which specialised in playing glam rock by the likes of The Sweet. When he told Bowie about it, the singer suggested he should open his own in LA. So, in October 1972, Bingenheimer opened the E Club on Sunset Boulevard. When he had to move premises eastwards to 7651 Sunset at the end of the year, it became the English Disco, where the sounds of The Sweet, Gary Glitter, Bowie and T Rex accompanied all manner of decadent behaviour. Iggy Pop cut his chest with a razor there during one drugged-out performance, while the rock-star likes of Led Zeppelin were entertained by nubile young things from Beverly Hills. The maverick Kim Fowley was inspired by the club to form proto-girl punk band The Runaways. Hot pants, feather boas, platforms, glitter make-up and satin, silk and velvet were de rigueur, while Bingenheimer based his appearance on his then hero, Rod Stewart. "He looked great. I always admired that sort of glam mod thing he had going on," says Bingenheimer, who travelled regularly to the UK to buy clothes, including a pair of black dungarees with red stitching from Mr Freedom in Kensington.

The English Disco closed as glam faded, and Bingenheimer went on to host his show and become a proselytiser for all manner of new music. Then, as the new millennium dawned, so the doors of the English Disco reopened, initially at the Fais Do-Do nightclub. In fact, the LA launch for the first edition of this book was held there, attended by all manner of fabulous fashion and music nightlifers.

Bingenheimer finally achieved his rightful place in public consciousness with the 2003 release of George Hickenlooper's exemplary documentary of his life, *The Mayor Of Sunset Strip*, which features contributions by artists from Liam Gallagher and Courtney Love to Bowie and Cher.

And these days, on Saturday nights in LA, glammed-up youngsters continue to pile into the English Disco, ready for an evening's entertainment courtesy of the ageless chap in the DJ booth who was once a teenage runaway himself.

Rodney Bingenheimer and friend at his English Disco, 1973

13

“EVERYONE LOOKED LIKE A POP STAR”

As flower power disintegrated and the 1960s soured, the hippy look crossed over, and within a few years tie-dyed T-shirts, loon pants, long hair and army greatcoats were no longer the preserve of a hip few. A hard-nosed attitude to the commercial side of designing and selling clothes replaced the innocence embodied by the opening of shops like Granny Takes A Trip.

Style leaders turned their backs on fashion now the party was coming to a close. Nik Cohn wrote that, one day in 1968, '60s scenesters Christopher Gibbs and David Mlinaric "simply stopped trying". Gibbs chuckles at the memory now: "I liked it that Nik Cohn wrote that. When you're young and growing up and finding your way, these things seem important: how you present yourself when you're going to a party, etc. As life goes by, you change. There's nothing more pathetic than an old fashion victim, and I'm not one. Wasn't even a young fashion victim. I was a dandy.

"It was incredibly easy to upset convention at one time. People wore what was expected of their professions. You could tell at a glance if someone was a solicitor or a bank clerk by the code of their dress. Now it's much less easy to work these things out."

The opening of Kensington Market in late 1967, amid clouds of incense and the reek of patchouli oil in a five-storey building on the south side of Kensington High Street, was sparked by commercial rather than counter-cultural considerations; the property owners had witnessed the success of nearby Chelsea Antiques Market and decided to rent out stalls to the underground's entrepreneurs. The warren of around 40 walk-in shops and more than 100 stalls in Kenny Market, as it became known, was a hive of activity for operators loosely associated with music, from blissed-out head shops and furtive dope dealers to poster companies such as Big O, run by rock promoter Harvey Goldsmith. But in their midst was a shifting cast of characters whose tiny outlets offered an eclectic range of clothing to pop stars bored of the King's Road and Carnaby Street.

"It was really buzzing between 1968 and 1971," says Lloyd Johnson, who ran a stall with partner Patrick Cockell. The pair were among the few who received praise from Cohn when the market opened. He noted their "ambitions to style" and the fact that they "wanted a future". This ran against the grain. For the most part, at its inception Kensington Market represented indolent hippydom at its worst. "We used to go to Kensington Market every day, where we'd have tea, smoke hashish and buy boots all fucking day long," reminisced New York Dolls guitarist Sylvain Sylvain.

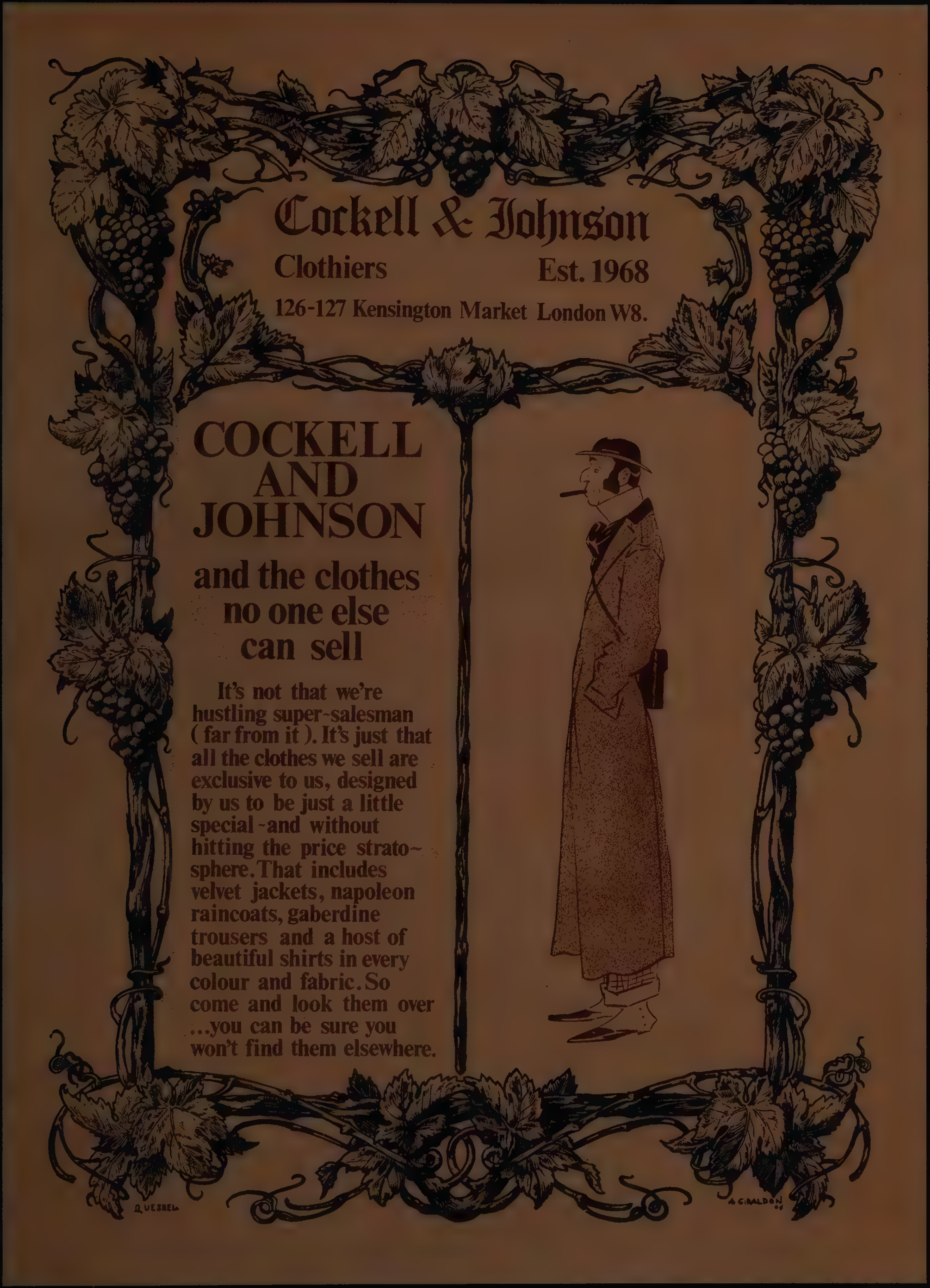
However, within 18 months, there were increasing signs of life, among them such stalls as Che Guevara, owned by Dave "Che" Shimeld, another run by future Queen singer Freddie Mercury (then Bulsara, whose girlfriend Mary Austin was floor manager at Biba) and Spooky Tooth/Only Ones member Alan Mair, often assisted by Queen drummer Roger Taylor. They initially sold artwork produced by Mercury at Ealing College, and later moved into antique clothing to support their ambitions to get their first group, Smile, off the ground.

"I have to say in the early days it was still very boring because it was so quiet, particularly when the power went because the electrics were so poor," says Shimeld. "We'd be playing cricket in the hallways and then running into the other shops when the lights went down and stealing all their clothes."

The market also housed the talents of Ronnie Stirling and Geoff Cooper, who gave designers Jane Whiteside and Antony Price a start in the business, while their eponymous label and the shop they were to open in Wigmore Street later became major forces in menswear. Among other stallholders were future Marks & Spencer women's wear executive Sheila Brown and Ken Calder, who ran the outlet Ruskin. Shoemaker Johnny Moke was also there with his stall Rowley & Oram, along with an eclectic band comprising such diverse faces as Richard Branson's wife Joan Templeman and Brian "Blinky" Davison, drummer in The Nice.

"Basically, it was anyone who went to the Speakeasy," says Johnson, referring to London's premier music business haunt. "The big look of the market became canvas zipper jackets, Budgie jackets [named after the style worn by Adam Faith in

OPPOSITE **Cockell & Johnson: "They wanted a future"**



Cockell & Johnson

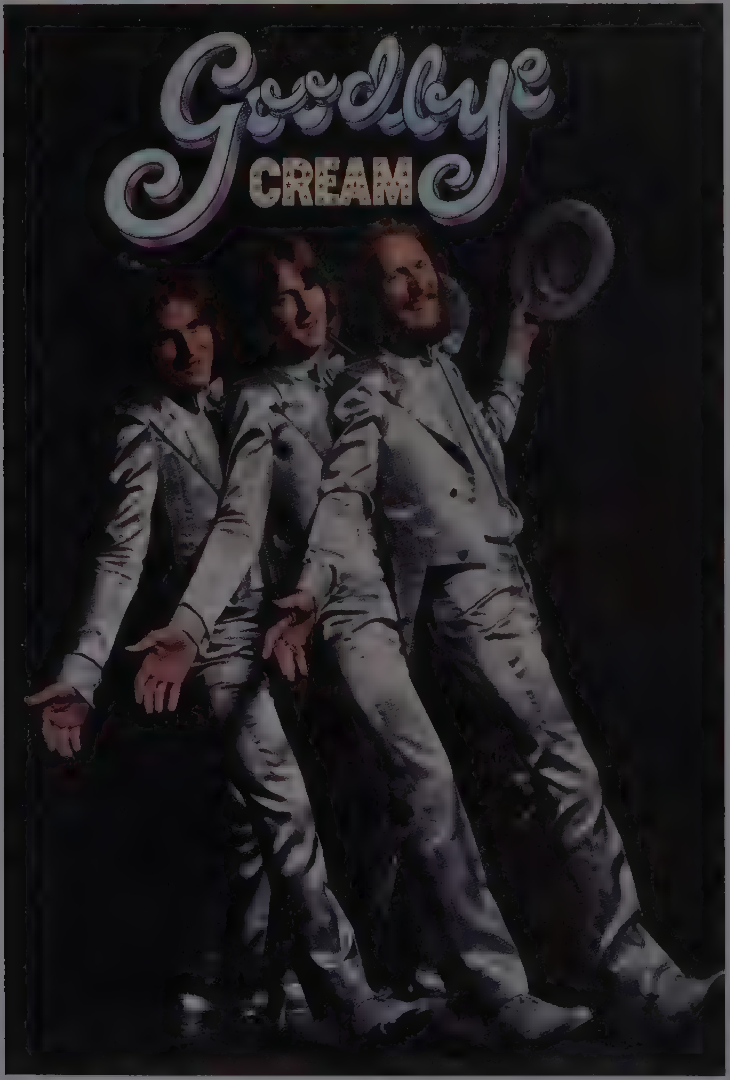
Clothiers Est. 1968

126-127 Kensington Market London W8.

COCKELL AND JOHNSON

and the clothes no one else can sell

It's not that we're hustling super-salesman (far from it). It's just that all the clothes we sell are exclusive to us, designed by us to be just a little special - and without hitting the price stratosphere. That includes velvet jackets, napoleon raincoats, gaberdine trousers and a host of beautiful shirts in every colour and fabric. So come and look them over ...you can be sure you won't find them elsewhere.



the early '70s British TV series of the same name] and step-crotch jeans."

By 1967, Johnson was living in west London, running with a crowd that included the late Chrissie Findlay and her boyfriend, soon-to-be husband Ronnie Wood, who had disbanded r&b band The Birds and was about to flit between The Creation and the Jeff Beck Group before settling in The Faces and eventually the Rolling Stones.

Soon after Cockell & Johnson opened in Kensington Market, the business adopted the name Heavy Metal Kids, selling Newman stovepipe velvet jeans imported from France and tight trousers and leather clothes made by maverick figure Colin Bennett.

Bennett can lay claim to having first created platform boots, though shoe designer Moya Bowler was retailing her platform shoes for women through outlets such as Chic in Hampstead, north London, in 1968. Whatever, Bennett cut a dash in the late '60s decked in cowboy regalia: leather hat, long duster coat, holster and spurs, with a bottle of Jack Daniel's stashed about his person. One day, he decided to complement his get-up by designing a pair of leather platform boots.

Bennett's new footwear became the centre of much interest among the rock cognoscenti. "He really lived the life – still does," says his friend Johnson. "Now he's out in Vermont, making clothes for rodeos. At the Speakeasy, if somebody liked something Colin was wearing, he'd give it to them in exchange for a bottle of whiskey, and once some of the pop stars saw these boots they just had to have a pair."

Hailing from north London, Bennett started making clothes in his early teens and was a shop manager for a branch of John Collier while still at school. After Harrow Art College he cut flared trousers at Colin Wild's Carnaby Cavern for such performers as Englebert Humperdinck, Tom Jones and Mick Fleetwood. "Anyone who wanted trousers the same day came there," he says. "I often made six pairs at a time – no pockets – all they wanted was that silhouette look. The pills certainly helped!"

After a year Bennett moved on to Bona Clouts in Soho's Lexington Street and worked in Hong Kong before becoming part of the Kensington Market scene.

"I had a workroom there called Smith & Jones," he says. "It was a hide-away for me to experiment anonymously and produce one-offs or, at most, six items in a style that usually took a western theme." Along with The Faces, he also supplied custom leather stagewear to Cream, Long John Baldry and Deep Purple's Roger Glover.

In 1974 Bennett, by then living with Georgie Fame's ex Carmen Jiminez, opened his shop Rock Taylor, whose customers included Gary Glitter and Alvin Stardust, and also worked with Frank Ashbourne's T-shirt company Plaza, whose principal designer was Antony Price.

"I still cringe at some of the memories," confesses Bennett. "I was exclusively responsible for making all of that stuff for the Bay City Rollers!" The last commission Bennett received in the UK was for a light tan leather waistcoat for Sid Vicious. "He's wearing it in a shot in a recent documentary," says Bennett. "Maybe Malcolm McLaren was in the hotel room when I showed up with my tape measure, but by then I had the same social problems as they did. At the time I was making clothes for a Bunny Girl called Eve who was murdered in Highgate on the same day as she was to come over for dinner and a fitting at my flat. The consequences of that event ended my career in London permanently. I left for the States for good – better to be a has-been than a never-was!"

At Kensington Market, Heavy Metal Kids' exterior was mocked up like the outside of a submarine. Sprayed silver, with curved corners and fake panelling, it was entered not by a door, but a giant ovoid plug. The interior was neo-Victorian. "A friend painted one end of the stall with the head of Medusa," says Johnson, "and on the other side there was a biker going up to a fairy castle, for some reason. It was very Jules Verne hippy-trippy. The stock fixtures were chests of drawers with clothes spilling out of them."

A year later, the stall moved and changed concept. Brightly coloured velvet suits were now being made for the likes of Wood and Rod Stewart, as artists, musicians and performers started to pour into the market. "Everyone who came in looked like a pop star," says Johnson. "We had people like Unit 4 Plus 2, The Zombies, Keith Richards, Yes, ELP. The Faces used to come round to our flat because Colin Bennett was making made-to-measure trousers and leather jackets for them." Johnson and Bennett designed the cream jacket with brown leather trim that Stewart is wearing on the inner sleeve of his 1970 album Gasoline Alley.

One day, Mercury dropped by to invite his fellow stallholders to a showcase gig by his band, whose name was changing to Queen. "We burst out laughing," says Johnson. "I told him I thought it was a bloody awful name and would never work."

Another regular at the market was Jimi Hendrix, who became friendly with Moke and bought items from his stall. Moke was so named because of his obsession with his car, a Mini Moke: "I had this model girlfriend, Denise. I forget her second name – it was a long time ago. She'd make the clothes and I'd buy the fabrics from Pontings [a nearby old-fashioned department store]."

Again, the Speakeasy effect was at work. "We'd have yellow and pink velvet trousers, and somebody like Ronnie Wood would ask to have a pair made. That's how it really started," says Moke. "I got to know Hendrix pretty well in 1968. I had a 26in waist, and I made him some trousers and he had a 30in waist, which I thought was huge at the time." Hendrix wore Moke's striped and multi-coloured corduroy trousers at the Monterey Pop Festival. In the late '90s, they fetched more than £1,000 at auction.

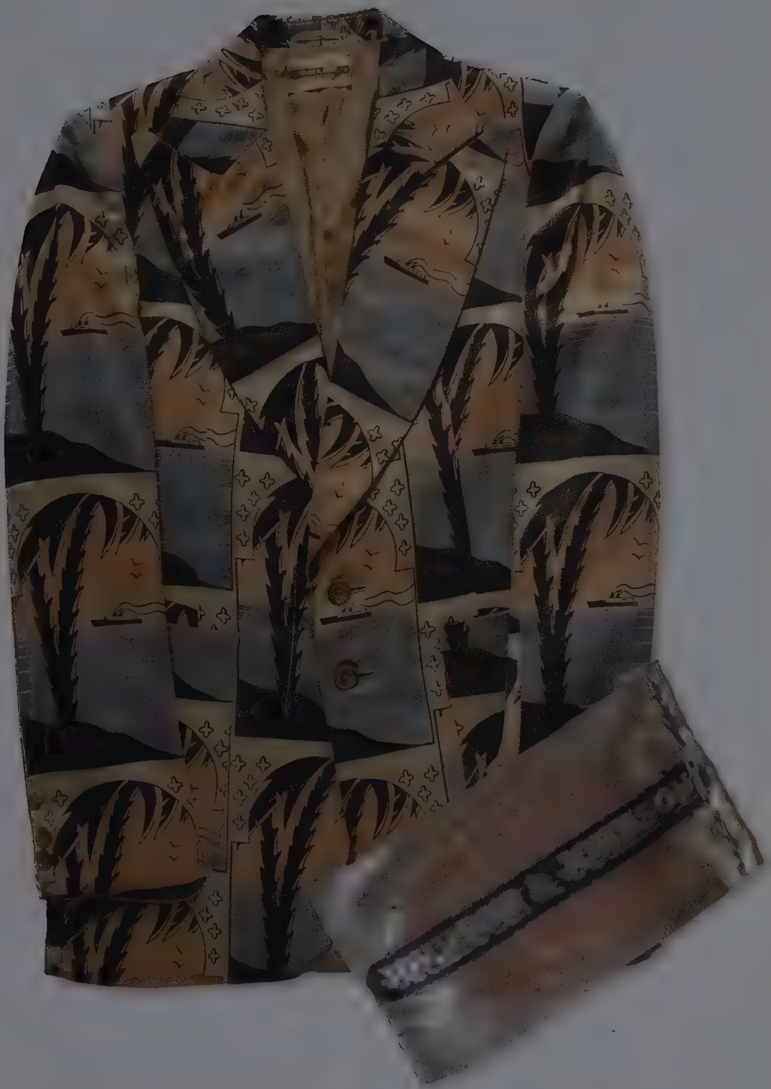
"We were making clothes for everybody. There was no difference between what people wore on stage and on the street," says Moke, whose own appearance became increasingly outrageous. "My hair was long and dyed red, yellow, purple and green. I had a red snakeskin jacket, snakeskin boots and these trousers with no pockets to make them extra skin-tight."

Among Moke's suppliers was his pal Terry de Havilland, who contributed snakeskin, three-tiered wedge sandals that were bought by Bianca Jagger, David and Angie Bowie and Anita Pallenberg.

At one stage, Moke's stall took on a theme based on an Enid Blyton cartoon character. "Everything was Noddy in Toyland," he laughs. "We had shirts, dungarees, everything with him printed on it. Then these friends brought back Mickey Mouse watches and T-shirts from America, so we sold those." Moke also created Rupert The Bear-style tartan trousers out of children's curtain material, and supplied keyboard wizard Keith Emerson with a metallic green-and-blue snakeskin suit and Marc Bolan with a sailor suit made out of a pair of '30s pyjamas.

By the early '70s, many of the prime movers at the market had begun to move on. Moke joined the exodus, opening the Hollywood Clothes Shop in Fulham, west London, as a tribute to the golden age of movies. "I spent a lot of time at the National Film Theatre and the Mayfair Cinema Club watching Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Dietrich, all of those. We'd go to all-nighters and drop acid."

The store was styled like a film set. Its moveable fittings included giant canvases portraying scenes from classic movies, cinema seats were installed and the clothes hung on mannequins of '40s film stars. The store majored in quaintly printed dresses, jackets with shoulder pads and bomber jackets. "This was all pre-Saint Laurent; they lifted the whole collection from us," claims Moke of the Paris fashion house's '40s revival in 1970. "I found a shop selling old elastic which hadn't been used since the '50s, so we had these bomber



TOP LEFT **Rod Stewart, Gasoline Alley, 1970, in a jacket made by Colin Bennett and Lloyd Johnson**

LEFT **Cream's "farewell" suits made by Colin Bennett**

ABOVE **Lloyd Johnson's "sea cruise" jacket, 1971**

JOHNSON'S BABY
ELAINE KINGETT
SEP 1975

ABOVE Johnson & Johnson's stall as featured in *Honey* magazine, 1975

jackets with elastic cuffs and waists. But this is how stupid I was: I decided not to do them in leather. Later, people made millions out of leather bombers."

Jackets came in Prince Of Wales check featuring bold colours, such as pink or blue, with suede yokes. One became a favourite of George Harrison, who continued to wear it well into the '90s, and the shop's clientele also included Fleetwood Mac and Ginger Baker as the '40s look took off across the Western world. "Everything about the '70s was the '40s, if you think about it," says Moke. "People just don't realise it, but that's where all those wide shoulders and platforms came from." But Moke's restless spirit got the better of him, and the Hollywood Clothes Shop closed in 1972 when he "became a gypsy", living in a caravan for a while before buying a farm. He would return to the business within a few years, but Johnson and Moke are both modernists who, at that time, opted to take the dandy hippy route in terms of lifestyle and the clothes they sold.

There were smarter alternatives to the Kenny Market style: two-button velvet jackets and other clothes influenced by continental Europe were popularised by shops such as Squire, Village Gate and Thackerays, along with stricter American designs that continued the lineage of Ivy League. Having cornered the market in imported clothes by operating the Ivy Shop in Richmond, partners John Simons and Jeff Kwintner developed and updated the look at a series of shops, the first of which was Squire, which opened in Soho's Brewer Street in late 1968 and stocked knitwear, thick-soled shoes such as wing-tips and plain-cap shoes, button-down shirts, Harringtons and raincoats.

"Originally, Squire was totally Ivy," says Simons. "There was none of that hairy-flarey stuff around. If we did Prince Of Wales check suits then it would have been to a collegiate cut."

While the first Squire shop catered to former mods wanting to maintain their snappy appearances in the face of the tide of faded denim and long hair, there was growing demand for more contemporary clothes. "The flared look started to come in about 1971, as the lapels and trouser widths got wider, shirt collars became deeper and ties were fatter," says Simons. "The stereotypical thing was the three-piece suit with the concave shoulder. Prior to that, the shoulders were all convex, very American and narrow. Then suddenly the jacket had the pinched waist, there was a tight waistcoat and the trousers were much tighter around the arse. We got some of that stuff from a company called Maya in Paris."

To meet increasing demand, Simons and Kwintner opened a second Squire shop in the King's Road, opposite the fabled Pheasantry restaurant/club, and recruited as manager Richard Young, who had most recently been employed at Just Men where he bought military-style clothing from the likes of Peter Golding. "I sold Just Men some naval bridge coats which were bought by Brian Epstein for The Beatles," says Golding. "I also brought in these striped, button-down madras shirts from India which I sold to Just Men as well."

Having cut his teeth at Sportique and Just Men, Young was ready to take centre stage at Squire. "I basically took over the basement and made it my world, selling the clothes I was into," he says. "I'd discovered these Shetland cardigans – short, with belts – which sold really well, along with velvet trousers and the two-button jackets."

Simons confirms: "That was totally Richard's place, that basement. The look was massive – very French, with the slightly backcombed hair. It just exploded in the '70s."

The line's popularity prompted Simons and Kwintner to launch a separate brand in 1971 with a shop in Soho's Old Compton Street called Village Gate, named after the legendary New York club and betraying their modern jazz roots. Business was bright enough within a couple of years to open a second Village Gate, again on the King's Road. "We opened that one in 1973, and I lived above it," says Simons. "It was a great place to have a pad. We had all the pop stars in, and there were parties everywhere, with people like Sammy Davis Jnr, Dudley Moore and Marty Feldman dropping by all the time."

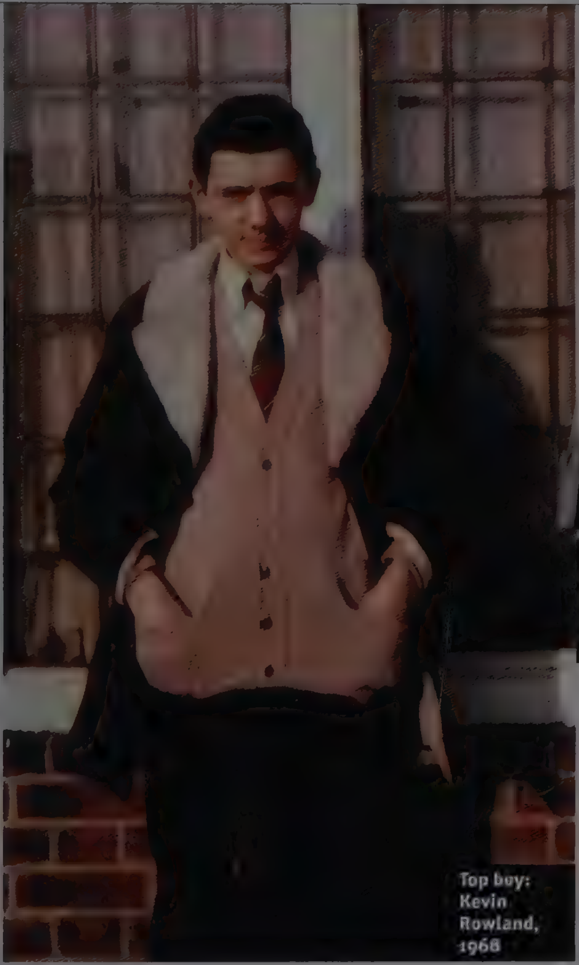
The success of Squire and Village Gate spurred on such operators as high-street chain Take 6, which had been launched on the back of the Carnaby boom by Essex-based suburban outfit Brent & Collins, to mass-market the look.

Kwintner and Simons split their partnership around 1973, with the former going for broke with the flagship Village Gate store in London's Oxford Street, and Simons retaining the Ivy Shop before opening a store under his own name in Covent Garden. Here he has established himself as the UK's premier purveyor of American and Ivy League clothes. Just ask his customers, who include Paul Weller, style writer/broadcaster Robert Elms and Dexys Midnight Runners' main man and solo artist Kevin Rowland.

Rowland first entered a Simons establishment (the Squire shop in Soho) in October 1968, as he describes opposite in his essay on the "great lost look" of the '60s, which was corrupted by the media into the lowest common denominator style – which became known as skinhead.

"THE GREAT LOST LOOK"

This is Kevin Rowland's story, about the great lost look of 1968, the strongest thing he ever saw.



Top boy: Kevin Rowland, 1968

Rowland and his friend Kevin Fagan in trilbys

Contrary to popular opinion, the original skinhead thing was not a numbskull fashion movement, but as sophisticated as any British youth cult, and more underground and subtle than most. It was misunderstood, and that was largely down to its media portrayal.

"Peanuts" was the first word I heard used to describe them, pre-1969. It was a mod thing to begin with, and definitely came out of that. The expression Top Mod was used as a compliment, as in, "That's smart," about a look or an item of clothing. I can remember kids in school in Willesden saying that in 1966. They would later go on to be what the media called skinheads.

I was 13 in 1966 and the top boys in Harrow (where I lived), Willesden and Wembley were at least a couple of years older than me and looked great; they mostly wore long, gabardine, single-breasted, fly-fronted raincoats (usually navy, sometimes beige, occasionally off-white) with fine, long-sleeved, crew-neck lamb's wool sweaters, often maroon or bottle green. V-necks would be in the same colours, but usually sleeveless. They also wore parallel trousers with four pleats, and had short, smart College Boy haircuts. They tended to walk or stand around with their hands behind their backs, leaning forward, a little like Liam Gallagher does now on stage. Some of them would also stand that way when they were in a dance. There were a couple of mod walks; that was one of them and the other is actually too difficult to describe. Both of them were used by those who were later called skinheads.

Sometimes suits were worn, or the suit jacket with a pair of Levi's 501s. The jackets were long, three-button, and only the top button would be done up, or maybe the top two. The jackets had single nine-inch to 12-inch vents and were waisted. There would be a breast pocket and three outside pockets (two hip and one ticket pocket) all with sloping flaps, about an inch-and-a-half to two inches high.

You couldn't buy such a suit off the peg, so they were made to order, often by the likes of Burton's or John Collier's, usually in lightish-weight fabrics and in beige, Lovatt green, fawn, and sometimes dark colours such as chocolate brown or bottle green. Ties were striped. This is what the older, coolest guys in Harrow were wearing in 1968; five years earlier, they would have been mods listening to black music, bluebeat and soul.

This led into the fashion that was all over London. On a visit to a juvenile court in the Elephant and Castle the same year, I saw one sitting awaiting his sentence, smoking a fag. When we returned from holiday on the south coast on a hot '68 night, from the back seat of my dad's car I saw loads of them, sitting outside on their stoops in Bermondsey.

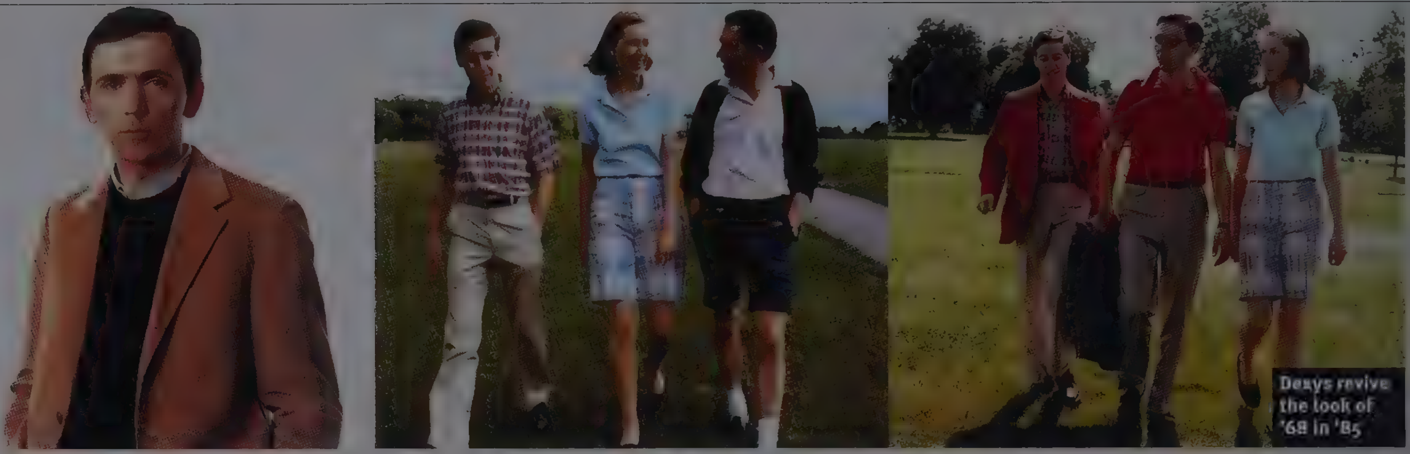
By now they were wearing Frank Sinatra-style trilby hats. I was only 15 in 1968, so I'm no expert, but I'd left school, was working and going out at night in different parts of London, massively interested in what was happening, clothes and culture-wise. I've read so much rubbish about this period, written by people who obviously don't really understand clothes or fashion, or the cutting edge of working-class culture.

Then it started to change and became very American. The really, really smart dressers (and I can only think of two in Harrow) who had previously, like all the other peanuts, worn the look I described above, started to wear jackets that had off-centre six-inch or even smaller vents, patch pockets with horizontal flaps and raised edging on the seams, and other, American, very conservative gear to go with it.

I was first introduced to this all-out American look in October 1968, when a guy who was way ahead of the pack, Tim Brennan, took me to the Squire shop in Brewer Street, Soho. When I first saw a pair of wing-tip Royals (the plain caps were called GIs) I was shocked, because I'd been told I was being taken to this shop where the smartest dressers went and, up to that point, fashionable had meant dainty and petite. But these shoes were awkward, cumbersome-looking, with big soles and heels. They were ugly, but I recognised they were also beautiful. They were outrageously expensive, too – £6/19s/6d, a week's wages for a lot of men. The shoes turned me on, they were so incredibly well made.

Royals were a brand manufactured in the UK by Timpsons for export to America. The wing tips were similar to English brogues, but the perforations

WEST HERTS COLLEGE
Teaching & Learning Resources Service



Dexys revive the look of '68 in '85

continued right the way around the shoe, to the back seam, rather than tapering off at the side, and the wing centre point was much more elongated. The soles were very thick and had an extra wide welt, measuring almost a quarter of an inch. I had never seen anything like this before! Plain caps were the same, except, of course, without the brogueing. Colours were ox blood and black and they were made from French Cordovan (in other words, horse leather). Both of these styles, but particularly the plain cap, creased in a very attractive way after a few wears, so that the toe turned up, since Cordovan creases in a completely different way to cow's hide.

It was such a clean, beautiful look and it's important to remember that these clothes hadn't really been seen in England before. Harrington jackets, for example, were only seen on *Peyton Place*.

After that day in October '68, I would see the occasional guy who had this all-out American look; immaculately pressed American trousers (usually no pleats), with a one-inch turn-up – the trousers would be worn short just like the Yanks, big, beautiful shoes, a very short GI haircut, a Careers Club shirt (button-down soft collar, half sleeves in the summer) worn slightly baggy, with a loose pleat at the back, and perhaps a Harrington, or a cardigan. Trousers would be held up with clip-on braces.

In the spring of '69 I saw some boys who had this look but their hair was either shaved off completely, or so short that, if the hair was fair, it gave the impression of baldness. As I've already said, this wasn't a numbskull look, as was later reported in the media (though that delusion still lives on today), but a brilliant fashion statement.

It was exactly the haircut that GIs and very conservative Americans (astronauts, for example) were wearing at the time. But it had a real beauty, and against the background of the last gasps of "Swinging London" in 1969, it was completely and utterly outrageous and wild. You couldn't read about this in any magazines because it was underground. To me, those long-haired, West End types looked ridiculously old-fashioned and stupid. I was so pleased to be a part of what was happening right now. I was aware that this was the cutting edge, and that this was our time, just like the mods and Teds had had their times previously.

The really, really cool boys in London, who were way, way ahead of everyone else (and I can only think of one in Harrow) would have their hair slightly longer on the top of the head, parted low and neatly dressed over to one side. I cannot explain to you how fucking wild and daring this was! It was basically a beautiful, American, almost short-back-and-sides haircut, which tapered into nothing at the back. The vast majority of young people in 1969, seeing someone who looked like this, would immediately write them off as a total square, so it was a very brave look and quite revolutionary. This is where the "skinhead" thing was actually going, this is the true meaning of that much-misused term "suedehead", this is what "skinhead" would have developed into if it had survived the soon-to-come media hype which delivered it a quick death. And this is the look I later used for the Dexys' third album, Don't Stand Me Down.

This is what the style leaders, the REALLY cool ones, numbering only a handful, were wearing. I was so excited about this look. I remember thinking about it at night as I lay in my bed, barely able to sleep for excitement. I was on my way to it, but my hair was always a problem.

Trilby hats were worn with traditionally cut, single-breasted, three-quarter-length sheepskin coats (which were previously viewed as very conservative) or Crombies, three-quarter-length gentlemen's top coats. Some were made by the Scottish company Crombie, but eventually the word became the generic term for these coats, which were always single-breasted and usually navy.

Often coats and hats would be kept on while dancing. This gave a good shape. Loafers and Gibsons were introduced to Squire's range in, to the best of my memory, 1969. Gibson is not a brand but a style of shoe, and John Simons, the proprietor of Squire, stocks them still in his Covent Garden shop.

In the summer of '69 it exploded and was everywhere. The factors came together; the beautiful clothes and all those great reggae records – many proclaimed that they listened to reggae exclusively. We would dance in a line, all boys, no girls, to The Return Of Django, Longshot Kick De Bucket. Je T'Aime ... Moi Non Plus was a big one, even though it wasn't reggae. The only time you would dance with a girl was to a slow song. You'd never ask, but simply walk over to her, probably without making eye contact, put your arm around her waist and start dancing.

The other thing that's hard to understand now, for anybody who wasn't there, is that this was a different era, with a completely different outlook. This was a very young thing. Sixteen was THE age. Even guys who were about 18 or 19 were pretty much past it. We knew it and they knew it (some would be openly condescending to us, but I knew they were jealous. We were it. They had been it, now it was our turn). We would be out dancing, pulling the birds, they'd be in the pubs. No doubt about it, 16 was THE age. You would be free, already working and earning money, but as yet without responsibilities. In those days, you were expected to be engaged at about 19, 21 at the latest, and married by 23. Many were married at 21. The thinking was that you were entitled to "a bit of fun" while you were young. After that, it was time to grow up, settle down, be serious. Anyway, it was an incredible summer.

The first newspaper article about all this appeared in the *Daily Mirror* at the beginning of September 1969. One of my work colleagues told me about it. I hadn't been at work that day and hadn't bought the paper (everyone read the *Mirror* in those days). I was so excited at first. My friend promised to bring the article in for me the next day. He did, and I was disappointed. The article included a drawing of a youth with cropped hair, dressed in a T-shirt, braces, jeans and big boots. The headline read, "This is a skinhead". After my initial disappointment, I dwelt on the positive. This was the first time anything I'd been involved in had received serious recognition. Now I could identify with something, something I was involved in which was making the national papers. I'd only heard the word skinhead once previously. A really well-dressed kid from Richmond (home of John Simons' Ivy Shop) said it to another short-haired youth. It was a jokey, slightly derogatory term, not serious, as in "Oy skinhead", as in "Oy mate" or "Alright John" (another popular phrase of the time, whether your name was John or not).

The numbskull caricature was, in fact, the beginning of a pretty swift end. The newspaper articles came thick and fast – the *Sunday Times*, the *Daily Mail* – and I was later told by a friend from Harrow that the "skinheads" who gave interviews to the press had subsequently been "kicked to fuck". This puzzled and upset me. It's only with hindsight that I can see that, while beating up interviewees was an extreme measure, there is no doubt the publicity ruined things. A slightly younger version of ready-made skinheads – girls, too – appeared overnight. You could buy the whole skinhead kit in high-street shops.

There *were* racist attacks. I read about Asians being beaten up, first in the East End of London and later in the Midlands and the media reported it as: "Skinheads Attack Asians". I don't believe that these incidents took place because the perpetrators had short hair and may have worn fashionable clothes, but because they were racist.

To say that all short-haired youths in '69 were racists is as ridiculous as saying, for example, all black people are great dancers. In actual fact, I believe that generation, and possibly the mods before them, were among the first in Britain to integrate with immigrants. Black music was embraced and listened to pretty much exclusively, while Jamaican culture was seen as cool. Local West Indian kids were viewed as cool by association, sometimes purely because of the fact that they came from the place where all the great music was coming from. I remember a local black kid who had been born in Africa, and to my best knowledge had never even been to the West Indies, yet was so keen to get in on the good vibes floating around that he adopted a broad Jamaican accent and many of the JA mannerisms. No one was any the wiser.

I saw my first grown-out skinhead in the summer of 1970, in a West End club with my girlfriend, and was quite shocked. This guy was wearing wing-tips, parallel trousers and a Careers Club or Ben Sherman shirt, but his hair was long! Then my friend Pany told me about a Chelsea fan who wore skinhead clothes but had grown his hair and undid the buttons on his button-down collar, giving it the look of a West End fashion shirt, which previously would have been most undesirable.

Things started to change, and it was a difficult change, for me anyway. My hair was curly and grew outwards, so cropped hair had suited me perfectly. But what made me sadder still was that the really cool and subtle all-out American look, the one only those who were way out in front were wearing, never came to the fore. It never made it into being even relatively fashionable. The caricature of skinhead had prevented natural development and destroyed all subtlety, so the whole progression had to fizzle and die before it had reached its beautiful peak. This is perhaps one of the reasons I used that look for Don't Stand Me Down in 1985. It had the same effect on me then too, keeping me awake at night.

So, hair was growing, and the shirts were the first to go. People started wearing wide collars and then penny rounds. Before long, the fancy shirts looked wrong with the parallel trousers, so the trousers had to go, and into flares we went. Then came high-heeled boots, polo necks and Budgie jackets. This was 1971, the year of transition. The "hairies" had been wearing this kind of stuff for years, but now we were. Some revisionists now claim this look was suedehead, but they are completely wrong. Once I'd sorted the hair out with a blow-drier and straightening tongs, it was fun getting all these dandified clothes that had previously been out of bounds for us.

It had been a difficult two years, but by 1972 all was sorted out, transition complete. Feather cuts were in, and that summer many ex-"skinheads" wore beads and even headbands on a hot day, half as a joke, but with some seriousness (or maybe I read too much into it). Again, it's hard to explain this, but it seemed to be a cool fashion statement, since it was at such an opposite to where we had been.

Before long, another kind of short hair would be in fashion. But that's another story.

Rowland: "That's another story"

14

“THE MASS MARKET CAME, BUT ONLY TO LOOK”

The nostalgia-inspired femininity and frippery of Biba commanded a powerful commercial and media presence in the late ’60s. By the time the owners, husband-and-wife team Barbara Hulanicki and Stephen Fitz-Simon, opened what was described by the *Sunday Times* as “the most beautiful store in the world” in Kensington High Street in September 1969, Biba had long been championed by such UK pop personalities as Cilla Black, *Ready Steady Go!* presenter Cathy McGowan and quintessential ’60s model Twiggy.

Poland-born Hulanicki was a fashion illustrator when Fitz (as he was known) suggested they sold her designs by mail order. Named after Hulanicki’s sister’s nickname, Biba was featured in the *Daily Mirror* in the summer of 1964, when fashion editor Felicity Green picked up on a pink gingham dress called The Barbara. At 25 shillings (£1.10), it was affordable and chic, simple and mod. The dress turned Hulanicki’s life around; within days, Biba was inundated by cheques and postal orders and McGowan began showing off the clothes on her show every week.

The first Biba store opened at 87 Abingdon Road, Kensington, on September 7 1964, staffed by young girls wearing white make-up, fringed hairstyles, mini-skirts and low-cut pumps, while “their matchstick legs were encased in pale tights”, as Hulanicki wrote in her memoir, *From A To Biba*.

In March 1965, Twiggy was whisked to Abingdon Road the day after she was talent-spotted by Justin de Villeneuve. “Biba’s was a knockout,” said the model in her autobiography. “I’d never seen anything like it before. I loved the clothes, and I loved the dark mahogany screens everywhere.”

Hulanicki lays claim to having created the first fashion T-shirt by adapting a traditional women’s vest, “with very high armholes and a skinny body”, and Biba also dyed the woollen scarves and hats favoured by football fans and made them female fashion accessories. A move to nearby Church Street in 1966 heralded the installation of the Biba art deco look, with a logo created by Tony Little, later to form interior design company Osborne & Little. This store carried the full range, from feather boas and broad-brimmed hats to underwear and gloves.

Biba’s customers included actresses Mia Farrow, Barbra Streisand, Marianne Faithfull and Samantha Eggar, while Yoko Ono bought a smock dress to cut up in a live-television art performance.

On his first day in London in September 1966, *Oz* founder Richard Neville paid a visit. He recalled in his book *Hippy Hippy Shake* that Biba was “a jungle of Art Nouveau [which] throbbed with The Animals, cash registers and skimpily clad women … the further we ventured down the stairs, the skimpier the attire. We stumbled into the communal changing room where the floor was knee-deep in lingerie. The air was tinged with the perfumes of Araby, and a whiff of hashish. OK, maybe it was incense. Frilly underwear hung from hat stands and bare breasts glimmered from between the potted plants. I nearly fainted …”

Biba expanded rapidly as Kensington was subject to an influx of fashion stores. They included next-door neighbour Crumble, run by Stephen Nardelli, the former vocalist for psych-pop band The Syn who went on to open King’s Road outlets Blueberry Hill and Naked Grape.

Soon there was a Biba branch in the seaside resort of Brighton and on September 16 1969 Fitz and Hulanicki financed the move to a large space on the north side of Kensington High Street by taking on investors, including garment manufacturer Dennis Day and high-street retailer Dorothy Perkins. The 5,000 square foot basement in the new store was modelled after a conservatory, and the wallpaper was based on stained glass windows in St Paul’s Cathedral. Accessories were placed on painted pub tables, pillars were sprayed gold and there was a gallery in cream and pink with velvet chaises longues. Hulanicki proceeded to stock children’s wear, and then started a cosmetics range that was sold in 30 countries, through Dorothy Perkins outlets in the UK and Fiorucci in Italy.

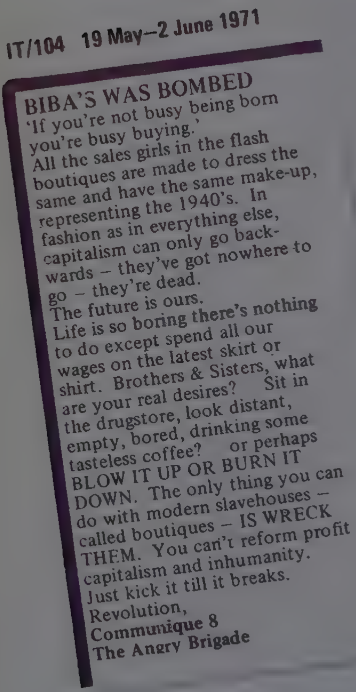
Biba’s carefully cultivated and opulent image was not to everyone’s taste. In 1971, the anarchist Angry Brigade bombed the store as a protest against fashion’s enslavement of women. Undeterred, and with a rack of licensing deals around

OPPOSITE **“Biba’s was a knockout.” Abingdon Road, Kensington, London, 1965**

BIBA

RIGHT 1973: One of 12 shop windows at Big Biba

BELOW *IT*, 1971: Biba bombed



IT/104 19 May–2 June 1971

BIBA'S WAS BOMBED
'If you're not busy being born
you're busy buying.'
All the sales girls in the flash
boutiques are made to dress the
same and have the same make-up,
representing the 1940's. In
fashion as in everything else,
capitalism can only go backwards – they've got nowhere to
go – they're dead.
The future is ours.
Life is so boring there's nothing
to do except spend all our
wages on the latest skirt or
shirt. Brothers & Sisters, what
are your real desires? Sit in
the drugstore, look distant,
empty, bored, drinking some
tasteless coffee? or perhaps
BLOW IT UP OR BURN IT
DOWN. The only thing you can
do with modern slavehouses –
called boutiques – IS WRECK
THEM. You can't reform profit
capitalism and inhumanity.
Just kick it till it breaks.
Revolution,
Communique 8
The Angry Brigade

the world (including one with Bergdorf Goodman in America), Hulanicki and Fitz embarked on the venture that would prove their undoing: taking over the huge, 40,000 square foot Derry & Toms department store on the opposite side of the road; the 500-seater Rainbow Room, complete with stage and restaurant; and a roof garden, all of which opened as Big Biba in the late summer of 1973.

The building was acquired via a deal with property company British Land, which forked out £4 million for the site. Big Biba – "the zenith of the nostalgia craze" according to design expert Bevis Hillier – sold not only clothes but also domestic items from baked beans to curtains, and was arguably the most ambitious project ever undertaken by a fashion retailer. All products carried the distinctive Biba brand in '30s gold and black, and the company even provided a banqueting service.

Hillier outlined the excess in the *Sunday Times* in September 1973: a Rennie Mackintosh-style skyscraper cabinet containing slimming foods; a giant Warhol/Campbell's soup can racked with tins of soup; plastic palm trees and leopardskin print wastepaper baskets; a rewoven carpet with an "ominous" SS design; "The Casbah", which sold Egyptian henna, Maja soap and Chambeli hair oil, amidst large furry toy lions and stuffed cobras. There was also "The Kitsch Room" (mis-spelt "Kitch") where one could buy ashtrays in the shape of miniature lavatories and Tretchikoff paintings.

The Roof Garden, with designs courtesy of sculptor Andrew Logan, hosted album launch parties, and artists from the New York Dolls, Manhattan Transfer and Cockney Rebel to George Melly, The Kinks and the Pointer Sisters used the Rainbow Room for showcase gigs.

Among the customers was Susan Ballion from Chislehurst, later to transform herself into style icon Siouxsie Sioux. Her proudest Biba purchase was a Chinese dress in black and gold and a slit running up one side seam.

"Biba was our Mecca, a teenage womb," recalled designer Helen Storey, who started visiting the store at the age of 13. "We would go whenever we could. We sat for hours behind its blackened windows ... posing on soft, fat sofas. Biba made me want to grow up fast, to earn, to spend, to buy a piece of the feeling I had when I was inside that shop. Like coming out of a nightclub into the drab of the day, the idea of facing my teens without it was unthinkable."

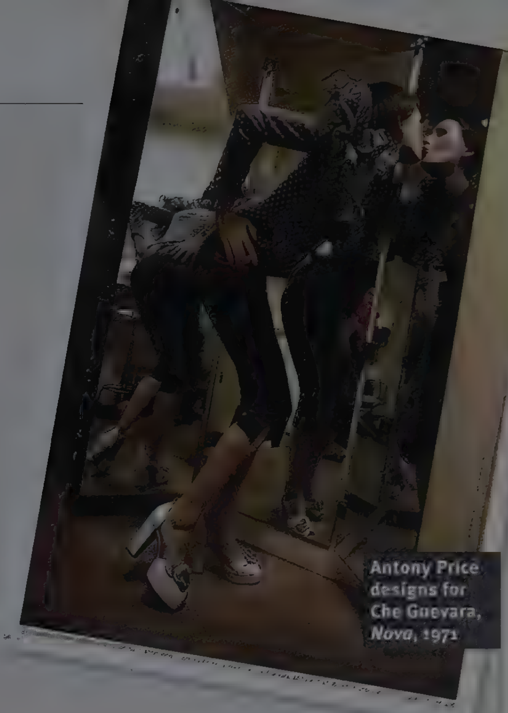
Sadly, Storey was the exception rather than the rule. Most visitors went to Big Biba out of idle curiosity, to gawp at the splendour or indulge in the shoplifting opportunities afforded by the store's cavernous nature.

"Big Biba started with the idea of selling the complete Them taste – jokes with everything – to a mass market but ended as a venue rather than a shop," wrote Peter York in *Harpers & Queen*. "The mass market came, but only to look. By then Biba's obvious camp had played itself out." Economic factors – a three-day working week, the collapse of the property market and growing industrial action in 1974 – posed an insurmountable threat to a business whose financial health was already precarious. "For the first six weeks, everything ran like clockwork," was Hulanicki's memorable phrase.

After that came a long, agonising slide, exacerbated by fierce disputes between the founders and British Land. Hulanicki was banned from entering the store and a series of cost-saving changes failed to increase turnover. Soon ornate fittings that had been specially commissioned were auctioned off and piles of clothes were dumped unceremoniously on the floors during the closing-down sale of 1975. "When it folded, it was just this massive store with hardly anything in it," says customer and former Sex Pistols bassist Glen Matlock. "The kids' section had been done up like Sleeping Beauty's castle, with a figurine of her laid out on the bed. Later on, when we played Andrew Logan's party, he had it all stacked up around us at his warehouse. He'd obviously taken it back there."

There have been several attempts to revive the Biba name, most recently in the mid-'90s, but all have failed. Hulanicki now lives in America, where she operates boutique hotels.

Biba was a store of its time, and it's possible that the fashion contribution it made may have been overstated in the light of the hoo-ha surrounding the Derry & Toms fiasco. Certainly, this is the view of rival retailer Tommy Roberts of Mr Freedom, who once utilised the charms of the Rainbow Room to showcase his charges Kilburn & The High Roads: "Biba was not what you'd describe as an award-winning design affair. The dress that everyone goes on about was actually very simple, only two seams and that's it. Also, the menswear was absolutely atrocious, but for the time it was right. Taking ideas from Victoriana or whatever and finding old fabric isn't design. If you want somebody who really changed things, you'd have to look at Ossie Clark. He was the best we ever had."



Antony Price designs for Che Guevara, *Nova*, 1971

"IT LOOKED LIKE THE *TITANIC*"

Long before Che Guevara's image was commodified into a handy icon emblazoned on T-shirts, mouse mats and coffee mugs, the revolutionary's name was associated in fashion circles with one of the most stunning stores of the early '70s.

Situated close to Biba in Kensington High Street, the shop was a riot of deco silver and black, commissioned by owner Dave Shimeld – known to all as Dave Che – and put into effect by designers Antony Price and Jane Whiteside, who worked for his sleeping partners Stirling Cooper.

Price and Whiteside also contributed opulent, '50s-style dresses, one of which was worn by Kari-Ann Moller for the cover shoot by Karl Stoecker for Roxy Music's eponymous 1972 debut album.

"Jane and I put the whole thing together," says Price of the store's interior. "The whole thing looked like the inside of the *Titanic*. There were carpets with black stripes, lampshades on the counter, black Formica everywhere, black and green fans."

But for a "lucky break" experienced by Shimeld a few years earlier, Che Guevara would never have come into being. Born and raised in north London's Kentish Town, by 1967 he was a 21-year-old carpenter/joiner/shopfitter with no fashion connections beyond a cousin by marriage who worked in the huge Lord John store in Oxford Street.

"He mentioned to me that they needed some help, so I went in and worked on fitting the shop out and bingo! That's all it took," says Shimeld over cocktails in the beach resort he owns overlooking St Lucia's idyllic Marigot Bay. "I knew then I wanted to be in this world.

"Working at Lord John led me into the West End, and one day I heard about this place in Kensington Market where the guy had stopped turning up. So I decided to take it over, even though I didn't know the difference between a skirt and a frock. It was alluring, the smell of the joss sticks and all these girls in see-through shirts."

Shimeld named the shop Che Guevara after seeing an article on the rebel leader in the second edition of underground magazine *Oz*. "The name just hit me," he says. "I don't think I even read the article, just thought it had a ring to it."

Within a few days of opening he discovered the value of "cabbage" – the rag trade term for extra clothes made from offcuts. "You'd go to Eastcastle Street and Great Portland Street and have a look around. If there were bundles of cloth in the bins you knew they were manufacturing, so you'd ask, 'Got any cabbage?' If they'd been asked to make, say, 100 shirts they'd work the cloth so 120 could be produced. Those extra 20 would be the cabbage, rolling green, a little bit of bunce in the pocket."

Shimeld even sold cabbage made from fabrics produced for the likes of Ossie Clark. "The only time there was a problem was if one was nicked from the shop, which did happen because thievery was big in Kenny Market," says Shimeld. "Then I'd be in trouble if the design turned up somewhere else."

But the stall was also targeted by pro-Guevara activists. "One morning we were invaded by the bunch of demonstrators who'd wrapped themselves in white sheets with fake blood daubed on their cheeks," says Shimeld. "They were shouting and complaining that I was making money off a man who was an anti-capitalist, and took their demo up into the High Street. Everyone came along to see what was happening thinking it was a publicity stunt – that was one of my busiest days ever. I even asked them to come back the following week!"

By the late '60s Shimeld was living the life, hanging out with such other Kensington Market inhabitants as Lloyd Johnson at local haunts the Greyhound and Lulu's. "Both being Geminis, we found it very easy to go crazy together," says Shimeld. "We'd be staggering around in flying helmets, leather jackets and jodhpurs, behaving in an extremely wild manner, pouring beers over each other and ripping the collars off people's shirts."

A Speakeasy regular, Shimeld witnessed Elton John's residency as he launched his solo career. "I had three or four good years in the market and then the opportunity arose to take over what had been the Unigate Dairy in Kensington High Street," he says.

This was a quite a leap – opposite the Royal Garden Hotel, the premises were on two levels, but Shimeld's solid bond with Stirling Cooper provided him with the leverage. "I had a great relationship with Ronnie Stirling and Geoff Cooper, all of them," he says. "Jane Whiteside was a kind of an Honor Blackman figure, very stunning and quite aloof with this old black Porsche called Polly. She was a fantastic designer. She came up with beautiful dresses and those maxi skirts with the buttons all the way down in double-knit jersey."

Shimeld retained the dairy's huge glass windows, on to which was painted a giant scrolled Che Guevara logo. Inside, half-circle rails were curved and screwed back to the wall, and the fittings were originally in brown.

The stock included knitwear and lines by the likes of Ossie Clark, Stirling Cooper, Erica Budd and Wendy Dagworthy. "People had money to spend on clothes and they wanted to look right, so the policy was to keep the price up and people would buy it. And they did," grins Shimeld. "A hand-knitted top would be £60."

After a couple of good years, Che Guevara expanded into the premises next door, and it is then that the store took on its *Titanic*-style interior. "At the entrance there were blasts of cold air and lilies everywhere," says Shimeld. "It was almost hypnotic having that smell wafting through the place."

A cascade of living flowers was trailed on the steps of a black Formica staircase leading to the lower level, which featured an 8ft-wide waterfall. The lighting lent itself to the leafy green and black interior, while the ceiling was pink. "It was," as Shimeld says, "very art deco."

When the three-day week kicked in during the economic troubles of 1973, Shimeld began to feel the pinch. "I even had to get a generator chained to the lamp-post outside to keep the lights on," he says. "That killed a lot of people and certainly helped lead to my shop's demise. You can't survive under conditions like that when the rents are so high."

The shop and brand name were sold to an operator who opened up a chain of Che Guevaras in suburban towns. Shimeld continued in the rag trade for a while, becoming involved in running Plaza on the King's Road. Then, in the late '70s, he launched a series of central London wine bars and restaurants. In the '90s Shimeld, ever the adventurer, upped sticks to the Caribbean, but he still looks fondly back on his time in the harum-scarum rag trade and "that wonderful shop with its lilies and *Titanic* lampshades".

15

“DEVASTATING AND VERY NEW”

On a barge moored in the network of canals of London's Little Venice in the spring of 1966, Ossie Clark held a stunning show of his latest ethereal creations for the shop Quorum. It was a natural step for the music-mad Clark to draw on the energy and showmanship of rock, and by doing so he was heralding a new era for the fashion business. Out went the snooty staged ceremony established over decades by the giant European houses in favour of a “happening”, according to his textile-designing wife, Celia Birtwell.

“That's the only way I can describe it,” says the soft-spoken Birtwell at the premises of her charming fabrics and furnishings business in Notting Hill. “It was a happening. We'd actually had one at the Revolution club a few months earlier, but that Little Venice show really changed everything, even down to what types of models were used. Ossie was the first to have black models wearing his clothes and soon everyone else followed.”

Granny Takes A Trip founder John Pearse concurs: “Ossie Clark's shows were amazing. They would put anything you see today to shame – Alexander McQueen, anybody – if he had half the budget they have now.”

Designer Antony Price mourns the fact that there is virtually no surviving evidence of these extravaganzas, which took place at sites such as the Chelsea townhouse built for Augustus John in 1972, rock venue Dingwall's Dance Hall in Camden Lock in 1973 and Chelsea's Royal Court Theatre in 1974. “They were devastating and very new and very rock business,” he says, “very different to little ladies dragging fur coats. The models were stoned on the catwalk in these amazing outfits.

“He did about 10 shows, some in Paris, but I went through *Vogue*'s archive and they covered him twice, which is criminal because he was the most influential of us all and really made the whole rock music thing happen. He wore eccentric, fabulous clothes himself, and was at the centre of that whole scene in Ladbroke Grove, with people like Miss Hockney floating around stoned in blue-silver [Buick] Rivieras.”

Over and above such connections existed Clark's love for music. “Ossie was mad about it,” says Birtwell. “In the '60s, he'd buy six records a week and we'd listen to them all the time: Cream, Crosby, Stills & Nash, The Beatles. I can remember putting together my first collection to Sgt Pepper; it was very important to us.”

Clark had long been mixing in music and art circles – one of his Royal College of Art contemporaries was artist David Hockney, another was designer Zandra Rhodes and an early girlfriend was Jenny Dearden – “the ultimate '60s rock chick with long blond hair and purple crushed-velvet trouser suit”, according to Birtwell. Dearden later worked in Quorum and married Small Faces frontman Steve Marriott.

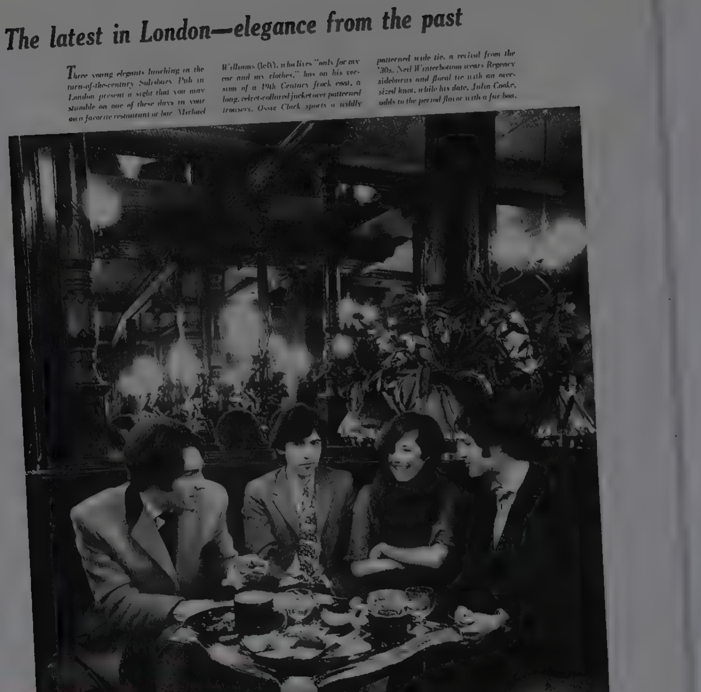
Clark's first substantial media coverage arrived in 1965, just after he left the RCA, when his final show featured such designs as a white PVC coat with flashing lights.

His *entrée* proper into the London fashion world came via Quorum, which clothes-maker Alice Pollock opened in the cobbled Kensington back alley Ansdell Street in 1964. “She was selling all these lacy things and children's clothes and really needed a designer with strong ideas, which is what she found in Ossie,” says Birtwell. “I only had one piece as part of his first collection, a scarf with a cubist print into which I poured everything I had.”

Meanwhile, music permeated Clark's life and informed his work. As editor of his diaries, his friend Henrietta Rous wrote in 1998: “Ossie was the first designer to fuse rock music and fashion, and this wild combination seared into contemporary consciousness.”

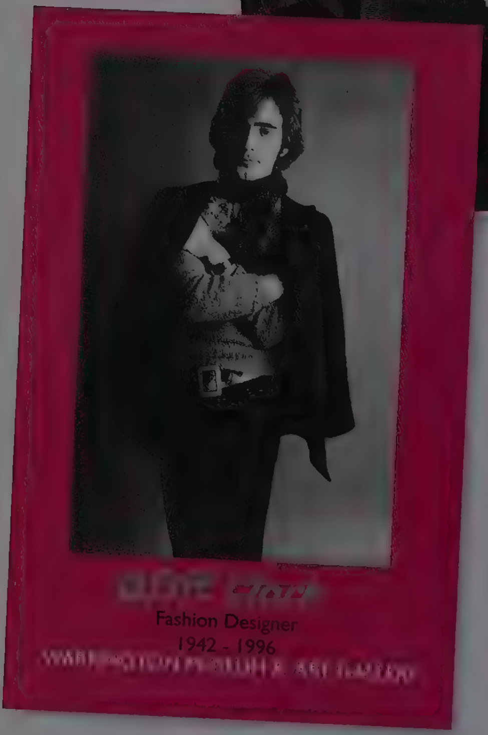
He was an intimate of the rock aristocracy, having excitedly attended The Beatles' 1964 gig at the Hollywood Bowl in Los Angeles as a personal guest of Brian Epstein. There were musical connections everywhere in his life. Lindsay Corner, who worked at Quorum, was the long-term girlfriend of Pink Floyd's Syd Barrett, who was later infatuated with another Quorum employee, “Silly” Gilly Staples. For a spell, Quorum's

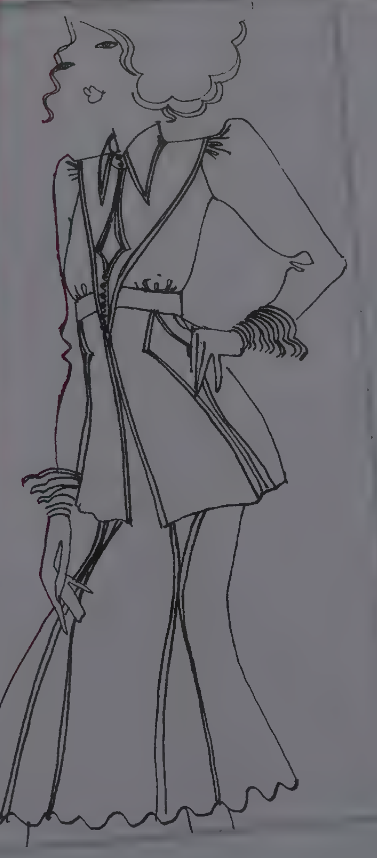
OPPOSITE **Ossie Clark:**
“He was the best we ever had”



The latest in London—elegance from the past

Three young elegants lunching in the turn-of-the-century Salisbury Pub in London present a sight that you may stumble on one of these days in your own favorite restaurant or bar. Michael Williams (left), who lives "only for my car and my clothes," has on his version of a 19th Century frock coat, a long, velvet-collared jacket over patterned trousers. Ossie Clark sports a wildly patterned wide tie, a revival from the '30s. Neil Winterbottom wears Regency sideburns and floral tie with an oversized knot, while his date, Julia Cooke, adds to the period flavor with a fur boa.





TOP Ossie Clark (second left) featured in *Life*, 1966

ABOVE Clark is celebrated in his home town

RIGHT "The perfect mix between sexuality and femininity"

van driver was the man who replaced Barrett in Pink Floyd, guitarist Dave Gilmour.

In the wake of the excitement caused by the Little Venice show, Quorum moved to 52 Radnor Walk, just off the King's Road, in the autumn of 1966. The premises also housed the English Boy model agency, launched by Pollock and Sir Mark Palmer with a mission "to change the image of British manhood and put the boy, as opposed to the girl, on the magazine cover in the future", according to Palmer.

Pointing out that the models "work during the day in boutiques, art schools or films", the *Daily Mail* displayed the line-up of long-haired dandies under the banner headline "British Manhood 1967. For years the image of the Englishman was fixed in the minds of foreigners: long-limbed, ruddy-faced, Empire-ruling, stolid, *safe* ... but in a changing world the pattern changes."

English Boy's roster included 10 women, as well as babies and dogs. Brian Jones and his girlfriend Anita Pallenberg joined the roster, although they never appeared in a fashion shoot (for which their rate would have been 100 guineas an hour). Peter Hinwood, later to appear as Rocky in the film of *The Rocky Horror Show*, was on the books and Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull also signed up, as did Christine Keeler, Kari-Ann Moller (wife of Jagger's brother Chris), Hendrix's girlfriend Linda Keith and Brian Jones' later paramour, Suki Poitier.

PR-ed by Chelita Secunda, the former fashion editor at *Nova* and *Harper's* and wife of band manager Tony Secunda, Quorum established Clark's reputation as a genius in the field of female fashion. With stunning prints provided by Birtwell, his promotion of the difficult bias cut with chiffon dresses and use of *crêpe de chine*, gauze and raw silk, was complemented by distinctly rock 'n' roll clothing such as hot pants, jackets in snakeskin and fitted leather "Rocker" jackets produced by leather maker Mr Kent Of Streatham. A python-skin suit was even modelled by Keith.

"Ossie Clark captured the perfect mix between sexuality and femininity," wrote Stella McCartney in a brochure for the splendid retrospective of the designer's work and life held in 1999 at the Museum & Art Gallery in Warrington, where he attended college.

"Ossie's known as this feminine designer because he was so fantastic at cutting and realising his ideas about how women should dress and what fitted their bodies," says Birtwell, whose contribution to the Clark *oeuvre* cannot be underestimated – her choice of fabrics and prints was as essential as his design and cutting dexterity. "Everyone seems to forget now that he also came up with really hard-looking, rocky clothes. We had these leather bike jackets, like the ones Brando wore in *The Wild One*, in a lot of different colours and materials. They were absolutely beautiful."

The stir caused by Clark's clothes plunged him into a milieu comprising the Chelsea Set, which also included Patti Boyd, model and partner at different times of George Harrison and Eric Clapton. John Lennon and Yoko Ono sent him flowers and best wishes for one of the most spectacular Quorum shows, at Chelsea Town Hall in 1969, where the music was organised by Tony Howard, later to become T.Rex manager and Pink Floyd agent.

"Ossie was good company, a shy guy with a great image which is why everyone used to swoon around him," says Dave "Che" Shimeld, who stocked Clark designs in his shop Che

Guevara and visited the Quorum workshop in Radnor Walk regularly. "He was quite retiring but we used to go out and tug on a couple of joints like anyone else at the time. I don't remember him doing anything harder than that."

"When I first met him, he was actually quite camp," says Birtwell of the bisexual Clark, "but as the '60s wore on, he started to grow his hair and wear those big leather belts and look quite macho in his own way. He really looked as much like a rock star as the people who came to our shop, and I think that side of his life took over his persona to a certain extent."

In 1970 those present at the Quorum show in Chelsea included Hendrix and photographer Cecil Beaton. In 1972 Clark's status was confirmed by his appearance in Hockney's portrait Mr And Mrs Clark And Percy, voted by the BBC in 2005 as one of Britain's most popular paintings. It now hangs in Tate Briton. His reinvention of the '30s bias-cut dress has been an enduring influence, notably on such contemporary designers as John Galliano.

When Al Radley acquired Quorum in 1969, both Pollock and Clark designed for his label, though the former's creations were not as successful commercially and are relatively rare these days.

"Ossie was such a brilliant, brilliant designer that everything he made sold," says Shimeld of Clark at the peak of his powers. "He did things like giving his designs names – there was the Gemini dress, the Lamborghini jacket. That was kind of nice; very easy to order."

The early '70s were a peak for Clark. Within a few years, his personal problems, poor grip on finances and heavy drug abuse had taken their toll. He and Pollock split in 1974 and she moved to America, where she is no longer involved in fashion.

In the wake of punk, Clark appeared to be a man out of time, as is chronicled depressingly in his diaries. However, the '90s witnessed a reawakening of his art: he later worked with fans such as Bella Freud and Ghost founder Tanya Sarne, made an appearance as a model at a Comme des Garçons show in Paris, and an ankle-length '60s snakeskin coat of his design was included in the RCA centenary exhibition in February 1996.

Sadly, existing in severely reduced circumstances, Clark was murdered less than six months later by his psychotic lover, Diego Cogolato.

Within six years American *Vogue*, which had all but ignored him during the last two decades of his life, was celebrating Clark's influence and by 2004, when the V&A staged its retrospective of his heyday from 1965 to 1974, his talents were being touted far and wide, with original items of clothing fetching thousands of pounds and celebrities clambering over each other to proclaim long-lived recognition of his genius. The exhibition curator Judith Watt cited those who had stuck by him. Manolo Blahnik said of Clark: "Fashion is about taking one out of reality, and this is what he achieved." Designer Anna Sui commented: "He dressed the woman we all wanted to be: the rock star's girlfriend."

Birtwell's favourite photograph of Clark dates from his heyday in July 1970. His hair is expensively coiffed at medium length and he's wearing aviator shades, a T-shirt and zip-up snakeskin biker jacket. He looks every inch the pop star. "I love that photo," sighs Birtwell. "It really sums Ossie up."

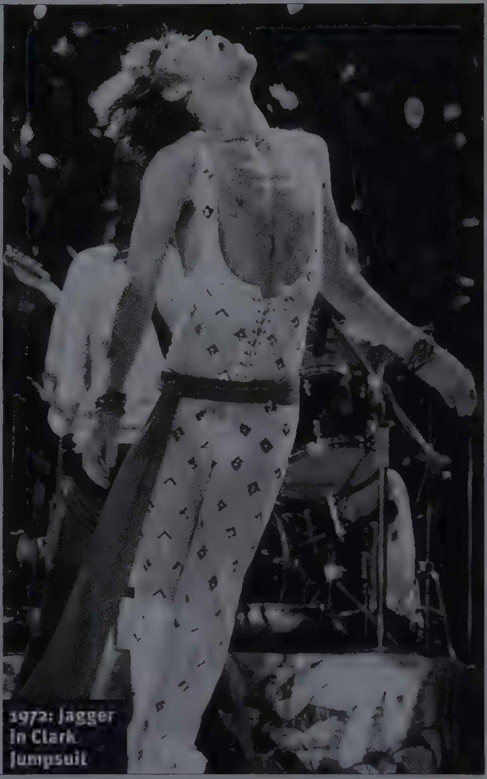
"THE GRIN I KNEW SO WELL"

Celia Birtwell has never been a fan of the Rolling Stones ("I always thought it was better when black people did it, personally"), though the group became closely associated with Ossie Clark; Brian Jones intermittently lived above the shop at Radnor Walk, ordering floral shirts by the dozen, according to Henrietta Rous.

Jones also introduced bandmate Keith Richards to Quorum's printed satins and skin-tight, jewel-coloured trousers, and Clark was such a firm friend of the ousted Stone that they spoke on the day that Jones drowned in his swimming pool – July 3 1969. Clark was also backstage at the free concert the Stones gave in Hyde Park a few days later.

Though Jagger's first high-profile girlfriend Chrissie Shrimpton had modelled for Clark as early as 1965, when *Vogue* featured her in a quilted coat made in an op art fabric given to the designer by New York artist Robert Indiana, Clark and Jagger's first meeting was engineered some time later by Marianne Faithfull.

Clark wrote in his diaries: "My first sight of Jumping Jack Flash was his tongue, which appeared from behind the curtain of the two changing rooms, followed by his face, which broke into the grin I was destined to know so well." They soon collaborated on Jagger's performance clothes, including a red-and-black leather jacket with streamers attached. Among Clark's more notorious designs were the series of skin-tight studded glam jumpsuits the singer wore for the Stones' drug-addled 1972 American tour. Clark also made the diabolic black cape worn by Jagger at the disastrous Altamont Festival in 1969.



1972: Jagger In Clark Jumpsuit

16

“IT WAS COMIC LAND, TOTALLY DIFFERENT”

Style pioneer Tommy Roberts can lay serious claim to a series of firsts in the fields of fashion and music. It was he, after all, who came up with the idea of printing slogans on T-shirts, a trend taken up by the entire fashion trade; and it was Roberts and partner Trevor Myles who picked up on the potency of pop-art iconography by using such images as Dick Tracy, Mickey Mouse and Rupert The Bear decades before the corporate likes of Disney realised their commercial worth.

Roberts was the first designer to open a shop in Covent Garden when it was still a fully-functioning fruit-and-vegetable market, not the fashion and media centre it is today, packed to the brim with such international names as Agnes B and Paul Smith.

He was also the first independent fashion designer to create a compartmentalised department store, selling men's, women's and children's clothes alongside toys, gimmicky artefacts and kitsch household goods.

But that's not all. Roberts pre-empted the rock 'n' roll revival by a number of years in terms of the clothes he produced, and then went one better by becoming the first designer to become actively involved in the business himself – by managing a band. Although they broke up before achieving significant success, Kilburn & The High Roads predicted many of the aspects of punk and new wave, and spawned one of Britain's best-loved stars: the late, lamented Ian Dury.

Roberts' association with pop art and music goes back decades. He was a teenage Ted, a moody modernist and an r&b raver. He supplied Jimi Hendrix with dandy finery in 1966, and his clothes later powered glam rock, worn by Elton John on his first *Rolling Stone* cover and by David Bowie on the sleeve of his 1973 album, Pinups. The extraordinary Mr Freedom multi-coloured shoes with wings as worn by Elton John – examples now reside as a permanent exhibit at the Victoria & Albert Museum – were created by in-house designer Jim O'Connor, who also came up with the design for an all-in-one boiler-suit decorated with custard tarts.

“Tommy was always well ahead of the game,” says ex-Sex Pistols bassist and Let It Rock/Sex shop assistant Glen Matlock. “He did all of these things two years ahead of everyone else, which is probably why he's never been recognised.”

These days, Roberts can be found of a Sunday morning at the furniture and interiors shop run now by his son Keith, Two Columbia Road. It's situated – naturally – on the edge of London's hippest area, Shoreditch.

It goes without saying that Roberts has spearheaded the market in collectable retro and '70s goods, pioneering a business manifested by the growth of kitsch furniture stores from Sydney to Los Angeles and Tokyo to Paris. “Even now we're cutting edge, and I'm nearly an old-age pensioner,” he says of Two Columbia Road and its predecessor, Tom-Tom. “It's not bad, is it?”

Back in 1967, Roberts had become severely disillusioned by the sharp end of hippy commercialisation while running his Kleptomania store on Carnaby Street, where he had resorted to selling double-breasted '40s suits and hand-painted ties, not only to keep pace with the Bonnie and Clyde revival but also as a comment on the bells and kaftan brigade. “It had become a bunch of barrow boys just selling to tourists,” he says, keeping a watchful eye on customers while puffing on a constant supply of cigarettes. “I got fed up with the whole thing. You'd go to some place like Tunbridge Wells and there'd be a head shop there selling stupid clobber. It lost it for me.”

He baled out of Kleptomania and spent some months working from home, collaborating with Myles on selling T-shirts bearing the signs of the zodiac and boots with inset stars to stall-holders at Kensington Market.

“I had been selling stuff to Tommy because I had these two girls in Hammersmith who were very good at crushing velvet and appliqué-ing it with hearts, stars, whatever,” says Myles. “We'd make these little bolero jackets which people like Marc Bolan and Jimi Hendrix bought. That's one of the reasons Tommy was so keen to work with me.”

At the time, Roberts was in search of premises that would

OPPOSITE **Mr Freedom: “It was a pop thing”**

allow him to indulge his interest in the clean lines and simplistic imagery of pop art. Late in 1968, he heard that Michael Rainey was abandoning Hung On You at 430 King's Road, a store for which, ironically, Roberts had previously made kaftans. "Tommy told me he had done a deal with Michael Rainey to take the shop over for £25 a week," recalls Myles. "Tommy wanted to call it Odd One Out, which I didn't think much of."

One night, Myles went to see *Mr Freedom*, William Klein's counterculture satire on rampant American consumerism, and persuaded Roberts that this should not only be the inspiration for the new shop, but also its name. The partnership proved fruitful. "Tommy was always much more a doer, would sort out the finances and manufacturing, whereas I came up with the ideas," says Myles, who was driven by an interest in Americana inherited from his publican father.

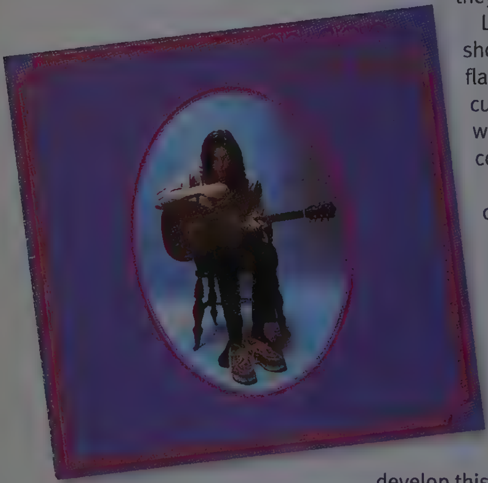
"Every car my father owned was '50s American, an Oldsmobile Rocket 88 or a Chevy Impala," he adds. "He was in love with mythical America. Every weekend he made sure that I bought Marvel comics, sometimes 20 at a time."

With heads full of ideas, Myles and Roberts launched their new outlet as a statement of intent. "I shaved my hair off and we went for an Indy 500 feel, a pop thing," says Roberts. "We'd sell T-shirts with just one big star on the front in a vivid colour, or with lots of little stars all over them with blue or red trim."

The enclosed shop front was transformed by design team Electric Colour Company from the exclusive, druggy, exotic and ethnic atmosphere exuded by Hung On You into an altogether Westernised and inclusive proposition. A flag was erected in appliqué and plastic, bearing the image of Dick Tracy. Standing in the window was the figure of a gorilla clad in blue fabric, which was later donated to local soccer team Chelsea, known as the Blues.

Inside, a revolving glitter ball was suspended from the ceiling and clothes rails were styled in the shapes of classic Elvis Presley 45s, while the jukebox blared primal rock 'n' roll in place of the prevailing psychedelia and prog rock. From shoemakers George Cox, Roberts ordered classic, suede, side-buckled and D-ring lace-up brothel creepers in blue and red, while the counter was made out of a stack of televisions ("it didn't really work because they all blew up ... but whatever").

BELOW Even sensitive folky Nick Drake wore Mr Freedom shoes



Later, a hotrod Mustang was situated outside the shop to emphasise Mr Freedom's Americanised flash. Bowls of sweets were strewn around for customers, and the overall air of mass consumption was in opposition to "what was going on; it was comic land, totally different".

Roberts and Myles came up with novel, almost child-like, items of clothing – hot pants, bibs and braces in bright colours – and covered them with images of lightning bolts, rainbows, moons, stars and love hearts. Among the young designers who supplied lines such as T-shirts and hot pants "with a killer cut" was Katharine Hamnett, then just emerging from art school.

"I used to go to see them on a Friday to pick up the cheque for what I'd delivered," recalls Hamnett with amused affection. "I had to develop this debt collection act I'd based on seeing Telly Savalas in a film, screaming and chucking things around until they coughed up."

The rights to use Mickey Mouse's image were obtained by Myles from Walt Disney and the cartoon mouse and his chums appeared in fabrics and fun-furs and on T-shirts and watches everywhere. "We even did a leather jacket with an appliqué of Mickey Mouse swimming," says Roberts proudly.

While elements of this pop sensibility and use of Americana were emerging at other retail outlets, nobody realised the vision more successfully than Mr Freedom, which also stocked Teddy boy clothing in outrageous colours: lurid pink drape jackets, flecked drainpipe trousers, '50s cardigans, glittering socks. "We got a lot of publicity because it was sexy, it was new, it was bright," says Roberts. "There'd be Peter Sellers coming in taking photographs, Marc and June Bolan buying stuff, and Mick Jagger used to drop by every Saturday just to hang out. At the time, the Stones weren't doing very much and it looked like it all might be over, so he seemed like he was at a loose end. He just used to come in and talk about what he was going to do." Even such sensitive souls as Nick Drake got in on the act. Those are a pair of Mr Freedom brothel creepers at the singer/songwriter's feet on the cover of the 1970 album Bryter Layter.

By 1971, Mr Freedom also stocked glittering stack-heeled boots, attracting the nascent glam crowd such as Gary Glitter and Elton John. The latter commissioned a boiler suit with a grand piano picked out in appliqué on the back. Mr Freedom's range was affordable and fun, including multi-coloured, striped thigh-length, wool socks at £2.40 a pair, and red T-shirts with baseball numerals outlined in yellow and short-sleeved green T-shirts with Minnie Mouse etched in appliqué, both at £5. In addition, the store sold scrubbed, pre-faded denim, predicting the wave of jeans outlets that opened in the early '70s.

Myles and Roberts broadened the novelty angle by opening a greasy spoon called Mr Feed 'Em in the basement, selling basic café fodder in unusual colours. "But there's only so much blue mash and green mayonnaise you can shift," grins Myles about the short-lived venture.

Mr Freedom itself, meanwhile, was a resounding success, with a constant presence in the fashion pages of mainstream women's magazines. In her autobiography, bohemian Henrietta Moraes recalls making a purchase there: "I acquired a true Marvel Comics pair of suede zip-up boots in bright red and green, covered in gold stars, from Mr Freedom."

Roberts' ambitions soon outgrew the small shop and he decided to launch a large, multi-faceted Mr Freedom department store in Church Street, Kensington, with backing from Ian Fisk of I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet.

"We developed the themes more," Roberts says of the giant Mr Freedom. "The bones of the ideas had been in Chelsea, so we just worked them up because I had a bigger canvas to play with. I had these wonderful Catholic bikers' jackets with all the saints embroidered into the leather on the front and St Francis of Assisi sewn across the back. There was a rock 'n' roll suit with semiquavers stitched all over it. Real mad ideas."

The store design was total pop. A scaled-down plastic Statue of Liberty vied with giant Liquorice Allsorts-shaped chairs and pouffes, and the T-shirts screamed absurd consumer statements: "Omo 6d off" and "We Love Woolworths". The stock also featured leather bags in the shapes of packets of washing powder (Omo again) or packs of Camel cigarettes. Brightly-coloured short-sleeved shirts with yachting prints provided a retro feel, while Roberts and equally bulkily proportioned assistant Gerald Tilling attended to customers dressed in matching outfits such as loud check suits, "so we looked like fucking Tweedledum and Tweedledee".

Tilling, a watch repairer by trade, was introduced to the shop by Myles, who knew him from Blackheath, south London. "Gerald was a real 'geezer' and up for wearing anything," says Myles. Also lending flavour to the shop was assistant Harold, a Teddy boy hairdryer repairer who wore tight, dirty jeans, a string vest and big boots or a drape suit and creepers, with his hair done in a greasy quiff.

"Harry was a total Ted, beyond total, fucking mental," chuckles Roberts. "He was good image. I was into the image. Harry didn't care who our customers were. There'd be Jill St John or some film star looking through clothes and he'd go, 'Wot you fuckin' doing with that rack, cock?' He'd say to David Hockney, 'So you want a pair of trousers do yer, cocker?' He gave the shop a wonderful feel."

"A friend and I used to go for Indian meals at the place opposite the Royal Garden Hotel," says Myles. "For laughs we used to put on girls' voices on the phone and arrange to meet certain people outside there, and then sit in the restaurant window watching them hang around for hours. Once we did this to Harold, but he later told us that, after an hour, he was approached by this attractive older woman who paid him £50 to bonk her in her hotel room in front of her husband, who was strapped to the bed!"

By this time, Kensington was a clothes shopper's paradise. With Biba and Kensington Market around the corner, Church Street also contained Bus Stop and several shops catering to male customers: Take 6, John Kent, Mates and Gary Elliott.

Myles was persuaded to head up the team of designers for the new store but the pressure and responsibilities eventually got to him one day in the second half of 1970. "I told Tommy: 'I can't deal with this'," he says. "I asked if it would be OK if I took the Mustang and the shop in the King's Road and went and did my own thing." Roberts agreed and the partnership was dissolved, with Myles reopening 430 King's Road as Paradise Garage.

Within a couple of years the larger version of Mr Freedom proved too ambitious for Roberts as well, and as turnover failed to maintain pace with the high overheads, and the economic turndown of 1973 started to bite, he was forced to shut up shop. "It was too diverse," he says now. "But when it all exploded and finished, people took one aspect of it and made their own thing."

Style commentator Peter York pinpointed Roberts' significance in a *Harpers & Queen* piece entitled "Them". York had created the term Them for mid-'70s trendies whose interest in pop art and retro fashion was one of the factors in the creation of punk style. "Send-ups or 'fun clothes' – fried egg appliqués, etc – gave us the Mr Freedom/Paradise Garage/Tommy Roberts look," wrote York. "In late 1970, Roberts started selling authentic-looking baggy overalls from Serena Shaffer's Electric Fittings. A harbinger of anti-fashion to come. Thems had been wearing real Osh Kosh B'Goshes and Pay-Days since 1968."

Myles believes Roberts' drive for a bigger and better deal may have been the undoing of Mr Freedom. "If we'd sat where we were in the King's Road, doing very well thank-you-very-much, then everything would have been OK," he adds.

Overalls, bib-and-braces dungarees, cartoon imagery, stripy woollen socks, platform shoes and faded denim became staples of the mass market in the '70s, mainly courtesy of Roberts, while Mr Freedom also acted as a spark of inspiration for Barbara Hulanicki when she took the giant step of creating Big Biba.

By the time Hulanicki's occupation of Derry & Tom's was over in 1975, Tommy Roberts had moved on from Mr Freedom and completed yet another revolutionary retail manoeuvre.

In 1973 the area occupied by Covent Garden fruit-and-vegetable market was ripe for development, situated as it is within walking distance of the West End's shopping and theatre districts. At that time, serious post-war refurbishment of central London had yet to take place (bombsites in the City, for example, had remained untouched since the war), and the market was still very active (witness the bustling scenes in Hitchcock's movie *Frenzy*, which is largely set in the market and was released in 1972). Covent Garden wasn't to shift to its new site – on a vast tract of wasteland in Vauxhall, south of the Thames – until 1977.

Thus Roberts' idea of renting space in a disused banana warehouse in Shorts Garden, WC1, was a huge risk, but he was keen to move out of step with the fashion business. "Where everyone was doing pop, I thought I'd go the other way," he says. He named his new store City Lights and created a muted feel: dim lighting, dark colours, hard surfaces and thick chains, from which the clothes hung. The floor was black, sprinkled with gold. Bones and skulls were displayed in a medicine cabinet, and the gloomy strains of Schoenberg filled the air.

"The guy that styled at City Lights went on to work for Paul Smith, but it was all so heavy nobody didn't fucking understand it," cackles Roberts. "People would come in expecting to see jukeboxes, *Rock Around The Clock* and bright colours, and they'd get this very dingy, dim kind of atmosphere. But we did have beautiful clothes and a full range of women's wear. I remember this really nice white coat we made which was very popular. There was a wonderful man's suit with a bolero jacket in apricot."

City Lights also sold accessories: chunky jewellery, see-through plastic sandals to order for £32, pinstriped waistcoats for £9.50 and three-piece dresses in gabardine for £33.50. The store's belts were made by Claude Montana.

"We had these cantilever shoes without a heel," says Roberts. "There was just a bar which came out and held them up. It was like walking on air." There were also the ubiquitous brothel creepers, this time in silver or gold, a pair of which Roxy Music saxophonist Andy Mackay is shown sporting on the inner sleeve of the band's second album, For Your Pleasure.

City Lights matched the rise of such women's wear outlets as north London's Swanky Modes, which produced sexy and futuristic designs in plastics and shower curtain materials, but the most enduring design from Roberts' new shop was a man's suit with flared trousers, turn-ups and a box jacket, as worn by Bowie on the sleeve of Pinups. "It was great," says Roberts. "Bowie just wore it and wore it. We had to have it copied about 50 times for him because he loved it so much. Angie and David were really keen on the shop. They'd come in and buy one of everything."

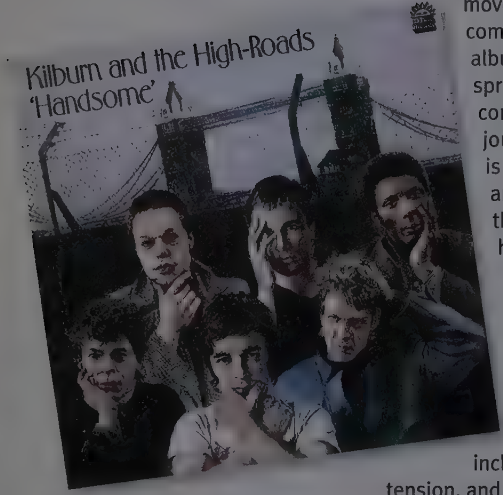
Having licensed rights to the cartoon character Rupert The Bear, Roberts struck upon the idea of releasing a single to promote the clothing line featuring the bear's image. Sadly, the details are lost in the mists of time. "I worked with this bloke who done a song which got played on *Children's Hour*," he says vaguely, "but then they pulled it because Paul

ABOVE 1971: Mr Freedom interior

McCartney had been talking about doing one, and they knew he would wipe the floor with it." Whether Roberts is referring to the track Rupert, which charted in 1971 for Jackie Lee (who also scored with the single White Horses as Jacky in 1968), we'll never know, but what is certain is that the experience whetted his appetite.

"Funnily enough, it sounds a bit cocky now, but I had this idea for a sort of boy band," he guffaws. "The thing was supposed to be three or four young blokes performing in singlets, throwing a medicine ball about the stage or skipping with ropes inside a boxing ring." While pitching this notion (an extraordinary concept now, let alone in 1973), Roberts was brought into contact with the crazed Arthur Brown, whose career path had been on the slide in the years after his eccentric 1968 number one hit Fire. "Somehow he was on the scene, and I got him a record deal," says Roberts. The deal eventually resulted in the best-forgotten album Dance, released on Gull Records in 1974, "but he was such a fucking arsehole to work with that I couldn't do it. From that, Ian [Dury] got in contact, came round to my house and asked me to manage Kilburn & The High Roads."

That collection of ageing art-school misfits was the furthest a group could be from a boy band. Mixing music-hall rudery with '50s rock 'n' roll and pre-punk vigour, the Kilburns commanded an unlikely and deeply uncommercial visual presence: frontman Dury had been stricken with polio at an early age, the drummer played from a wheelchair, and the bassist was a dwarf. Dury's bittersweet urban vignettes were sung in a gruff cockney bark, while he and his band wore stage clothes that mixed jumble-sale clobber with East End flash. "We looked unique, dressed unique," said Dury in one of his last interviews. "We were all art-school babies who knew what we were doing. We were sharper than Bryan Ferry because we came from London, not Newcastle, with due respect: sharp, man, on the case. We weren't designer, because we bought second-hand. But back then, second-hand was wide open. We were trendy on about four occasions in four years. We got trendy later on when we got Tommy Roberts as our manager."



ABOVE **The Kilburns: Ageing art-school misfits**

Although at the forefront of the grassroots pub-rock movement, the Kilburns had fallen out with record company Warner Music, which refused to release an album recorded for subsidiary label Raft. In the spring of 1974, manager Charlie Gillett opted to concentrate on his career as a broadcaster and journalist. Enter Roberts. "I thought, 'Fuck me, this is a little bit different'. But I knew Ian was talented and clever. I sussed that Warners would get rid of them for anything – they couldn't bear to even have them on the premises – so I took them on."

Under Roberts' guidance, the Kilburns released Handsome, a patchy affair, which nevertheless underscores Dury's crafty lyrical genius and the band's musical edge. Fans included the Sex Pistols – who were corralled into witnessing the band live by Malcolm McLaren – and members of Madness. Stand-out tracks include Pam's Moods, a paean to premenstrual tension, and the single Rough Kids.

"Rough Kids was a great record but before its time," says Roberts, shaking his head. "We just couldn't get it played on the radio." Visually, Kilburn & The High Roads benefited from the alliance with Roberts. He commissioned Let It Rock to make grey, double-breasted zoot suits while he supplied velvet-collared suits in Liquorice Allsorts prints and even an embroidered boxer's gown for Dury. "Tommy got Malcolm to make us a bit of kit," recalled Dury. "He never paid anybody, so that was funny. He made me a boxer's dressing gown with 'Billy Bentley' written on the back, after the character in one of our songs."

For a showcase performance at the Chelsea Cinema in King's Road (which housed the original run of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*), Roberts organised a spectacular backdrop of the Thames vista towards Tower Bridge, which drove home the urban image. The band then set off on an incessant round of live gigs.

But Kilburn & The High Roads were too rich and rough-hewn a mixture for the anodyne mid-'70s, and after about a year Roberts gave up. "Somebody said we should do something more bluesy, and I was like, 'Fucking blues? I can't bear the blues!' It just petered out after that. I realised it wasn't the world I wanted to be in."

After a brief shot as Ian Dury & The Kilburns, the singer went solo and, under new management, recorded the landmark 1977 album New Boots & Panties. This became a critical and commercial success, and paved the way for a distinguished pop and acting career cut cruelly short by cancer in March 2000. "I was delighted that New Boots & Panties was such a success for Ian," says Roberts. "It just wasn't suitable for me, and it was better that he went off and did his own thing."

During Roberts' time handling the Kilburns, City Lights became a draw for groups of Asian visitors. "We always had all these Japanese designers checking us out from when we were in the King's Road," says Roberts. "They'd come to have a look and really liked all the pop stuff. When it changed to City Lights they were a bit put off first of all, and then became really interested."

Japanese influences on Western fashion had started to emerge after the landmark 1970 show at the Great Gear Trading Company by Kansai Yamamoto, whose work was available from Boston 151 in the Fulham Road.

With Boston 151 as a launchpad, the 27-year-old Yamamoto held his first official fashion show in London in late 1971 and went on to forge a strong bond with Bowie. The following year the Japanese fashion invasion of the West was under way when Issey Miyake started selling through leading outlet Escalade.

The designs picked up where Roberts had left off, designing a total look, using muted colours and City Lights' less structured forms, as noted by *Nova*: "Funny, colourful pop on sale ... Miyake dislikes reviving old fashions. He thinks from top to bottom, designing the accessories, clothes and undies." However, homages to City Lights by oriental designers weren't enough to sustain the business. "Covent Garden was still a vegetable market. The shop was impossible to find," admits Roberts, whose employment policy didn't help matters. "I had this big French woman in a big hat working there, and she really frightened people. It was too esoteric, too obscure. I think I was right, but the shop should have been in a more accessible position."

Roberts closed down City Lights in the spring of 1975. Within 18 months, the Roxy Club had opened in Covent

Garden and established itself as the centre for punk performances, and within a couple of years clubs such as Hell had sprung up in the area, acting as the seedbeds for the coming New Romantic explosion. By the beginning of the '80s, shops, bars, restaurants, advertising agencies and all manner of media companies proliferated.

The closure of City Lights meant that not only was Roberts out of Covent Garden, he was also out of the rag trade for good. He chose instead to develop his interest in retro and antique furniture, exporting container-loads to America. When Rod Stewart went through a phase of collecting Tiffany lamps and art nouveau in the mid-'70s, under the influence of his partner, Britt Ekland, the singer consulted Roberts; and when Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page built a collection of vintage What The Butler Saw machines, Roberts advised him on sources.

Roberts continues to work in this capacity for the likes of Eurythmics founder Dave Stewart, and Two Columbia Road thrives. There have been brief flickers of a return to fashion: in the mid-'90s, surfwear designer Shawn Stussy, via UK fashion entrepreneur Michael Koppelman, struck a deal with Roberts to revive a number of the images originally sold at Mr Freedom. The run sold out, despite complications in the production process.

"In the '90s I rang him up out of the blue and said, 'Tommy why don't we do Mr Freedom again?'" says Myles. "He said OK but then I found out he'd gone direct and done the deal himself. The problem is that it was over-priced. £150 for a T-shirt dress? I'm sorry. No wonder it didn't sell. If he'd done it with me I'd have been able to keep it low and it would have been successful, I promise you."

In 2004, Maharishi licensed some more Mr Freedom designs, this time more successfully.

Nik Cohn's description of Roberts from more than 30 years ago – "he's an amiable fat man from Catford, a bit of a slag, and conspicuously so, but shrewd, funny and hard to dislike" – still rankles, and it's not hard to see why. Tommy may be shrewd and funny, but he's no slag.

"The only downside with that bastard – who I love dearly – is that he's an old totter, there's always got to be a deal," laughs Myles. "I don't have an axe to grind. Tommy is a great character who draws people in and we did it together. I feel very proud of that." Roberts says he has retired and has written a very funny memoir, which he hopes to publish one day. He happily consults on private collections, helping architects outdo their partners with fashionable retro office furniture, but there is always a hint that some day he might make a full return to the clothing business.

This time around it is to be hoped that Roberts' richness of ideas will be in sync with the market. "I've still got the name," he says nonchalantly. "You never know, I might do it all again."

"I WANTED TO GET MY ROCKS OFF"

While Tommy Roberts catered to those with a taste for novelty and pop art, another King's Road retailer, Peter Golding, emphasised glamour and luxury, becoming established with the disco crowd as nightclubbing took hold in the '70s.

In the early part of that decade, Golding designed jeans for the Falmer label, and was among the first to produce bleached jeans, sold by Britannia in America and Jean Machine in the UK. Then he decided to plunge into retailing with partner Desmond O'Power. "I opened Ace because I wanted to get my rocks off as an individual rather than doing wholesale stuff. I loved Hollywood, so it was a combination of a lot of things I liked: jeans, American westerns, Hollywood glamour."

The Ace store at 185 King's Road was dark and glitzy, with black mirrors and clothes laid out on a huge table. "We bought some stuff from Fiorucci and then we started making our own," says Golding. "I remember one of the first things we did was to apply glitter to some dinner jackets – they went really well."

With Golding dressed up in velvet breeches and high riding boots, as well as "supermanager" Teddy Edwards ("black, bald and gay, he was, and still is, a true King's Road character," according to Golding), Ace soon attracted the glitterati, and its client list read like a who's who of a certain strand of '70s London: Rod Stewart, Freddie Mercury, Marianne Faithfull, Jerry Hall, Lulu, Gary Glitter, Britt Ekland, Bryan Ferry, David Essex and Elton John.

Ace sold black, diamanté-appliquéd T-shirts, skin-tight silver trousers and dressed-up, cut-off jeans. Golding's glitzy clothes were typified by those who frequented Johnny Gold's Tramp nightclub in Mayfair: slashed-neck, leopardskin-print tops, chamois leather suits and separates with beaded fringework, tight velvet pants, stretch jeans, sparkled T-shirts and revealing dresses with slits up the sides. "If you want to play the fashion card with a pack of aces up your sleeve, wear a Cartier watch with a pair of Peter Golding jeans and you'll be in the very best company," proclaimed the *Fashion Guide* in 1977.

Such acclaim powered a move to 193 King's Road, which doubled the retail space and provided a large basement. "This may be the hottest store in the world," raved the *European Fashion Guide*, which compared shopping at the store to a visit to the then-trendy Bond's disco. "The black walls shine under silver lights, music plays continuously and there's no telling what stars might pop in."

Within a couple of years, another Ace had opened on London's fashionable South Molton Street. "Ace didn't really run there because the real fraternity was in the King's Road," says Golding. "You got fashion people coming along, which wasn't the same thing."

By the time Ace shut up shop in 1985, however, he had established an impressive international network which he sustains to this day, mainly on the back of such successful innovations as stretch jeans.

Ace assistants model animal prints and hot pants

I CREATORI DELLA MODA
PETER GOLDING

Peter Golding in *L'Uomo Vogue*, 1971

17

“ MAKE-BELIEVE DREAMS ”

In many ways Antony Price – best known for his work with Roxy Music and the group's leader, Bryan Ferry – was the designer who assumed the mantle that descended from the tragic Ossie Clark's shoulders as the '70s progressed. Armed with a similar combination of northern sensibilities and a sublime ability to adorn the female form, Price began his studies at the Royal College Of Art in 1964, the year Clark left the establishment.

The product of the same art college system that helped foster musicians including Ferry, Keith Richards, Ronnie Wood, Pete Townshend and Ray Davies, Price displayed his rock 'n' roll tendencies during his time at the RCA. Among the garments he produced as a student was a ginger snakeskin jacket and a long leather coat lined in tweed.

After a spell at theatrical costumier Bermans & Nathans, Price and colleague Jane Whiteside were given the commission by Ronnie Stirling and Geoff Cooper – who were moving from their stall at Kensington Market – to create the design and range for the exotic new Stirling Cooper shop at 26 Wigmore Street. This sold clothes as costume: futuristic denim workwear, zippered canvas jeans and jackets.

“When I started at Stirling Cooper it was a small company, but by the time we got to 1971 it was enormous,” says Price, sitting in a suite at the Grand Hotel Europe in St Petersburg at the end of a Ferry world tour. “Jane started Make-Believe Dreams, which became Stirling Cooper, and was hideously successful making these jersey dresses with little buttons. We thought we'd have our own shop, and Ronnie and Geoff said 'Go ahead'.

“I'm actually quite good at shops because I'm a bit of a builder as well – just look at these builder's hands!”

The design of the shop utilised Oriental imagery. Customers entered via a dragon's mouth and the clothes hung on huge lacquered pagodas. One wall was painted with a giant wave heralding a flood while another featured huge flames. “The bloody place caught fire,” laughs Price. “We all stood looking at the painting of Mount Fuji wondering what was going to happen next.”

Among the shop's most avid customers were the Rolling Stones, who bought their stage gear for the Gimme Shelter tour of 1969 there. “It was very beautiful,” says Price. “Of course, English *Vogue* never knew it existed. Those magazines were seriously out of touch, and they certainly didn't want to know anything about the rock business. They thought it was dirty and horrible.”

Dave “Che” Shimeld, a partner of Stirling Cooper in his shop Che Guevara, describes the Wigmore Street outlet as “nothing less than spectacular. To be faced with the dragon's mouth, eight feet tall by six feet wide, was enough, but inside Antony and Jane created this Oriental extravaganza. That's why they had overspent outrageously – the place opened about a year later than it was supposed to.”

Shimeld adds: “Everybody went to Stirling Cooper. All the pop stars went for Antony's 'lift-and-thrust' canvas trousers and he made wonderful canvas jackets to match, barathea trousers and suits, incredible T-shirts, body-hugging shirts with long, tight cuffs which really showed off your body. I can't remember Antony ever making a bad garment. And he never wanted to sell anything oversize. If it looked that way on a customer he'd scream at them, 'No! Take it off! Get it off!'”

Ferry has described Stirling Cooper as “*the* in place, with exciting design, very tight trousers, big shoulders, very sexy looks”. He met Price at a party in 1971 and they first spoke a week later at the bar of the Speakeasy, just around the corner from Air Studios, where Roxy were recording. “None of us realised at that point that it was going to take off in the way it did,” says Price. “Bryan was probably the first person who wanted to marry fashion and music. It took 10 years before Bono appeared on the cover of *Vogue*, and that was under duress.”

Ferry told Nicky Parade in an interview for the website rocksbackpages.com: “I was always much more into the tailored side of it, and that's where Antony Price was great, because he understood about tailoring. Even when I was at school, I used to work for a tailor's shop at weekends. So I was into sculpted clothes rather than the chiffon-y '60s look. There was a harder edge to it, working in elements of American gangsters and so on. It had more cross-referencing

OPPOSITE Bryan Ferry and four-legged friend: “The look was so much his trademark”

ABOVE Antony Price: "It's all bound up in the rock business"

for me: you could get bits of Raymond Chandler or even Fred Astaire coming in."

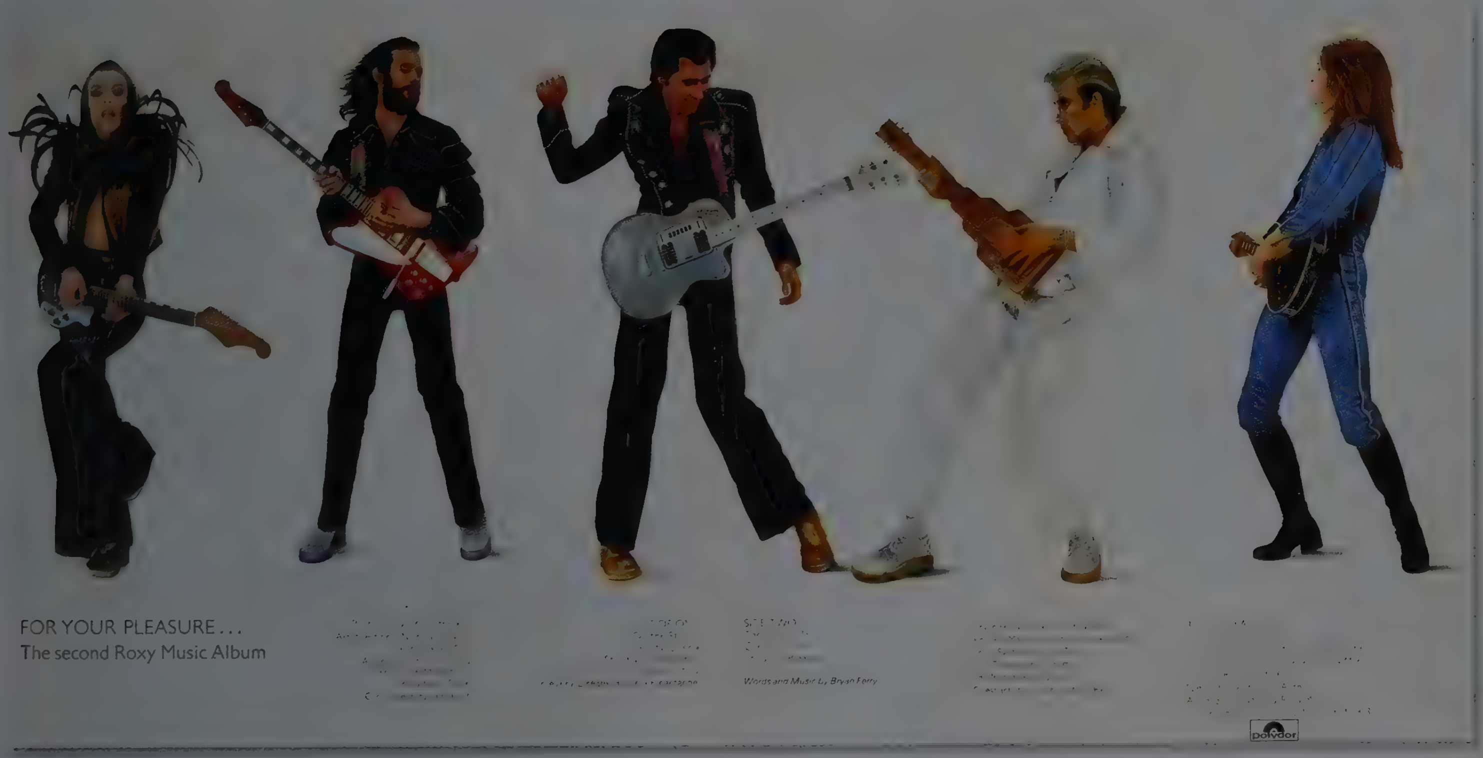
Price enabled Roxy to embody the couture end of glam by drawing on the golden age of Hollywood and adopting elements from spacesuits and military uniforms. Roxy Music were the first group to ensure that every detail of their visual image matched their music, a retro/futuristic concoction that blended honking '50s rock 'n' roll with systems music and '40s crooning. When they emerged apparently fully formed with their extraordinary self-titled debut album on Island Records in June 1972, music press hackles were raised by such flourishes as the liner notes' credits for clothes, make-up and hair, all contributed by Price. The image was driven home when Roxy promoted the album live that summer, ensuring they wore the same outfits as on the sleeve: Ferry in greasy cartoon quiff, Lurex tiger-stripe jacket and black leather trousers with a zip to make them either skin-tight or flared.

Initially, Roxy's appearance left many audiences bemused, not least when they kicked off the Lincoln Festival at the bottom of the bill in the summer of 1972 in Price's clothes, though they were in more receptive surroundings at a solo gig at the Royal College Of Art.

From the outset, glamour – as opposed to glam – had been the watchword. Ferry is firm on this point: "We didn't feel that we were part of Glam Rock; it was a different sense of style altogether," he told Michael Bracewell in 1997. "Price made wonderful clothes – like some kind of sculptor. He loved dressing us up."

Bandmate Brian Eno told Bracewell that the costumes were "quite deliberate takes on those '50s visions of space nobility – the masters of the Galactic Parliament and so on. But we wanted to make the world sit up and pay attention to itself, and to reflect its images back to it in weird combinations that hadn't been seen before. To locate romance and threat in strange new places – to look beautiful, but in ways that men had not thought of looking beautiful before".

The cover of Roxy Music was matched by the gatefold image, which shows band members in animal prints, bat-wing collars, synthetic fabrics, space-age suits, outrageous make-up, sculpted quiffs. "I'd been working on that stuff for a while, the bat-wing thing and heavily-pointed collars, the look which became Thierry Mugler," says Price. "I just made it up, influenced by all sorts of demonic influences. You know, Hieronymus Bosch. We were going right up against flared


FOR YOUR PLEASURE...
The second Roxy Music Album
Words and Music by Bryan Ferry
Polydor

trousers and pudding-basin haircuts."

For the sleeve of the 1973 follow-up, For Your Pleasure, Price again styled the band and designed the '40s-style vamp dress worn by cover star Amanda Lear. "Bryan has always adored things which are no longer around," says Price, who includes the addition of glamorous backing singers to Roxy's stage line-up to support this claim. "They had last been seen 10 or 15 years before, so when Roxy had them it was extremely unusual. Sometimes the costumes I made were so tight they had to be bodily lifted onto the stage and dropped into their shoes by the bouncers."

One of the key elements of Roxy's image was the other-worldly presence of Eno, expressed not only via his use of unconventional instruments such as oscillators and German industrial tape recorders, but also in his dress, such as the feather-festooned outfit he wears on the inside shot of the second album.

An indicator of the growing division between Eno and Ferry, which culminated in Eno leaving the band in 1973, was that his costumes were made by his then partner, sculptor Carole McNicol. "I could think up ideas for clothes and she would improve on the ideas and then actually make the clothes," Eno told Barney Hoskyns. "I think we were really thinking in terms of sculpture – these were clothes that you could only really wear on stage, they were impossible to do anything normal in. When I went onto the stage, the only decision I can consciously remember making was this: what I do involves standing still on stage adjusting tiny little knobs, so it would make sense to have garments which magnify my movements. Hence the feathers and so on."

By 1973, Ferry was realising his ambitions as a solo artist and Price had begun to put together his most identifiable wardrobe: thin-cut suits and tuxedos in classic styles. Also driving this image was the need to dissociate from the glam mainstream. "I remember a great jacket of Antony's with black sequins and a green chevron which I wore on *Top Of The Pops*," Ferry recalled. "But shortly after that you saw Gary Glitter wearing the same kind of things, and that's where the tuxedo came in."

Price says he drew on the classic looks of '60s soul, "people like Otis Redding and Stax and Tamla. They wore those suits with the short jackets which went with the music, which I loved. Bryan wearing them seemed to make sense".

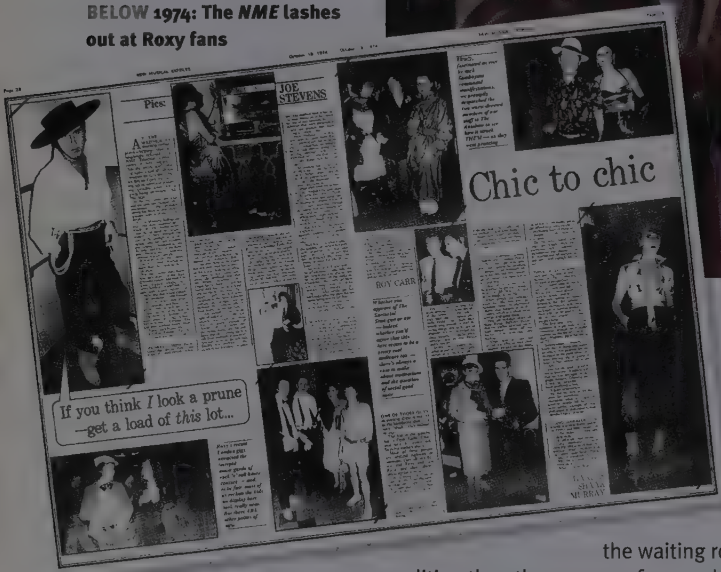
Ferry has championed Price's clothes for more than three decades now. Among the stand-out images was the white tux Ferry wore on the cover of his second solo album, Another Time, Another Place, in 1974 and the space-age Ted look of saxophonist Andy Mackay on the inner sleeve of For Your Pleasure. Price also came up with the GI look worn by Ferry and backing singers on the band's 1975 UK tour, which stemmed from designs for a female sergeant's suit that Gala Mitchell had modelled for Price three years earlier. Other prime examples of the Price/Ferry collaboration include the ice-cream-pink suit worn by the singer in Roxy's 1979 video for Angel Eyes and the black leather jacket on the cover of his solo album The Bride Stripped Bare.

Roxy had an electrifying effect on the style of their audience at a time when pop music and the clothing industry were going through the doldrums. By the time of the band's four dates in October 1974 at London's Rainbow Theatre, the audience were out-dressing the band, a fact that drew cries of outrage from the traditional music press. According to the

ABOVE Roxy Music: "We were going right up against flared trousers and pudding-basin haircuts"

RIGHT Ferry and Price, Morocco, late '70s

BELOW 1974: The *NME* lashes out at Roxy fans



Pics: JOE STEVENS

Chic to chic

ROY CARR

If you think *I* look a prune —get a load of *this* lot...

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

NME's Charles Shaar Murray in a piece headed "Chic to chic", they turned "the aisles and foyer into a veritable couture catwalk ... more like the waiting room for an Andy Warhol audition than the warm-up for a rock show". Vamps in cocktail dresses were matched by dinner-suited blades and fedora'd gangsters. For men, short haircuts were flaunted, while yachting shirts, army surplus and soul-boy skinny belts abounded. Murray wrote: "Most of these people are around 18 or 19; they all like Bowie and Roxy and Lou Reed and they always dress up for concerts. 'We're trying to look like the sleeve of 'For your pleasure',' murmur one couple. 'I used to wear jeans and have long hair,' claims another, 'but I grew out of it.'"

Murray says the first time he witnessed such a fashion display at a concert was at a T.Rex performance at Wembley in the spring of 1972. "Subsequently, thanks to Slade, Bowie, Roxy and assorted others, this practice became *de rigueur*," he complains. "Seeing hundreds of little Bowies, Reeds, Ferrys and Holders all over the place is a king-size howling drag. I'd rather see these people express themselves through some manifestation of their own identities."

Murray (like Lester Bangs, who attacked Roxy's American fans thus: "the girls all dress up in 1940s outfits and walk around acting bored while the boys mince around acting queer") failed to recognise that post-glam kids were rebelling against hippy conformity; that by eschewing patched denim and loon pants in favour of mix-and-match retro styles, they were creating a new look, just like designers such as Price.

Eventually, this would contribute to punk and mutate into New Romanticism. After all, Roxy concerts at Earl's Court in the autumn of 1975 provided the meeting place for the group of fashion-led youngsters from south London who would make up the Bromley Contingent, the gang of early Sex Pistols fans that included Simon Barker (who would later work for Vivienne Westwood), William Broad (aka Billy Idol), Susan Ballion (Siouxsie Sioux) and Steven Bailey (or Severin as he styled himself as the Banshees guitarist). Bailey recalls wearing black drainpipes, a tartan jacket, brothel creeper-style platforms topped off with a blonde quiff.

While Price worked with Roxy, he also designed for the Portuguese label Plaza, for whom he came up with the first cap-sleeved T-shirts. These sold at the premium price of £6, but were soon knocked off by rivals who flooded the market with cheap copies. By the mid '70s, Price's work for Plaza was becoming *outré* – witness his designs for skin-tight leopardskin-print rocker T-shirts.

His status as the lynchpin of pop glamour was sealed when he was called on to supply stagewear for the likes of David Bowie and Elton John. Later on, he took to staging extravagant fashion shows of his own at venues such as the Camden Palace, where models Jerry Hall and Marie Helvin strutted in black and white leather motorbike outfits to a rock soundtrack.

"Most of my publicity came out of my association with the rock stars who wore my clothes," Price once complained to the *Evening Standard*. "I was kind of damned. Everyone thought I only did things for people to run around stage in; they noticed the glitzy glam. But I've always done classics. Some of my best sellers have been simple black velvet dresses."

Like Ossie Clark before him, Price was instrumental in the image changes undertaken by Mick Jagger. In 1982, he designed the singer's neo-American footballer outfit, complete with shoulder pads and codpiece, for the Stones' world tour.

"It's really exciting, the whole creation of an image," he once told *Vogue*. "Rock music is all about image, glamour. I love putting together videos for Roxy. I can play Cecil B de Mille on a small scale."

“HE WAS THE EXCEPTION”

“I decided early on that I wanted to make other people look good,” says Antony Price. “A lot of fashion designers are like that. You might get a few who are OK-looking, but generally we’re not. However, Freddie Burretti was wicked-looking, probably better-looking than Bowie himself, but he was the exception.”

Burretti is a significant figure in the story of David Bowie’s decades-long ability to capitalise on changing style and imagery. They met at one of London’s few gay haunts of the early ’70s, the Sombrero in Kensington, when Burretti (real name Freddie Burrett) was a 19-year-old fashion student. With his girlfriend Daniella Parma, Burretti produced a range of outfits for Bowie and his musical collaborators, many in Liberty prints.

The pair conducted an almost symbiotic working relationship; the singer was so taken with Burretti‘s star potential that he produced two tracks – Moonage Daydream and Hang Onto Yourself, both of which later appeared on Ziggy Stardust – for the designer to sing, under the name of Arnold Corns. Given a limited release as a single on B&C Records in September 1971, they were swept aside by the maelstrom of Bowie activity at the time.

Burretti, also known as Rudi Valentino, was mentioned in the career-turning interview Bowie gave to Michael Watts for *Melody Maker* in January 1972, when he announced he was gay. Mocking Alice Cooper, Bowie sniped: “That bit he does with the boa constrictor, a friend of mine, Rudi Valentino, was doing ages before. The next thing I see is Miss C. With her boa.”

When the Arnold Corns project failed to take, Burretti became a conduit for Bowie’s design ideas and also supplied clothes to Lou Reed. During the former Velvet Underground leader’s Bowie-sponsored 1972 sojourn in England, he wore a number of Burretti outfits, including silver platforms with blood-red heart insets and a pink viscose patterned jumpsuit. With eyelids adorned with kohl and in black lipstick and nail varnish, Reed also performed in a black velvet suit with rhinestone trimmings, but soon dropped the image and went back to leather.

Reed had initially been persuaded into wearing these clothes by Bowie’s tour-de-force of a wife, Angie, when he joined Bowie on stage at the Festival Hall on July 8 1972, for a version of the Velvets’ White Light, White Heat.

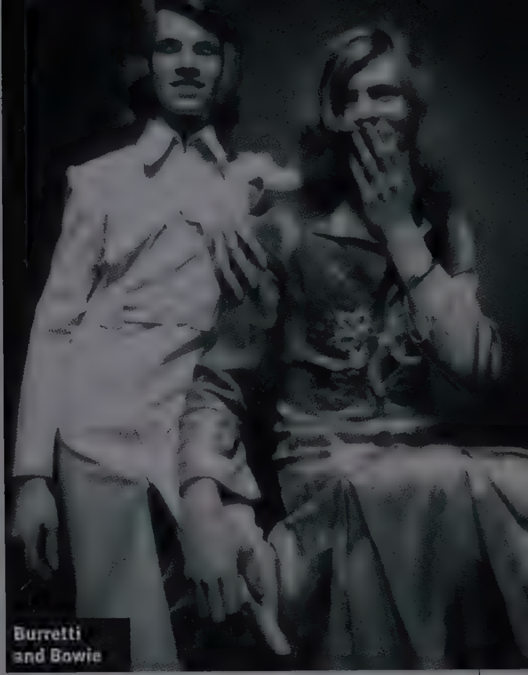
At the height of Ziggymania it was Angie, not Bowie, who appeared in Burretti-designed fashion spreads in national papers such as the *Daily Express*. “He’s pretty disparaging about her these days but I really think a lot of it was down to Angie,” says Boy George. “She was like something from another planet – American, sexually ambiguous and style conscious – so it’s no coincidence that within the space of a few months of them being together he switched from being a bit of fey hippy into a gorgeous space creature.”

In January 1972, during recording sessions for the album Ziggy Stardust & The Spiders From Mars, Bowie decided to cut off his flowing blonde locks, inspired by a spiky-haired model featured in a *Honey* shoot for the kabuki/sci-fi-inspired designer Kansai Yamamoto’s first London show in late 1971. Then Angie brought in Suzi Fussey, a hairdresser from Beckenham, to dye Bowie ‘s hair Schwarzkopf Red. Apparently Fussey, who later married Bowie’s guitarist Mick Ronson, had said the blonde version was “too Rod Stewart”.

When Ziggy took off, Bowie traversed the world, and, in the summer of 1972, executives from the Japanese division of record company RCA introduced him to Kansai Yamamoto, who by this time had his own London shop. First Bowie bought the jumpsuit featuring woodland animals that he wore at his concerts at London’s Rainbow Theatre that August. Soon he was consuming Kansai’s work, with his trusty design aide Natasha Korniloff coming up with reproductions so that the road didn’t take its toll on the originals.

Kansai made two costumes for Bowie’s second American tour of 1972: both jumpsuits, one in red, black and cream painted leather and another in black and white quilted vinyl with exaggerated flared trousers and red vinyl platform boots. Kansai said of Bowie: “He’s neither man nor woman, if you see what I mean. That suited me as a designer because most of my clothes are for either sex.” In April 1973, Bowie was in Tokyo to take delivery of several costumes influenced by Japan’s traditional Noh theatre, including the multi-coloured knitted body suit with one leg exposed worn during Ziggy’s “farewell” UK tour of June/July 1973.

There were other, even more extraordinary, designs, including a red sequinned jockstrap (influenced by sumo wrestlers) and a white satin short kimono, with white hot pants, knee-high boots and a cape.


Burretti and Bowie

By this time, Bowie ‘s look was completed by his personal make-up artist, Pierre Laroche, who arrived from the House of Arden. It was Laroche who painted the lightning bolt across Bowie’s face on the cover of 1973’s Aladdin Sane.

With Kansai supplying stagewear, Burretti designed daywear for both David and Angie: tightly cut suits with high-collared shirts, fat ties, nipped-in waistcoats, teetering platforms and a dazzling jacket with black and white stripes in velvet and crepe.

The fashion connection was driven home when Justin de Villeneuve was commissioned by *Vogue* UK editor Bea Miller to shoot his partner Twiggy with Bowie for the magazine cover. Bowie would have been the first man to appear on the front of the British edition, but he twisted de Villeneuve ‘s arm into giving it up for the cover of Pinups, the album of ’60s songs he released in October 1973.

“I said to him ‘I’ve just flown to Paris for *Vogue* especially to do their cover’,” recalled de Villeneuve later.” Then I asked David, ‘How many albums do you sell?’ He said, ‘About a million, hopefully’. *Vogue* would sell about 80,000 copies in the UK. I owned the picture, so I let him have it. I was a little arrogant then! *Vogue* wouldn’t speak to me for ages.”

Bowie also wore the box-jacketed suit he acquired at City Lights, a version of which appeared on the cover of David Live from the 1974 American live dates when he wore outfits he claimed were influenced by Latino street hustlers. Burretti’s association with Bowie ended in 1974, when he left to work for Valentino. The enigmatic Burretti disappeared from view, and died “peacefully in his sleep”, according to Bowie, in Paris in May 2001.

18

“I THOUGHT: ‘THAT’S IT!’”

Having split from Tommy Roberts midway through 1970, Trevor Myles and his American flatmate Marty Fromer smuggled large quantities of metal biker studs into the UK. Selling them to fashion contacts under the business title of Mr Stud ’Em in a deliberate attempt to provoke Roberts, they raised some cash to reopen 430 King’s Road, which had been closed since Mr Freedom’s move to Kensington six months before.

With an additional £5,000 from investors including Roberts’ former partner Charlie Simpson, Myles came up with the concept of Paradise Garage. “The inspiration came out of nowhere,” says the genial Myles in his south London apartment close to the Thames. “I just woke up one day and thought: that’s it!”

As in Mr Freedom’s original incarnation, some of the elements of this strange little outlet can be traced back to the varied appetites of Myles’ publican father, whose interests ran from Americana to exotic wildlife.

By the time the design team at Electric Colour Co had realised Myles’ vision, the exterior gave the impression of a shack in the dustbowl: the front was covered in distressed, fluorescent green corrugated iron so there wasn’t even a window display, the fascia was spelt out Tiki-style in bamboo and a ’50s gasoline pump was placed outside.

Myles stocked the shop with complementary clothes, and by doing so became the first British retailer to sell used American clothing in quantity, way ahead of Flip, which was founded by Fromer. The £5,000 was invested in a huge batch brought over from New York, and the best was sifted to form the shop’s basic range: second-hand 501 Levi’s (straight-legged, against the flared grain of the time), original ’40s and ’50s Hawaiian bowling shirts, baseball jackets and dungarees. These – some customised with diamanté – were draped over the store fittings of bamboo and rope rails.

In the centre of Paradise Garage was a bamboo cage containing two lovebirds, and bamboo, with raffia adornments, was used for the counter. Paradise Garage was spelt out in Japanese lettering by the door.

On the pavement outside was parked Myles’ Mustang, covered with tiger stripe flocked material. “Originally the guys at Electric Colour came up with an all-denim version,” he says. “The back pockets were going to feature on the boot and the bonnet was going to have the front zip. We wanted to put a huge Levi’s tag on it and offer it to them as a promotional vehicle. They just didn’t get it, so we went with the flock version.”

Initially, Paradise Garage flourished, as the glitterati took to the Americana. “We had people like Eric Clapton coming in, that whole lot,” says Myles. “Even the guys who would later become the Sex Pistols were hanging around.”

Fellow King’s Road retailer Gene Krell believes Myles brought a unique perspective to classic American clothing. “There had been an interest in it before, but Trevor took an unusual approach.”

Myles has been described at the time as “totally off the wall,” by the manager he employed, Bradley Mendelsohn, who told writer Craig Bromberg in the late 1980s: “I was supposed to be working for him but maybe a partner – roles were never really defined, everyone assumed the position they wanted to be. At the end of the day we were taking money out of the till to pay for the girls who were doing the seamstress work and for the night’s entertainment and then on to the next day.”

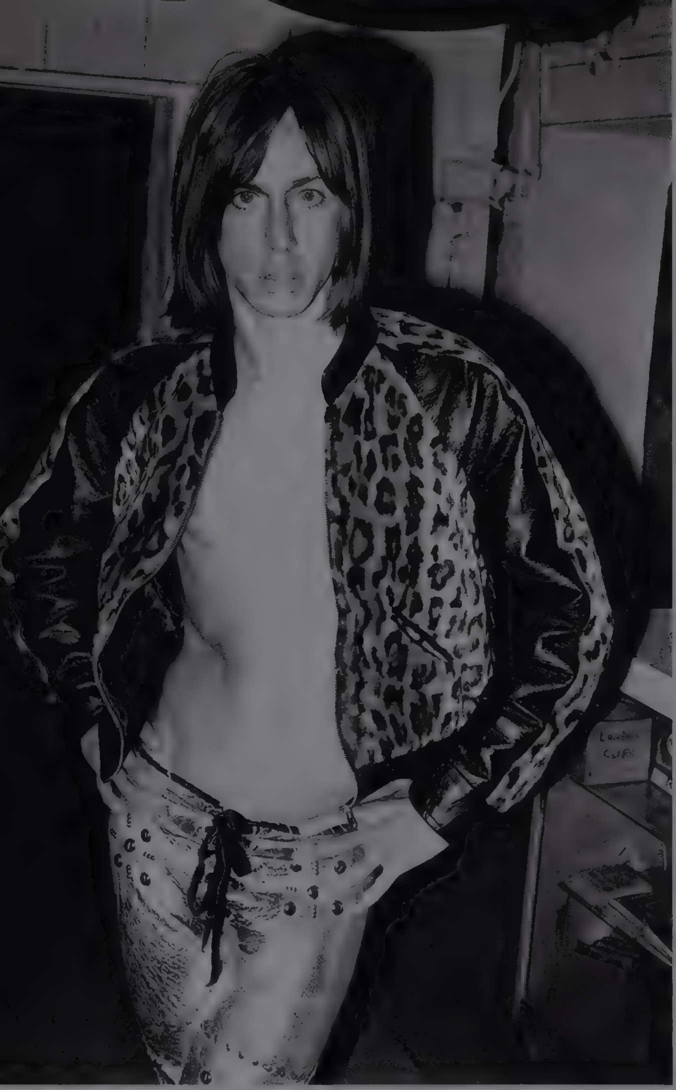
These days, the self-deprecating Myles shrugs and points out that he has never labelled himself a designer. “Instead I’ve always been able to energise creative people,” he says. “A friend once went to San Francisco and came back and told me: ‘They’ve got about 50 phrases for what you do, but really you’re a creative analyst.’ I’m happy with that.”

Paradise Garage was revamped after eight months, since Myles wasn’t bothered about replacing the second-hand stock that had run low. “Basically I was bored,” he says. “I installed this Wurlitzer AMI jukebox and racked it with rock ’n’ roll records. Then I had someone build a raised miniature dance floor right at the front and painted the back part black. I went to rock ’n’ roll, black trousers and ’50s jackets.”

These clothes were produced by John and Molly Dove, who specialised in jackets featuring images of animal heads and

OPPOSITE 1970: Trevor Myles and tiger-stripe Mustang

PARADISE GARAGE



ABOVE **Iggy in John and Molly Dove jacket**

prints. Iggy Pop wears one, complete with tiger-print panels, in the iconic series of images taken by Mick Rock for the cover of The Stooges' swansong 1972 album Raw Power.

Myles was unwittingly setting the scene for what was immediately to follow at 430. However, circumstances dictated that he would not be well-placed to capitalise on this.

"I fell for a Swedish model, as you do, or certainly as you did then," grins Myles about a young woman called Lisa. "We decided to marry, and Marty (Fromer) asked me what I wanted for the honeymoon. I said two tickets to Jamaica would be perfect and the very next day they turned up! Around this time I knew this very wealthy girl who had split from her man. She ended up coming along and the three of us had a scene in Jamaica. It was only on the way back that I found the tickets had been bought on a stolen credit card."

Paradise Garage was left in the care of Mendelsohn, now a successful property trader in America. While Myles partied in the Caribbean in November 1971, a putsch took place at 430 overseen by 25-year-old former art student Malcolm Edwards, who had recently adopted the surname McLaren. He, his friend from Harrow Art College Patrick Casey and McLaren's supply teacher partner Vivienne Westwood were on the hunt for premises to sell their original records and vintage radiograms.

The story goes that, dressed in a blue lamé, 50s-style suit made for him by Westwood, McLaren one day walked the length of the King's Road. At the western end he was accosted by Mendelsohn, who expressed admiration for his clobber. With Myles absent and Mendelsohn in precarious charge, the shop was on its uppers and ripe for renewal.

McLaren recalled Mendelsohn for the website only-anarchists.com: "He sported a black pompadour haircut and spoke with a Brooklyn accent. I walked in and heard some rock 'n' roll music and looked around the walls and there were a few pieces of rock 'n' roll-type skirts, Hawaiian shirts and old Levi's, and not much else going on."

That day, Mendelsohn struck a deal for McLaren to take over the back part of the store. The trio installed themselves in the black-painted back room and started selling refurbished radios, records and a few vintage clothes.

In McLaren's words, his meeting with Mendelsohn was a "chance rendezvous", although this doesn't account for the fact that McLaren was well acquainted with the site from its Mr Freedom days, and was thus likely to know Paradise Garage was not exactly thriving. Indeed, Mendelsohn is said to have failed ever to turn up at the shop again after that first meeting.

McLaren says he and Casey initially called their stall In The Back Of Paradise Garage and, when Mendelsohn didn't materialise, sold his stock for him, by their own admission holding on to the money.

Sometimes opening it in the evening – it seems Casey was a speed freak who didn't rise until 5pm – the pair renamed the outlet Let It Rock At Paradise Garage, as depicted on a chalkboard outside the shop.

"I came back from the honeymoon with no money and went into the shop," says Myles. "Bradley was gone and there was no money there either, but there were all these people. In the back of the shop was this old metal hospital bed with rubber sheets on it. It had some T-shirts on it and looked like some kind of installation or art piece. I asked them what was going on and they said they had rented the place out."

McLaren has claimed that an enraged Myles threw their stock onto the pavement, and that he and Casey turned to Tommy Roberts, who provided a lawyer to fight their corner. According to McLaren, the solicitor bargained Let It Rock's stock back into the store. "That's not my style," says Myles. "I might have stormed out but would have almost certainly gone home and hidden."

Encountering problems in his marriage – he even hired Mr Freedom shop assistant Harold to trail his new wife as she cavorted at night-spots – Myles decided to back away from 430. "I had absolutely no money and everything at Paradise Garage seemed to have ground to a halt, so I walked in one day and said they could have it," he says. "To my knowledge Tommy didn't have any financial interest there any more. I was always under the impression I owned the shop, though unbeknown to me he may have retained the lease. At the point where I'd said, 'I can't cope with this', maybe they paid him a few quid to take it over. But whatever the series of events, I just walked away."

Within a couple of years, Myles had taken a shop at a site housing market stalls in the middle of the King's Road, owned by Charlie Simpson. "He asked me what he should call it, and I did a deal with him that, if he liked the name I came up with, I could have the front stall," says Myles. "Britain had just gone into the Common Market [the precursor to the European Union] so that seemed the perfect name. I got my shop for next to nothing, selling embroidered jeans and jackets and hand-picked vintage Hawaiian shirts."

Since then, Myles has maintained his fashion connections, running the Million Dollar brand for many years as well as involving himself in such labels as Tom-Boy and Muscle Sport, selling into Top Shop and Miss Selfridge. "Those were the days when I could do a little T-shirt with a splash of ink and sell 60,000," he says. "It was a different world."

This was certainly true of 430 King's Road after Myles left it in 1971 in the hands of a clutch of provocateurs even more hell-bent than himself on upturning conventional notions of fashion and retailing.

“OFF THE RAILS”

Alkasura and The Universal Witness, London shops with inextricable links to two of the biggest groups of the early ’70s – respectively T.Rex and Led Zeppelin – sprang from a single source, a company called Alkasura Wholesale run by young designers John Lloyd and Paul Reeves.

Reeves had previously operated the label Sam Pig In Love in conjunction with school friend Pete Sutch, and, for a time, Trevor Myles, selling through a number of notable outlets and also to the likes of Reeves’ close friend Jimmy Page when he was in The Yardbirds in 1966.

“I’d known The Yardbirds since I was a dancer with my sister Sarah on *Ready Steady Go!*,” says Reeves in his discreet Kensington antiques shop where customers have included Bob Dylan, James Taylor, Barbra Streisand, George Harrison, Brad Pitt and Roger Daltrey. “I met up with Jimmy on a trip to California funded by clothes I’d made with this girl I knew. And when I saw the Stones at the Hollywood Bowl, Mick Jagger was wearing one of my satin shirts with rounded collars.”

The company’s label bore the inscription “Sam Pig In Love loves you” and its shirts, belts, trousers and ties were sold by Kleptomania, Emmerton & Lambert, Hung On You, Dandy Fashions and Granny Takes A Trip.

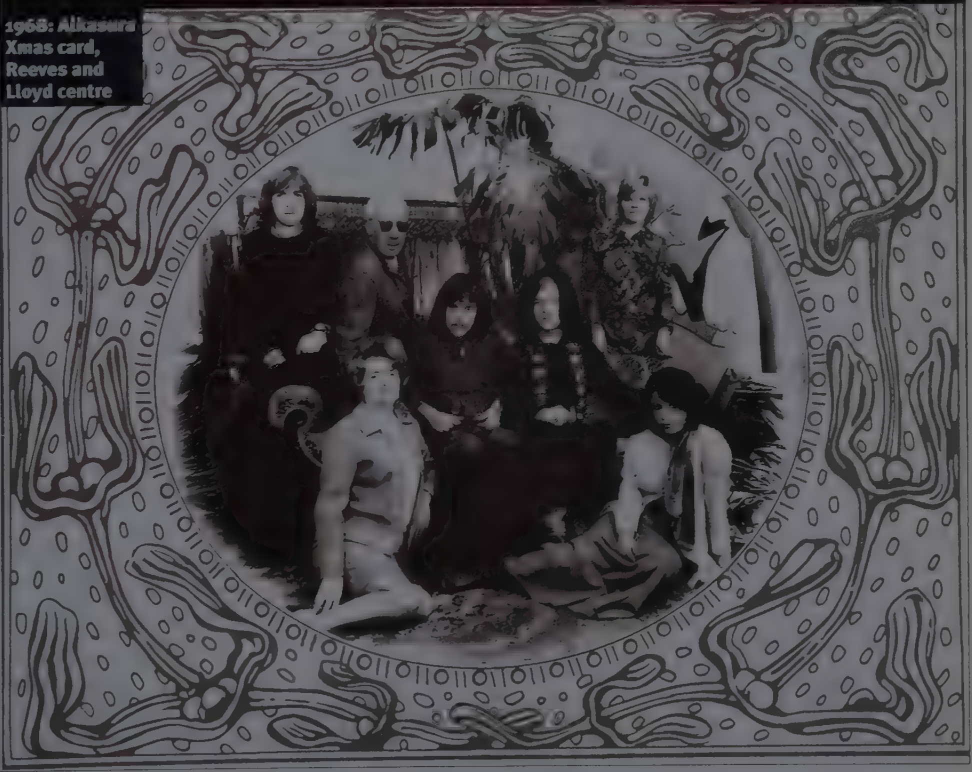
Despite this success, it was dissolved in 1967 when “Pete and I split up over a girl”, chortles Reeves. “That shows how long ago it is – girls haven’t figured in my life for a long time!”

Reeves hooked up with John Lloyd, then working for Tommy Roberts at Kleptomania, to form the wholesale version of Alkasura (taken from the name of a unicorn in Arthurian legend). “John was a sweetie, a good Jewish boy who went off the rails,” says Reeves. “He had lots of problems, one of which was that he started going bald at the age of 16, at a time when long hair was the thing to have.”

The company scored with lines such as crushed-velvet trousers, buckskin shirts with ties across the chest, as worn in performance by The Who’s Roger Daltrey, and kaftans. “We were the first people to sell them,” says Reeves. “We got six made up from Indian bedspreads, floor-length with Mandarin collars and a half belt at the back. Emmerton & Lambert took the lot and they had all gone within half-an-hour to customers such as George Harrison and Brian Jones.”

Among the visitors to Alkasura Wholesale’s Ganton Street offices were Paul Smith and his wife Pauline

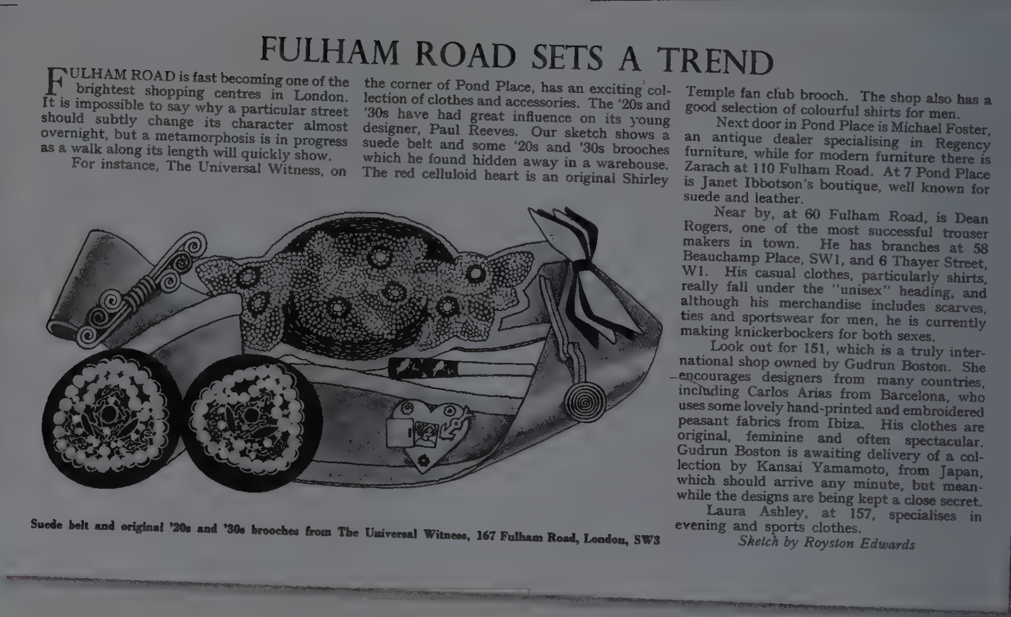
Marc Bolan: Devoted Alkasura customer



1968: Alkasura Xmas card, Reeves and Lloyd centre

ALKASURA
LONDON

Jimmy Page's Alkasura pink velvet jacket



FULHAM ROAD SETS A TREND

FULHAM ROAD is fast becoming one of the brightest shopping centres in London. It is impossible to say why a particular street should subtly change its character almost overnight, but a metamorphosis is in progress as a walk along its length will quickly show.

For instance, The Universal Witness, on the corner of Pond Place, has an exciting collection of clothes and accessories. The '20s and '30s have had great influence on its young designer, Paul Reeves. Our sketch shows a suede belt and some '20s and '30s brooches which he found hidden away in a warehouse. The red celluloid heart is an original Shirley Temple fan club brooch. The shop also has a good selection of colourful shirts for men.

Next door in Pond Place is Michael Foster, an antique dealer specialising in Regency furniture, while for modern furniture there is Zarach at 110 Fulham Road. At 7 Pond Place is Janet Ibbotson's boutique, well known for suede and leather.

Near by, at 60 Fulham Road, is Dean Rogers, one of the most successful trouser makers in town. He has branches at 58 Beauchamp Place, SW1, and 6 Thayer Street, W1. His casual clothes, particularly shirts, really fall under the "unisex" heading, and although his merchandise includes scarves, ties and sportswear for men, he is currently making knickerbockers for both sexes.

Look out for 151, which is a truly international shop owned by Gudrun Boston. She encourages designers from many countries, including Carlos Arias from Barcelona, who uses some lovely hand-printed and embroidered peasant fabrics from Ibiza. His clothes are original, feminine and often spectacular. Gudrun Boston is awaiting delivery of a collection by Kansai Yamamoto, from Japan, which should arrive any minute, but meanwhile the designs are being kept a close secret.

Laura Ashley, at 157, specialises in evening and sports clothes.

Suede belt and original '20s and '30s brooches from The Universal Witness, 167 Fulham Road, London, SW3

Sketch by Royston Edwards

Sam Pig In Love
LOVES YOU

Jimmy Page's Sam Pig In Love shirt

Denyer. "Paul had long red hair, and so did Pauline and so did the two Afghan hounds they brought with them," laughs Reeves.

When Reeves and Lloyd amicably terminated their partnership in late 1969, the latter took the name for his own retail outlet at 304 King's Road, where '50s pizzazz was reframed in gaudy materials rather than cut, attracting the likes of glam's first and greatest star, Marc Bolan.

Reeves, meanwhile, opened The Universal Witness at 167 Fulham Road, on the corner of Pond Place. With a sparse interior given an art deco feel, the clothes harked back to classic lines from the '20s and '30s, supplemented by cloche hats and fake fruit jewellery. One window display, realised by conceptual artist Les Coleman, consisted of cut-out keyholes opening on *déshabillées* Edwardian ladies to emphasise the voyeuristic aspect of window shopping, while the swing tickets bore Donald McGill naughty seaside postcard images.

"I wanted to do really nice, well-made clothes for men and women," says Reeves. "We sold to places like Betsey Bunki Nini in New York as well as all the major US department stores."

David Bowie was a keen customer at The Universal Witness, wearing one of the shop's broad-brimmed hats with the Oxford bags and loose-fitting shirt from his Hunky Dory cover in a publicity shot that appeared in the *Daily Express*. "I was brought up near Bromley, so knew Dave quite early on," says Reeves. "He bought loads of stuff, including a woman's electric blue fur coat cut on the circle. One day I was in Beckenham High Street with my friend, the jeweller Mick Milligan, and bumped into Dave, who shuffled up and said how much he liked the coat. After he left, Mick asked me who he was. I said: "Oh, his name's David Bowie. He's a real sweetie but he's such an old hippy he'll never make it!"

Meanwhile, Alkasura's fortunes rose as Bolan's career shifted gear, and he wore Alkasura outfits for his most happening *Top Of The Pops* appearances, including the first performance of his Number One single Hot Love in 1971, with yellow trousers and shiny jacket matched with glitter applied to his cheeks by his publicist Chelita Secunda.

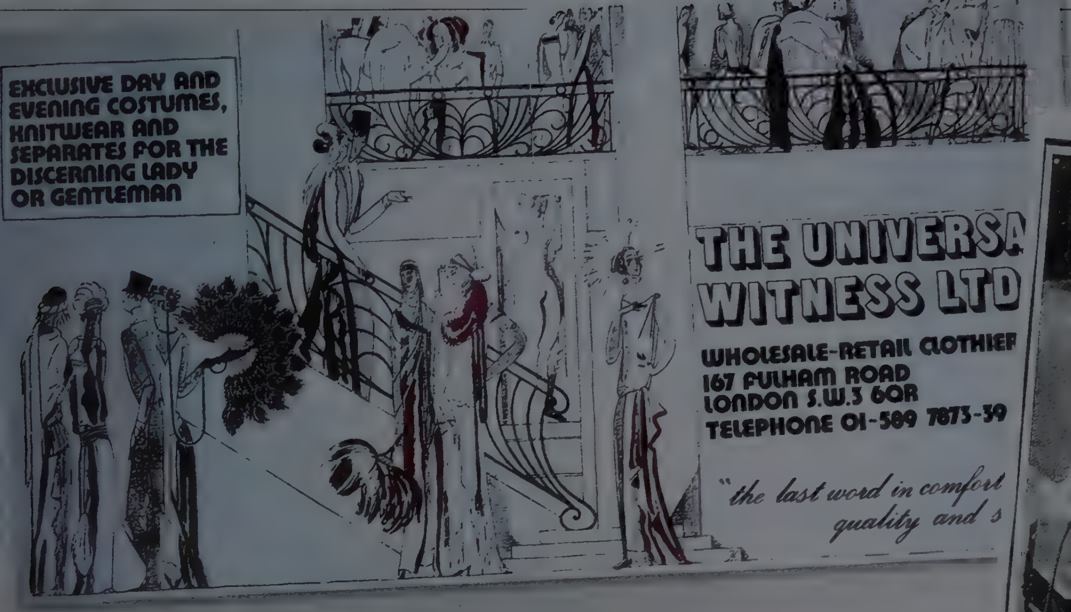
"Chelita was quite something," recalls Johnny Moke fondly. "She used to ride around town in this huge Bentley wearing stardust, sequins and glitter on her face. One night Marc said to her, 'I want make-up like you,' so she put some underneath his eyes and it all kicked off from there."

For his appearance on the following week's show, Bolan matched the make-up with a tiny, chest-baring silver velvet sailor suit from Alkasura, and would go on to wear the shop's Chuck Berry T-shirts and appliquéd satin jackets and trousers at every opportunity.

Along the way he formed a bond with Lloyd. "John was quite ethereal and trippy, far-out, from a wealthy background," says Trevor Myles, who shared a house with him in Chelsea. "Although I lived there and hung with him a lot, I never really got to know him because he wasn't my speed, as it were."

Lloyd was obsessed with religion, particularly artefacts and iconography, and even went so far as to don a monk's habit. Alkasura's shop design reflected the owner's obsession: it was entered via a large church door, and inside were positioned a font, pews and statues of saints. The stock, though, remained glitter rock: black satin jackets featuring printed cherries and T-shirts adorned with glitter stars.

T.Rex producer Tony Visconti says Alkasura "sold clothes that were considered kind of kitsch. That

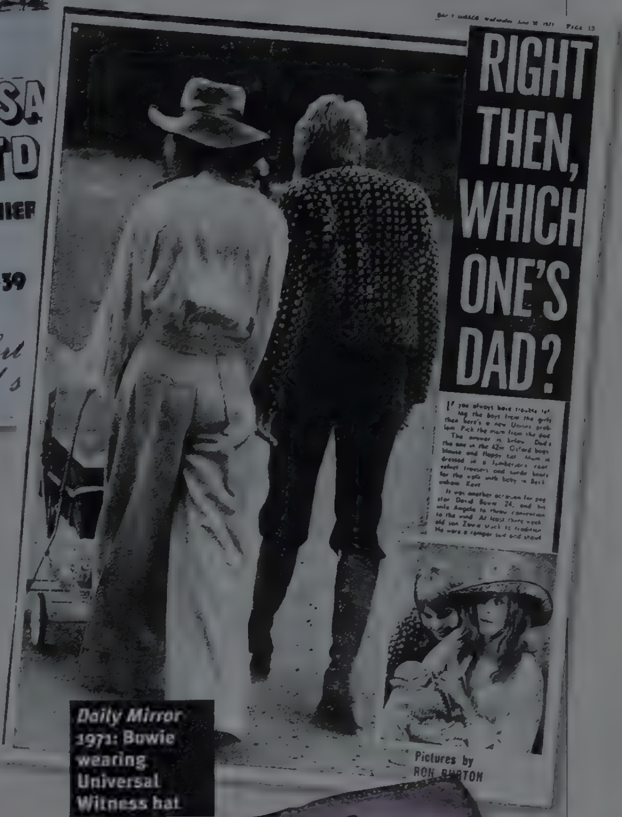


EXCLUSIVE DAY AND EVENING COSTUMES, KNITWEAR AND SEPARATES FOR THE DISCERNING LADY OR GENTLEMAN

THE UNIVERSA
WITNESS LTD

WHOLESALE-RETAIL CLOTHIEF
167 FULHAM ROAD
LONDON S.W.3 6QR
TELEPHONE 01-589 7873-39

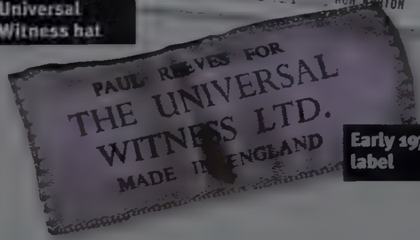
"the last word in comfort quality and s



RIGHT THEN, WHICH ONE'S DAD?

Pictures by RON BURTON

Daily Mirror 1971: Bowie wearing Universal Witness hat



Early 1970s label

famous chartreuse satin jacket with the music notes on it – this was pure kitsch and musicians weren't really dressing like that yet. Marc took it very seriously and started walking around like that".

Lloyd was responsible for the glam looks of other important early '70s stars, making the brightly-coloured satin suits worn by Rod Stewart.

By 1972, Bolan proclaimed that he was done with "the Lurex and glittery stuff. I don't like it any more", according to an interview from an unnamed source on the Pavilions Of The Sun website. Among "the people making clothes for me" at this time was Zandra Rhodes, who supplied 20 batwing-sleeved tops with padded shoulders, and LA-based Mary Astor (who designed for Alice Cooper). "She made me a nice monkey-skin jacket and a jumpsuit in a sort of stone-coloured check with suede and velvet," Bolan added.

Nevertheless, Bolan remained loyal to Alkasura, and is decked out in the store's clothes on the poster inside the 1973 T.Rex album Tanx.

Surviving Alkasura clothing is rare these days. Christie's auctioned a pair of Bolan's turquoise cotton trousers a couple of years back for £1,000. The same lot included an electric blue, single-breasted jacket lined with purple silk from another forgotten and fabulous '70s label, Strawberry Studios, which fetched the same amount.

Meanwhile, in 2004 The Look Of London exhibition at the Barbican's Museum Of London included an Alkasura blue, synthetic fibre shirt with multiple ethnic-style tie fastenings at the neck, and the same year a pair of Bolan's Alkasura trousers – flared, in ivory coloured satin with an embroidered stripe and turn-ups – were auctioned on eBay with a valuation of around £1500. Bolan matched them with a leopardskin jacket for a photo-shoot in 1973 and then a couple of years later for a bare-chested photo-spread for teen magazine *Diana*.

By 1973/4, Lloyd's erratic behaviour was affecting his business. Myles recalls one party at the shop where Lloyd insisted that everybody – from the assorted hippies to potential customers, bankers, solicitors and manufacturers – consume Mandrax from his personal supply. "I was talking to one of these really quite respectable people when suddenly he just keeled over mid-sentence, fell straight on his face," says Myles.

Reeves says heroin figured prominently in Lloyd's short life, and that a year-long exile in the Far East studying Buddhism did not aid his mental state. Lloyd's fragile personality was shaken to the core when he became involved with a fanatical religious group. "They took all his money and really screwed him up," says Myles mournfully. Alkasura went to the wall and John Lloyd committed suicide in the mid-'70s, setting fire to himself in his back garden.

Meantime, Reeves had tired of the fashion business and closed The Universal Witness in 1973 after he received a commission to refurbish the Kensington mews house of legendary Led Zeppelin manager Peter Grant, which took him 18 months to complete. "I told him I'd only do it if he didn't come anywhere near," says Reeves. "I involved friends from the Royal College Of Art and we did everything from cutlery to textiles. Then the day came for Peter to view it. I put some champagne on ice in case things weren't to his liking. He spent about five minutes looking around, not saying a word. Then he pronounced: 'I gotta say Paul ... it's fucking amazing!' We got the champagne out, and a couple of grams of coke, and everything was all right!"

19

“JUMPING INTO THE MUSICAL END OF PAINTING”

In 1969, Malcolm Edwards – at 23 an apparently perennial art student – and his partner, 28-year-old junior-school teacher Vivienne Westwood, had taken to the occasional shopping excursion along the King’s Road, home of their favourite haunt, Mr Freedom. The shop’s pop art take had sent the unusual young couple’s interest in clothes into overdrive.

On one visit, Westwood bought a lurid green dress and a frilled skirt; on another, a pair of leopardskin-print velvet trousers. Such purchases inspired her to start making her own clothes in brassy fabrics from vintage patterns. These were to be the first tentative steps on her path to becoming the cleverest and most innovative fashion designer of her time.

McLaren (as Edwards renamed himself two years later) once bought a pair of blue suede, D-ring lace-up brothel creepers, quilted on top: an insignificant act in itself, but the effect on him was seismic. “Mr Freedom was a very important shop at that time, and those shoes were probably the most important things I have ever bought,” says McLaren now, eyes a-glitter at the memory. “I had been at various art schools by then, and to buy a pair of blue suede shoes made a statement about what everyone else was wearing and thinking. It was a symbolic act to wear them; that’s what I felt as I walked down the King’s Road.”

With his elongated vowels shifting as ever between ennui-filled camp, Yankee drawl and East End barrow boy, outbursts of manic tittering and now-greying but still curly red mop of hair, McLaren talks loudly above the hubbub of the student bar at the London School of Economics. Dressed in a dark suit – simultaneously dandyish and sober – and a Raglan raincoat, McLaren stands out a mile from the throng, who regard him at a distance in their combats and trainers.

The reawakening of an interest in rock ’n’ roll style occurred at a key period for both Westwood and himself. By the time 1969 turned to 1970, he had spent six years switching courses and renewing grant aid at various London art colleges, while she held a series of teaching jobs and brought up their children, Ben (from her first marriage) and Joe (her son with McLaren). At the time, McLaren was emerging from prolonged immersion in contemporary art and subversive ideologies, which combined in his affiliation to the Situationists, France’s political pranksters whose theories revolved around the dehumanising effects of consumerism on contemporary culture.

As student protest and public insurrection dissipated, the pair looked about them for new sources of inspiration, even though they had avoided involvement in popular stylistic and musical developments for many years. Hippies were sneered at as “hippos”, and McLaren declared he had finished with pop music when the Rolling Stones moved beyond the grubby r&b dives of Soho and west London. “I remember seeing them in some club near Leicester Square,” he recalls. “They were known for wearing those matelot shirts, which made that London-Paris connection with the Left Bank. But this time they had on white shirts, which were actually very dirty. This seemed thrilling to me; it made them sexy, outlaws.”

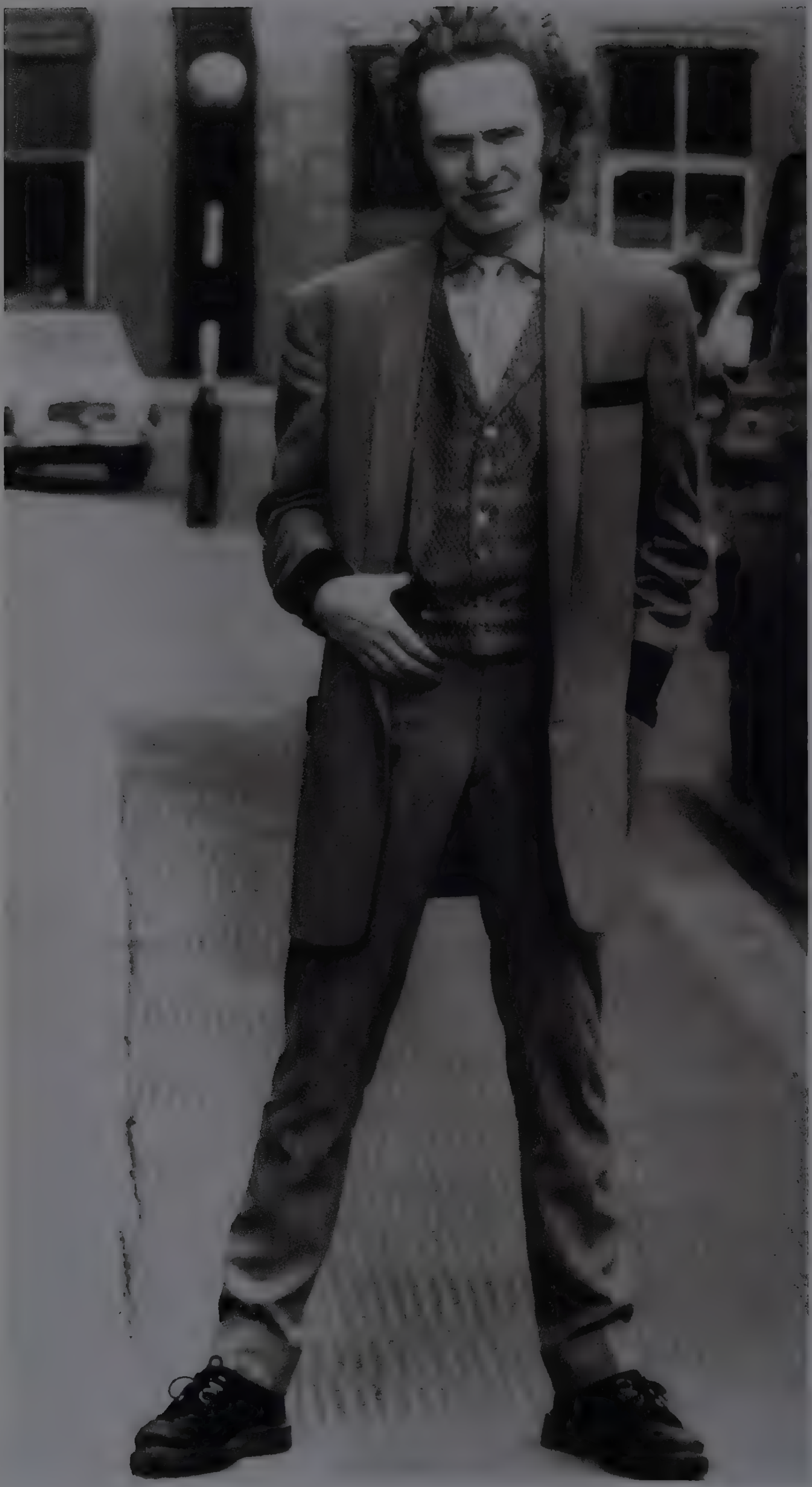
In terms of dress during the ’60s, McLaren had stuck to a somewhat dandyish appearance, including a brightly coloured tartan scarf in reference to his Scottish roots. According to fellow student and friend Fred Vermorel, McLaren’s contemporaries remember little remarkable about his appearance beyond an oversized yellow boiler suit once run up for him by Westwood.

Mr Freedom provided McLaren with a direct line to the youthful spirit of early rock in the form of Harold, the shop assistant employed by Tommy Roberts to add atmosphere to his establishment. Johnny Moke, at the time running the Hollywood Clothes Shop in nearby Fulham, believes Harry may have provided a spark for McLaren. “We all used to go out together, and Harry was a bit younger than us and out to impress. He’d be there all dressed up and talking about being a Ted. He was a bit of a handful, but we all really liked him and Malcolm was always paying attention.”

Whatever, there is no doubt that, by the beginning of the ’70s, McLaren and Westwood had settled on pure rock ’n’ roll as a means of expressing their disgust with the post-hippy fall-out. McLaren spent his time collecting original rock ’n’ roll singles and ’50s artefacts from flea-market stalls and the dusty shelves of old shops in far-flung suburbs.

While Westwood sold home-made jewellery in Portobello Road, he also tinkered with an historical film about London’s main shopping thoroughfare, Oxford Street, some of which

OPPOSITE Westwood and McLaren, Let It Rock, 1971: “Fashion was the place where music and art came together”



ABOVE Malcolm McLaren, King's Road, 1971

was shot inside Mr Freedom. Unfinished, this work included a tribute to British rock 'n' roller Billy Fury, whose manager, Larry Parnes, was another of McLaren's heroes.

"Malcolm was such a character, portraying himself as this street-smart Ted whilst discussing Dadaist art," wrote Gene Krell in his book on Westwood. "I have never encountered a more diverse mentality, or such a Walter Mitty-ish existence. Vivienne was another matter: so stunning, so incredibly stunning, with a lovely curvaceous body, beautifully shaped legs and an intense manner of speaking."

Curious about the changes being rung at this shop so close to his own outlet, Granny's, Krell visited 430 King's Road within a few days of Let It Rock opening. "My whole background was in rock 'n' roll," says Krell. "I'd been in doo-wop groups in the '50s so could give them a direct line to what they were interested in. And we got on. I remember one of the first things Vivienne said to me was 'I don't like your shop but I like you'."

Krell believes the pair were on a mission from the outset. "It's not a word you'd associate with them, but they were idealists," he says. "Everything was black or white. They truly believed that it was the dawning of a new age and a new attitude, where all the crap had to be discarded. That was something we hadn't witnessed before."

Patrick Casey and McLaren set about overhauling the premises while Westwood worked at producing a line of copies of the original clothing that McLaren was amassing. They painted the corrugated iron fascia black and picked out in pink the legend Let It Rock (after the Chuck Berry song), surrounded by musical notes. The Ted revival had been bubbling under for some time; as far back as 1967's Summer Of Love, a reissue of Bill Haley's Rock Around The Clock became a surprise hit, and from 1968 the grassroots interest had been spurred on by second-generation Teds headed by characters such as Sunglasses Ron. These individuals followed home-grown bands such as the Wild Angels, Flying Saucers Rock 'n' Roll and Shakin' Stevens & The Sunsets. Thus the shop had a ready-made clientele, whose brutish charms appealed to their renegade sensibilities.

"Fashion seemed to be the place where music and art came together," McLaren offers to explain his transformation from deadbeat student into revolutionary retailer. "Creating my own clothes was like jumping into the musical end of painting. The shop became a natural extension of my studio. I was very anti-careeristic and, in my head, I was promoting failure."

The shop soon attracted media attention, with features appearing in the national UK press and *Rolling Stone*, and its profile was boosted by a commission to provide clothes for Ringo Starr and David Essex for the 1972 movie *That'll Be The Day*. One of the first customers, buying stacks of '50s records, was future advertising supremo and art patron Charles Saatchi.

As Casey faded from the scene, McLaren became the huckster boutique frontman, while Westwood stayed at their flat in Clapham, south London, and toiled assiduously, all the while researching period detail and use of cloth. "Let It Rock had magic, but that's a lot to do with the fact that Vivienne had magic," says Roberts. "She always worked really hard at getting her clothes exactly right."

McLaren told the *Evening Standard* that he planned to offer visitors food and drink, encouraging them to leaf through the vintage handbills and magazines rather than buy clothes. Sex Pistols guitarist Steve Jones later told Fred and Judy Vermorel in their 1978 book on the group: "You felt, you know, that you could go in there and stand there and no one would sort of bother you. But if you went in Take 6 down the road, as soon as you'd go in, there would be five blokes on you like that to start with, saying yes, can I help you? It was just like being, not in a shop but a hang-out, you know what I mean?"

Among the shop assistants were McLaren's old friend Gerry Goldstein and his pal Roberta Bayley, who worked at the Chelsea Nuthouse restaurant in Langton Street. On her return to America in 1972, Bayley fell in with the characters who would later form the New York punk scene and chronicled its growth as a photographer for *Punk* magazine. She and Trevor Myles' American friend Marty Fromer were also to provide McLaren with a transatlantic link to performers such as the New York Dolls and Richard Hell.

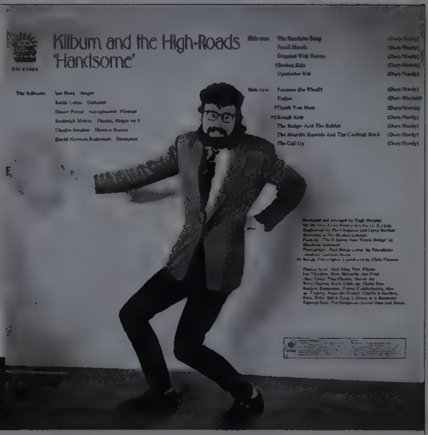
At night, Westwood and McLaren visited Ted haunts, handing out flyers featuring a price list – drapes were £18 – and proclaiming "Teddy Boys for ever! The rock era is our business". They also informed clients that the shop was open on Sundays from 9am to 11pm – provocative at a time when Sabbath trading was frowned on by local authorities.

Vive Le Rock gave its title to one of the first screen-printed T-shirts produced by the pair when they took a stall at the London Rock 'n' Roll Show at Wembley Stadium on August 5 1972, where they also sold another proclaiming "Rock and Roll Lives, Wembley '72". The bill featured veterans including Billy Fury, Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard, Bo Diddley and Brit rocker Heinz (whose backing band that day became pub rock pioneers Dr Feelgood), and relative newcomers such as Gary Glitter and the MC5. The last performers received an aggressive reception: "Hardcore Teds are lobbing the cans everywhere," wrote Douglas Gordon in the underground magazine *Frendz*. "Gary Glitter: present day rocker rep in the Top Ten ... fatal after MC5 ... brown ale's flying everywhere ..."

The Teds' reactionary attitude struck McLaren and Westwood. Not that they had any sympathies with the MC5 or Glitter, but such conservatism was beginning to wear thin, especially when customers criticised any attempts to expand the range beyond the traditional Ted uniform.

THE ARRESTING FORTIES

Let It Rock suits in *Club International*



Paul Tonkin in Let It Rock jacket

"BILLY FURY LEERED"

Inside 430, Trevor Myles' black paint at the back of the shop was retained for a while, with stock "hung on an antique stand; it was a mixture of vintage and reconstructions – the trousers made by Vivienne, the jackets by an East End tailor named Sid Green", explained Jon Savage in his exploration of the Sex Pistols and punk, *England's Dreaming*. "Other items included blue and silver pegged pants, several scarlet shirts and a beautiful '50s flecked jacket, in black with white strands woven in like the TV static. Dotted around were DayGlo socks, vintage records and handbills for films such as *Rock Around The Clock*, *Vive Le Rock* and *The Damned*.

"The front half of the shop was the hangout area. This was dominated by Odeon wallpaper and a peculiar *trompe-l'oeil* window under which stood an original '50s cabinet, picked out in pink taffeta and containing plastic earrings, Brylcreem and pendants. On top of this sat a picture of [crazed early-'60s novelty rocker Screaming Lord] Sutch, his hair flying wildly as though from electric shock. On the wall, Billy Fury leered from within a garish glass frame."

Some of the clothes and artefacts were supplied by Leicester-based dealer Steph Raynor, later John Krevine's partner in founding Acme Attractions and Boy. His friend David Parkinson, a photographer, had heard about McLaren's plans for Let It Rock, and took Raynor along before the refit had taken place. Parkinson worked for soft-core porn magazine *Club International*, and took many photographs of the shop from its earliest days.

McLaren was particularly proud of the Lurex-threaded, wide-shouldered, one-button jackets: he is seen wearing one standing outside the shop in the first shots taken by Parkinson, while another in a lighter hue is sported by Paul Tonkin, a roadie for Tommy Roberts' charges Kilburn & The High Roads, on the back cover of their album Handsome.

Among the stock items left by Myles was his Wurlitzer jukebox, and this survived every incarnation of the shop until its refit in late 1976 in transition to Seditionaries.

"Malcolm was in the middle of working out what to do with it at that stage," says Raynor. "Then, when we went back a few weeks later, it was up and running. Entering the shop felt like entering the set of a '50s B-movie. There were old Teds, dwarfs and generally disfigured people just hanging around. There was a little sign outside, Bakelite radios on the street and Lurex trousers.

"I know the favourite thing he had at that time – which he wouldn't sell – was a black Rock Around The Clock shirt with alarm clocks all over it. I told him I could get some bits and pieces, and we had a working relationship. I'd drive a VW to London and he'd be upside-down in the back, arse sticking in the air rooting through things."

“BE REASONABLE – DEMAND THE IMPOSSIBLE”

The new Edwardians’ conservative attitudes provoked McLaren and Westwood into action. In 1972, Let It Rock was recast as a rocker hangout, operating under a new name – Too Fast To Live Too Young To Die, in celebration of James Dean and the British “ton-up boys” who superseded the Teds in the early ’60s. While it continued to sell drape suits at £70 each and brothel creepers, extraordinary original designs crept on to the shelves.

From black leather biker jackets with chains to custom-made zoot suits, McLaren was expanding on his interest in cult clothes, but always with a twist. Tailor Sid Green used to say that when McLaren first took him a ’40s suit to copy, Green pointed out a kink in the shoulder. McLaren insisted that the imperfection should remain, and thereafter the shop’s suits retained that trademark kink.

Every part of 430’s package delivered a message, coherent or not; even though the shop had changed name, the Let It Rock label continued to appear on clothes, with some in 1972 containing the following message in tiny type: “The dirty stripper who left her UNDIES on the railings to go hitchhiking said, you don’t THINK I have stripped off all these years just for MONEY do you?”

Westwood supplied a number of sleeveless T-shirt designs, all in black. One range had zippers placed over the nipples, while another extended the cap sleeves recently revived by Antony Price at Plaza by placing small cut-up rubber tyres over the shoulders. Some had simple statements such as SCUM – the acronym for would-be assassin of Andy Warhol, Valerie Solanas’ Society For Cutting Up Men – printed on them, while on others “Venus” was spelled out in studs on the front, horsehair spilling from the shoulders and zippers, again over the nipples. There are now very few of these in existence; ’80s pop star, clothes collector and *Celebrity Big Brother* inmate Pete Burns of Dead Or Alive is reputed to own one.

Even these designs were outdone by the very limited range of T-shirts featuring chicken bones, which spelled out “Perv” and “Rock”. In her Westwood biography, *An Unfashionable Life*, writer Jane Mulvagh says only a dozen were made, and one was bought by Alice Cooper.

The Let It Rock title was retained on a T-shirt in the window in 1973, a fact that bemused one youth who stumbled inside on a Saturday morning that year. “That was one of the first times I’d been down the King’s Road,” says Glen Matlock, sitting in his apartment in Maida Vale, west London. “I was looking for a pair of brothel creepers because for a time they became the thing for skins to wear, I don’t know why. Then I found a pair in the window of this shop which seemed to have two names.”

Brought up in the Irish-Caribbean enclave of Kensal Green, Matlock was then a 16-year-old grammar school boy, a football and music fan who admired The Faces, in particular the nonchalant dress sense of bassist Ronnie “Plonk” Lane. “I wasn’t really a skin. I wasn’t really anything. Just used to pick up on different looks,” shrugs Matlock. “I used to go to shops like Mr Freedom in Kensington. That’s where I bought this Elvis Presley short-sleeved shirt which had ‘Return To Sender’ written on it. I’d never seen anything like that before. My mum washed it and it shrunk to nothing.”

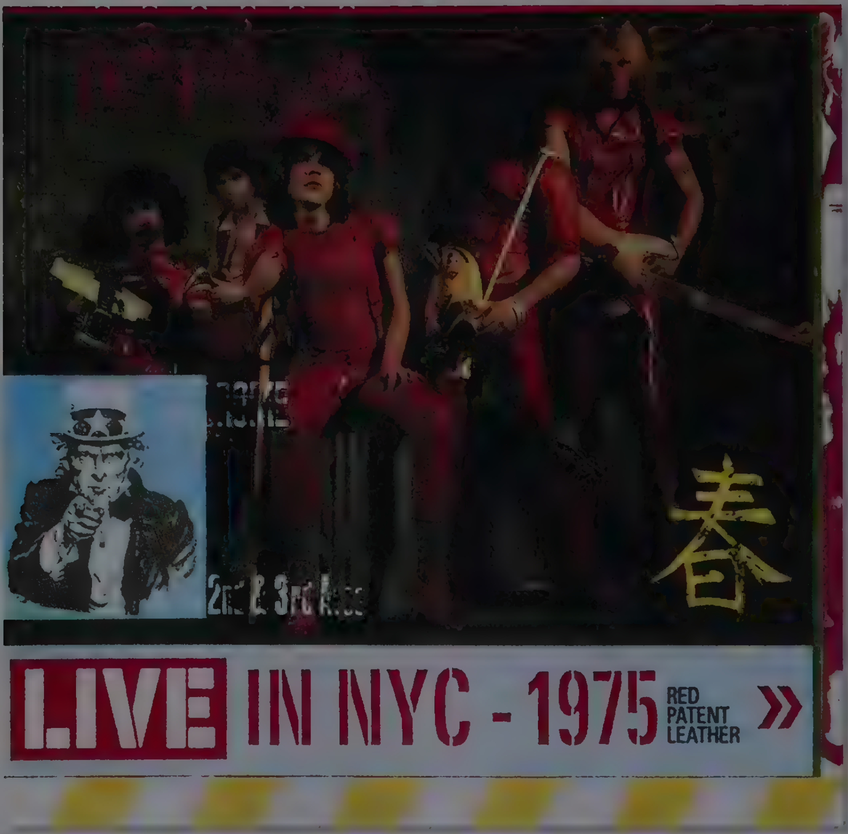
Matlock was so struck by the interior decor (“it looked like my granny’s sitting room”) that he asked for a job as a Saturday boy and was hired on the spot, at £3.50 a day. “It was basically still Teddy boy stuff then, although they had just started doing the chicken bone shirts,” says Matlock. “On Saturday mornings, you’d turn up pretty late and there’d be this queue of people wanting to buy the creepers which had been delivered from Cox’s the night before. They’d all be gone by the middle of the afternoon.”

For his first day at work, Matlock dressed in his best clothes: a three-piece corduroy suit from Take 6. It was immediately obvious this would not fit in. “I started wearing their gear: straight trousers, a mohair sweater and those shirts which were copied from Vince Man’s Shop.” The design came from one of the many vintage catalogues and porn, pop and clothing magazines strewn around the shop, which Matlock was encouraged to absorb as part of his education in the seamy side of popular culture.

He recalls being taken to sites from rock’s heyday, including the authentic ’50s coffee bar The Macabre, in deepest Soho. “I don’t know how Malcolm knew about it, but it was the real

OPPOSITE **Sex shop habitues: (left) Steve Jones, unidentified, Alan Jones, Chrissie Hynde, Jordan, Vivienne Westwood**

BE
REASONABLE
DEMAND
THE
IMPOSSIBLE



ABOVE **The Dolls as card-wielding communists**

thing. The tables were coffin lids and the jukebox only had songs to do with death," enthuses Matlock, who nevertheless needed counselling in the wiles of retailing. During his first months as assistant, he would receive weekly calls from Tommy Roberts asking how much money the shop had taken. "But then Malcolm put me right and I kept my mouth shut after that."

Growing tension between McLaren and Roberts was exacerbated by a dispute, possibly regarding payment for a set of zoot suits that Let It Rock had supplied for Kilburn & The High Roads. When Roberts' warehouse was burgled and his most popular line – the box-cut suits worn by David Bowie on the back cover on Pinups – was stolen, the finger pointed at future Sex Pistols guitarist Steve Jones and his friend Wally Nightingale, habitués of number 430 with reputations for thievery. "Steve and Wally had stacks and stacks of those jackets," laughs Matlock. "They offered me one for a fiver. I didn't buy one. A, I wasn't that keen on them, and B, it was the last thing I could wear in Malcolm's shop."

Roberts is still smarting. "That bloke in the Sex Pistols came and apologised 10 years later," he snorts. "I said, 'Don't fucking apologise now, it's too late, old son.' I won't go into it; there was a reason for all that. They wanted us out of the way. As it happens, by that time I'd had enough of it all, anyway. I'd made my statement."

As the Teds withdrew their custom, so the clientele became more diverse. "When they began doing the zoot suits and the peg trousers, all these blokes from west London started coming in," says Matlock. "They were the kind of guys that had jobs but lived at home with their mums and drove big American cars. They were definitely a bit more interesting than the Teds, who just used to stand there looking hard."

Now World's End was the place to be, a nexus of interesting shops including the neighbouring Cobblers Of the World, opened by Terry de Havilland in 1972 and featuring a Venetian bordello theme with peach mirrored glass, a tented ceiling, velvet banquettes and an oversized chandelier to complement its exotic footwear.

Visitors to 430 included artist Andrew Logan, ballet dancer Rudolf Nureyev, the heir John Paul Getty and broadcaster/journalist Janet Street Porter, while musicians who bought items of ready-made stagewear included the magnificently shambolic and drugged-up New York Dolls, whose guitarist Sylvain Sylvain had long been acquainted with the store.

A fashion retailer in New York in a previous incarnation, he had bought "groovy threads" at Paradise Garage in the early '70s, when he became friendly with Trevor Myles. McLaren and Westwood met the band again in August 1973 when they travelled with accomplice Gerry Goldstein to the National Boutique show in New York. Retail buyers were by and large unimpressed with the wares on display; the Dolls, on the other hand, loved them.

"They had some great things: Jerry Lee Lewis underpants ... and all these English-style '50s shirts, like Billy Fury and Adam Faith would have worn," says Dolls associate Peter Jordan in Nina Antonia's biography of the doomed group, *Too Much Too Soon*. A party was held in the Dolls' honour in the couple's room at the Chelsea Hotel. "They scattered all these soft-core lingerie magazines around. We went up there and stole everything we could get our hands on."

"The first time I saw the Dolls they were supporting The Faces at Wembley," says Matlock. "Not long after, I went with Malcolm to see them at the Rainbow Room. He went to Paris and eventually followed them to New York."

In 1974, Westwood and McLaren decided to reinvent the shop as a fetish and bondage outlet, inspired in part by their recent New York visit. The trip had opened their eyes to the outsider status of sexual deviancy which, now as then, has a far greater capacity to shock than youth cults. That April, in an interview in the *NME*, McLaren talked of clothes "getting more transsexual" and mused about persuading radical psychiatrist RD Laing to design suits.

The shop underwent a prolonged refit, and the fact that it was closed for months did not please the impecunious Matlock. "I kept on ringing Malcolm, and he told me it was taking longer than they thought." This isn't surprising; when it reopened, the transformation was total. Outside, the word "Sex" was emblazoned in four-feet-high, pink rubber capitals, with the seventeenth century clergyman Thomas Fuller's dictum "Craft must have clothes but truth loves to go naked" sprayed over the board to which the letters were attached. Inside, rubber-draped walls and ceiling were peppered with quotes from the Society For Cutting Up Men manifesto, as well as a selection of Situationist aphorisms.

As Jane Mulvagh details, the clothes – Westwood-adapted lingerie, hoods, leather and bondage-wear – were hung from gym bars placed along the walls, along with whips, chains, nipple clamps *et al*. On the ceiling were swathes of ominously ballooning pink surgical rubber, while mannequin torsos –

sometimes naked, sometimes clad in bulging cire briefs – were crammed higgledy-piggledy in the window.

Homage was being paid not only to Vince Man's Shop but also to the subterranean gay shops that operated in the equally oppressive climate of the mid-'70s, one of which, London Leatherman, acted as inspiration. Situated on Queenstown Road, on the route from Westwood and McLaren's Clapham home to the shop, its façade consisted of wooden panels surrounding a one-foot-square window displaying a mannequin's trunk garbed in tight leather shorts.

Sex, however, was more openly provocative than such stores. "The Sex shop people, untypically, have political views, of a kind which they describe as anarchic," wrote Peter York in *Harpers & Queen*. "[They] hate Retro, and seem perfectly sincere about it, but they are working in a 1958 Council Flat Greaseball vein. In the graffiti decor sprayed in their shop appears the telling question 'Does passion end in fashion?'"

This was inscribed by McLaren, though a couple of years later it was rephrased "Passion is a fashion" and sprayed across a boiler suit by Joe Strummer, energised frontman of Rhodes' charges The Clash.

In a 1974 interview in *Street Life*, McLaren predicted that the shop would start a cult: "I think now that kids have a hankering to be part of a movement, like Teddy boys in the '50s and mods in the '60s," he told writer Rick Skymanski, later to become tabloid columnist Rick Sky. "They want to be the same, to associate with a movement that's hard and tough and in the open, like the clothes we're selling here." In the picture accompanying the article, McLaren is wearing a grubby white shirt emblazoned with the stencilled Situationist motto "Be Reasonable – Demand The Impossible".

There were distractions, not least the five out-of-control debauchees in New York. McLaren's attempt to revive the Dolls' career late in 1974 is well documented; singer David Johansen has always maintained he was their "haberdasher", not manager. Whatever, McLaren persuaded them to relaunch with an image as card-wielding communists, dressed in red leather and cire suits made by Westwood.

These were unveiled at a poorly received showcase at the New York Hippodrome on February 28 1975. After an equally disastrous series of dates in Florida, the band split amid drug- and alcohol-fuelled acrimony, and their wannabe manager returned to London feeling utterly dejected.

At this stage, Matlock had been participating in scrappy band rehearsals on stolen equipment with Jones as vocalist, Nightingale on guitar and their friend Paul Cook on drums. They shared a common bond in liking The Faces, and Matlock was also keen on another group of pre-punk pioneers, the Sensational Alex Harvey Band.

A visit by members of that group to the shop revealed to Matlock not only McLaren's paranoia about business affairs but also his lack of knowledge of the drawing power of contemporary rock acts. "I was chuffed when they came in, and was serving away when Malcolm started getting really edgy. He told me to get rid of them, so I had to tell them we were closing early. Once they were gone, he insisted they were tax inspectors on the snoop. I kept telling him they were a big rock band, but he wouldn't have it."

A few weeks later, Matlock coerced McLaren and his friend Bernie Rhodes into accompanying him to a SAHB performance at the Hammersmith Odeon. "It was absolutely packed with these kids, and that's when I think the penny dropped with Malcolm. That coincided with us getting the band together and being more on the case, and Malcolm realising that the Dolls had had it."

McLaren took his friend Gene Krell along to their rehearsals. "One time they auditioned this James Dean character called David," says Krell. "He was great-looking but didn't possess any charisma. Malcolm was very influenced by Richard Hell; that was more what he was looking for."

One of the first established artists to pick up on Sex's new look was Lou Reed, who during his European tour in the summer of 1974 had epitomised the coming punk look, with cropped, peroxide hair, junkie shades, black drainpipes, studded leather jacket, brothel creepers and sleeveless, ripped black T-shirt. Reed had entered his full-on Rock & Roll Animal phase decked out in clothes from 430 under the influence of his then partner, New York designer Barbara Hodes. Around this time, he posed for photographer Mick Rock in a Sex mohair jumper with plastic panels and also in a black-shredded T-shirt with zips over the nipples.

Although this incarnation was to prove yet another of Reed's stage personas, there were enough authentic young misfits to start the ball rolling at street level. John Lydon, who was in the audience at Reed's gig at Charlton Athletic's ground in 1974, had started frequenting the store "because it was so fucking different", he told Fred and Judy Vermorel. "I thought it was good gear. It says something good about someone who'll wear that kind of gear and fucking fight back if someone laughs at them."

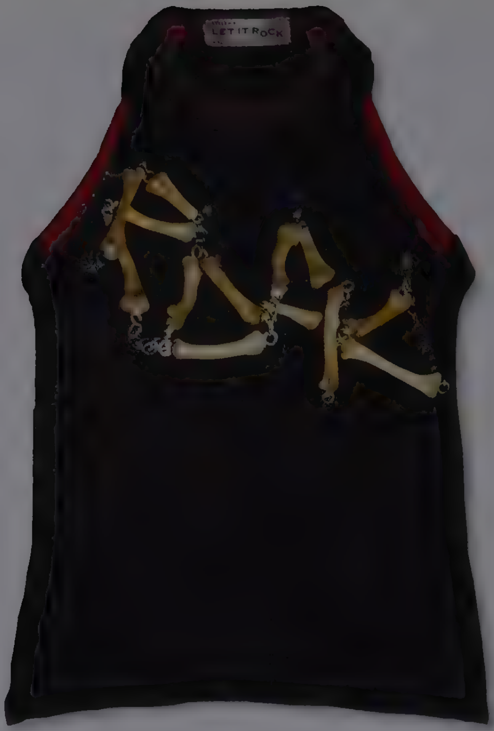
Among the other kids with the strong hankering defined by McLaren was 18-year-old Susan Ballion (aka Siouxsie Sioux), who bought such lines as stilettos in transparent pink and black PVC and a "cowboys" T-shirt, which the singer wore at the last Banshees gig at a festival in Belgium in the summer of 1995 "as a concession to history".

Back in the mid-'70s, Siouxsie commissioned Westwood to make a pair of fishnet tights adorned with gold tassels. Her friend Steven Bailey (later Severin, the Banshees guitarist), believes the shop's prices spurred on punk's coming DIY ethic. "Only those with rich parents could afford Sex clothes," he told Mark Paytress in the band's biography. "That's when all the home-made thing started. There were plenty of jumble sales around where you could pick up bits and transform them into something else."

Boy George agrees: "The clothes were expensive so we used to sequin, bead, stitch, dye, print and alter Oxfam clothes. Then we'd parade down the King's Road, and dare each other to go into Sex."

Other, older clientele were not at all welcome. The story was put about that Mick Jagger had tried to enter the shop but had the door slammed in his face in a gesture of defiance to the old order. "Now, this is all total fantasy," Jagger told the *NME*. "I don't even know where the Sex shop is ... Hold on, I vaguely recall where Let It Rock used to be. But there's a lot of clothes shops in the King's Road, dear, and I've seen 'em all come and go. No one ever slams the door on me in the King's Road. They all know I'm the only one who's got any money to spend on their crappy clothes. Though even I would draw the line at spending money on torn T-shirts!"

Matlock, who had helped to erect the Sex sign and spray some of the slogans, was "a bit miffed" to find he had been



RIGHT 1972: "Chicken bones" shirt

BELOW Valerie Solanas and Alexander Trocchi were inspirations

SCUM Manifesto
Valerie Sola
A Brandon House Library Edition
ALEXANDER TROCCHI
SCHOOL FOR WIVES
INTRODUCTION BY JACK HIRSCHMAN, Ph.D.

replaced as an assistant by Chrissie Hynde.

The future Pretenders leader had fallen in with the Sex crowd and tired of her job as a journalist with the *NME*. However, within a few weeks, Hynde was also out. Suspecting her of infidelity, her boyfriend at the time – elegantly wasted rock scribe Nick Kent – attacked her at the store, whipping her with his belt. McLaren dispensed with Hynde's services and Matlock was rehired.

Kent had also been one of the loose retinue of musicians who rehearsed with Matlock, Jones and Cook before they recruited Lydon (who became Johnny Rotten) in late August 1975. "When Malcolm came back from New York, he brought back all these flyers from CBGB's: pictures of Richard Hell with his hair all cut up and wearing ripped clothes, that picture of the early Heartbreakers with tomato-ketchup wounds," says Matlock. "We actually had a correspondence with Hell about him joining us. One day Bernie [Rhodes] said he saw this guy who had that look in the area, and then he walked into the shop."

The Sex Pistols were born a few days later, as Lydon writhed and struck mock-horror poses accompanied by Alice Cooper's I'm 18 during a post-pub "audition" at the shop.

"On the one hand you had Malcolm, who is an extremely interesting guy, a scavenger, a cultural cannibal – I mean that in the best way," says Krell. "He was into people like [drug-addicted beat writer] Alexander Trocchi, the Dadaists, and claimed to be friends with Guy Debord [of the Situationist International]. Then you had the Sex Pistols, who were basically a bunch of yobbos. It's really fascinating when you see how he navigated the waters and tried to manipulate them as political characters. His idea was anarchy with a morality to it."

The group's incendiary energy soon attracted media attention and, as their commitments grew, so Matlock's attendance record at Sex worsened. His place was taken by Jordan, whose individual take on dressing up ensured that Sex began to receive more attention. Travelling to London from the south coast every morning wearing spike heels, stockings and rubberwear and with an electric-shock blonde beehive and outrageous make-up, Jordan became as much of an attraction at the shop as the clothes, particularly since her obvious intelligence and ready wit provided a counterpoint to Westwood's schoolmarmish persona.

"Jordan was amazing and very intimidating, a real inspiration in her warpaint," says Boy George. "On the other hand Sid Vicious when he worked there was really sweet, really goofy."

"Me and Jordan sort of crossed over," says Matlock. "I left after I got in really late one day and Vivienne started shouting at me, 'It's not just a job working here, you know. It's a privilege. You've got to understand that'."

There is little to dispute in that statement. By now, 430 had become the central focus for the individuals who would create the gathering pop culture revolution. Simon Barker, one of the original Pistols fans as a member of the so-called Bromley Contingent, told Mark Paytress: "We did find kindred spirits among the Sex crowd. If you wore straight-legged trousers in those days, you were a 'poof'. It was that extreme. Every football fan wore platform shoes and wide, three-button, high-waisted trousers, so flat shoes and straight trousers were considered outrageous. To see people wearing the same clothes as you was really inspiring."

The Sex range of original clothes more than matched the bondage- and leatherwear bought in from such specialist suppliers as Estelle and She-An-Me. The shop still carried elements of the past lines, such as shoes, mohair jumpers, zoot suits and Levi's 501s, but the sum total was tailor-made for an emerging group aiming to upturn a turgid music scene and their fans.

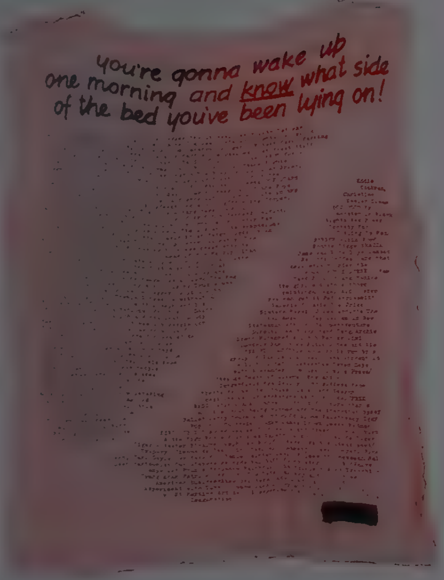
Heavy-duty Sex jeans in red, blue and black polished cotton had rubber zips and PVC patch pockets with a zip inside, and the mohair jumpers featured holes and lopsided patterns, while shirts were ripped and scorched. McLaren's inventiveness was evinced by such designs as slingback suede ankle boots attached at the heel by a white strap.

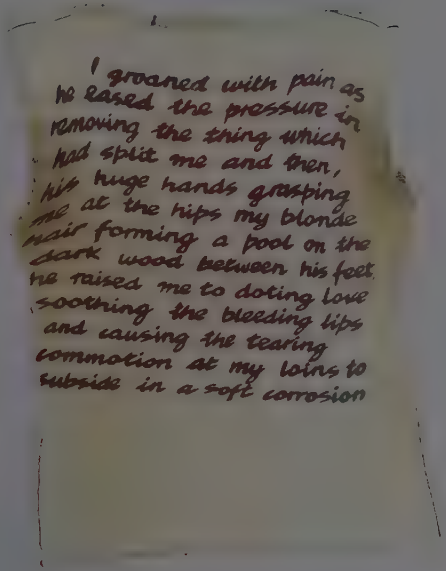
These and other items from the shop were worn by Pistols members throughout the group's existence, although Rotten maintained the DIY look that had scored him the gig – his presence had originally been noted not only for his green hair and torn clothing but also for his shredded Pink Floyd T-shirt, which he had adapted with the words "I Hate" above the band logo.

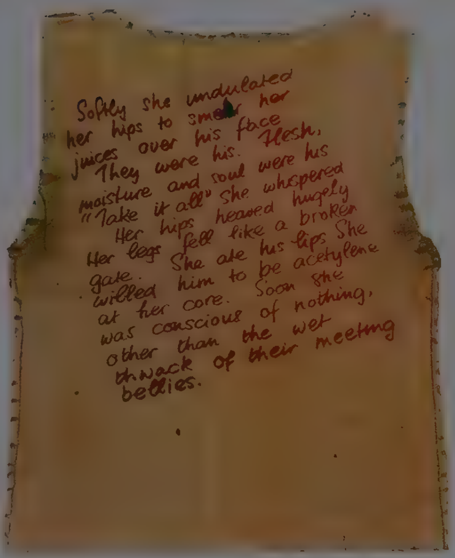
This struck an immediate chord with the insurgent spirit of 430 King's Road, best expressed by the shop's own range of T-shirts.

When Matlock started at St Martin's, he was pressed into using the college's facilities to produce screens for the increasing number of shocking designs to emblazon Westwood's simplest yet boldest creation: a sleeveless T-shirt made from two squares of cloth with the seams on display. With McLaren providing a fountain of visual inspiration, Rhodes was on hand to help with the screen-printing and to supply a stream of ideas.

Gone were the days of merely reproducing the images of such '50s stars as Eddie Cochran and Little Richard, or picking out Buddy Holly's name in glitter or even R-O-C-K in chicken bones. To this day, the T-shirts collectively represent a startling and subversive worldview.


You're gonna wake up
one morning and know what side
of the bed you've been lying on!


I groaned with pain as
he eased the pressure in
removing the thing which
had split me and then,
his huge hands grasping
me at the hips my blonde
hair forming a pool on the
dark wood between his feet
he raised me to doting love
soothing the bleeding lips
and causing the tearing
commotion at my loins to
subside in a soft corrosion


Softly she undulated
her hips to smear her
juices over his face.
They were his. Flesh,
moisture and soul were his
"Take it all" she whispered
Her hips heaved hugely
Her legs fell like a broken
gate. She ate his lips. She
willed him to be acetylene
at her core. Soon she
was conscious of nothing,
other than the wet
thwack of their meeting
bellies.

"SETTLING SCORES AND CELEBRATING OUTLAWS"

Between 1972 and 1979, McLaren, Westwood and their compadres produced a range of T-shirt designs that overturned icons, displayed overt sexual imagery, settled scores and celebrated outlaws.

As pointed out in *20th Century Fashion* by Valerie Mendes and Amy de la Haye, the annexation of text had been occurring in fine art circles for decades, but the 430 coterie – familiar with these Lettrist developments – went a stage further and pushed the avant garde on to the high street by using text on clothing to challenge political, social and sexual boundaries.

Priced between £2 and £7, the T-shirts were printed in stark colours with zips, cigarette burns and strategically ripped holes. Despite the relative freedom of expression in the new millennium, several still cannot be worn today without provoking public comment. The most notable were the following:

YOU'RE GONNA WAKE UP ONE MORNING AND KNOW WHICH SIDE OF THE BED YOU'VE BEEN LYING ON ...
This manifesto of 430 King's Road was issued in November 1974. "Bernie Rhodes and I together – not Vivienne – conceived this idea," says McLaren. "It was a collaboration. Friends of mine contributed certain names; another contributor to the list was Jerry Goldstein.

"It was the first time I put together the name of the group that were wanting me to help put their act together, a group I called at the time Kutie Jones & his Sex Pistols. Johnny Rotten was still a year away from being auditioned."

McLaren doesn't remember who wrote out the message. "Maybe Bernie wrote it?" he asks. "It is certainly not my handwriting, but Bernie did print it. It is my phrase for sure. Bernie's idea was to create a list of hip people and things in London that were no longer cool and to create a division, to make enemies if you like, to create dialogue."

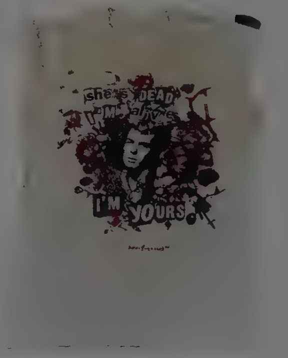
The list of "hates" majors on '60s figures such as Granny Takes A Trip founder Nigel Waymouth and his wife Nicky, as well as Marc Bolan's publicist Chelita Secunda and designer Pauline Fordham. It covers the sacred cows of the old school from various areas: music – Bryan Ferry, Leo Sayer, David Essex, Yes, Elton John, Rod Stewart ("Oh for money and an audience"), *Top Of The Pops*; the media – *Honey, Vogue, Harpers & Queen*; and fashion – Stirling Cooper, Jean Junction, Browns, Take 6, C&A and Biba ("Old clothes, old ideas and all this resting-in-the-country business").

Among the "loves", however, there are no fashion references and a strong contingent of black musicians, as well as rock 'n' rollers, cults and a few contemporary acts, from Eddie Cochran, Jamaican rude boys, Archie Shepp, Bob Marley, Jimi Hendrix, Sam Cooke and King Tubby to Jim Morrison, Guy Stevens' records, Iggy Pop, "Spunky" James Brown, Marianne Faithfull, Gene Vincent and, of course, Kutie Jones and his Sex Pistols.

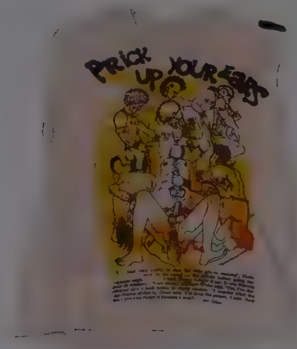
The idea was that, in the context of the shop, the T-shirt would create embarrassment and controversy among those who inhabited the same scene. "None of that happened, of course," says McLaren. "It didn't matter what side of the bed you were lying on, as long as you were lying on it. Everybody from Annie Lambton to Kutie Jones to Anthony Hayden-Guest – they all were so flattered. Just goes to show how everyone loves to have their moment – good, bad or indifferent."

I GROANED ...
With zips over the nipples, this was also produced in 1974 on lurid pink with a quote taken from beat writer Alexander Trocchi's book of lesbian fantasies, *School For Wives*. "This was a book in my possession which I bought as an art student from Compendium Books (in Camden, north London) a few years earlier," says McLaren.

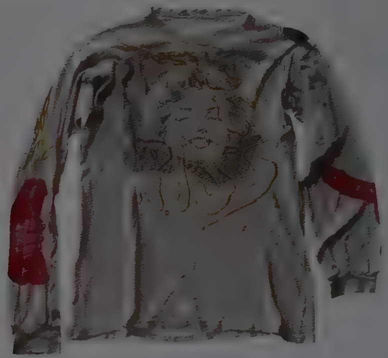
SOFTLY SHE UNDULATED ...
Did Rhodes write out the text for this, the rarest of Sex T-shirts? Sid Vicious wore one at the first appearance of Siouxsie & the Banshees at the 100 Club in September 1976 and ripped it to shreds. The juvenile Vicious scrawled "I hate Jews" and a swastika on it to provoke Rhodes, who had refused to allow the group to use The Clash's equipment, but McLaren points out: "Bernie was terrified of printing any of the more provocative, sexual imagery: the naked black basketball player, the nude 10-year-old boy smoking, as well as the two semi-naked cowboys."



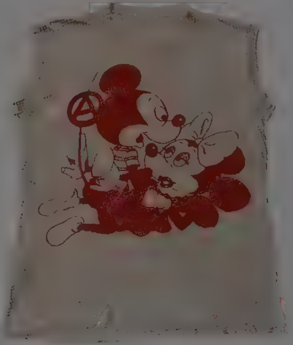
SHE'S DEAD I'M ALIVE I'M YOURS
Rush-released in the autumn of 1978 on the death of Nancy Spungen and arrest of her paramour Sid Vicious, this displayed the bassist clutching roses, and provoked a row reported in the *Evening Standard*.



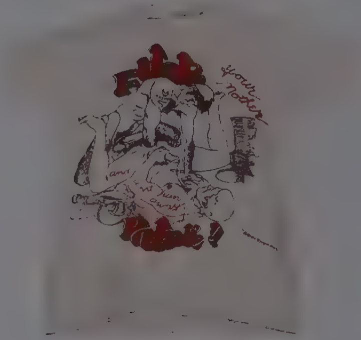
PRICK UP YOUR EARS
A gay punk orgy is underscored with a quote from Joe Orton's diaries – "... I'm from the gutter so don't you forget it because I won't" – in which the playwright recounts a conversation with his agent.



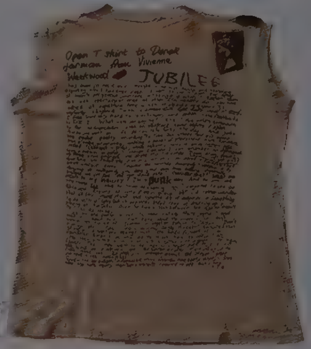
PISS MARILYN
A urine-soaked Monroe portrait is printed on a shirt with penises on each arm aimed at the face of the screen icon.



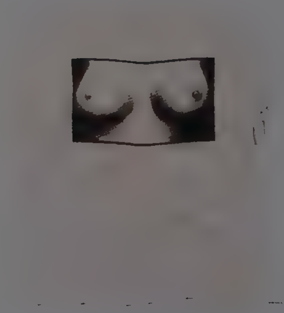
MICKEY & MINNIE
What McLaren perceived as the commodification of childhood was explored at 430: here Mickey and Minnie Mouse were shown enthusiastically enjoying sexual congress, with one of Mickey's ears turned over to an Anarchist symbol, an encircled "A". The sexual organs were obscured in later versions sold.



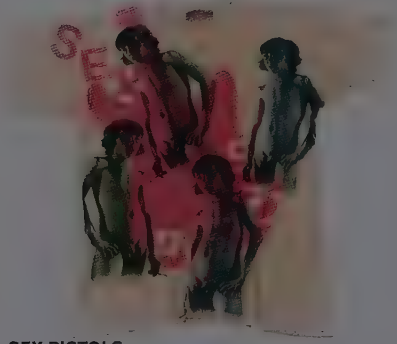
FUCK YR MOTHER
After 1977, the T-shirts became vehicles for more calculated outrage and, as such, lost potency. At the end of that year, McLaren ordered a number from a gay sex shop in San Francisco which included this one depicting a scene of gay men fist-fucking under the slogan: "Fuck Yr Mother ... And Run Away Punk!"



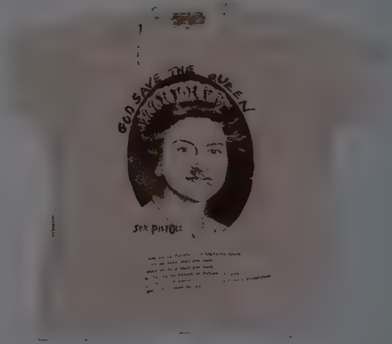
JUBILEE
The apotheosis was reached when Westwood used both sides of a shirt for a rant against Derek Jarman's "punk" film *Jubilee*, which matched the film by being rambling and tediously over-extended. The early versions featured the Queen beheaded on a postage stamp. This was removed from later copies.



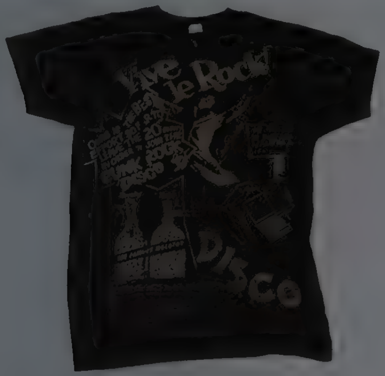
TITS
"One of Westwood and McLaren's most brilliant early designs," says Jon Savage about this use of a photograph of female breasts printed at the wearer's chest height, to unnerving effect. A favourite of Paul Cook, it derived from shirts sold through classified adverts in the American alternative press. Alice Cooper wore one for the cover of the *NME* in 1973.



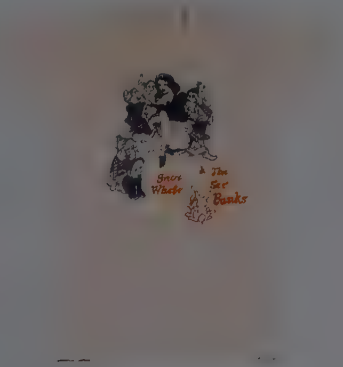
SEX PISTOLS
The lettering spells out the band's name in capitals over swirls of pink and green and a duplicated photograph of a naked pubescent boy exhaling smoke from a cigarette held in his left hand. The image was taken from one of the mags scattered around the premises of Sex. The design was worn by Jones, Matlock and Rotten during their first round of gigs in late 1975/early 1976.



GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
Victoria & Albert Museum fashion curator Claire Wilcox sees this shirt as the ultimate expression of the collision of fashion and music that occurred at 430 King's Road. "By putting song lyrics by the Sex Pistols on the clothes they sold in the shop, Westwood and McLaren made the connection explicit," says Wilcox.

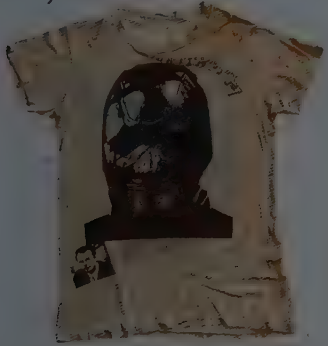


VIVE LE ROCK
The slogan appeared in a banner over a picture of a rampant Little Richard, while on the back an image of Jerry Lee Lewis is placed under the words "The Killer Rocks On". Some were converted into knickers. Westwood wore a pair in the 1975 *Club International* photo-shoot on the shop, in which she appeared with assistants Alan Jones, Chrissie Hynde and Jordan. The design was later adapted with additions of recipes from *The Anarchist's Cookbook* and a quote from '30s Spanish Anarchist Durruti: "We are not in the least afraid of the ruins." The original was a favourite of Sid Vicious, who wears one in the video for Pretty Vacant.

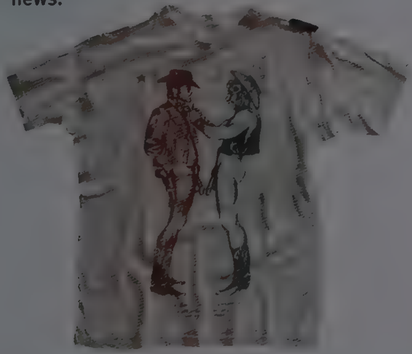


SNOW WHITE
A startled comic book Snow White engages in an orgy with the Seven Dwarfs in a savage overhaul of Mr Freedom's celebration of the pop innocence of these images. The Chelsea police once impounded the Snow White T-shirts from the shop after complaints from passers-by. "I received a frantic call from Vivienne and went down to the police station to sort it out," recalls lawyer Nick Pedgrift. "I managed to sweet-talk the desk sergeant into dropping any charges and handing back the shirts. When Vivienne arrived, she was furious and complained that I had spoiled her chances of appearing on the six o'clock news."

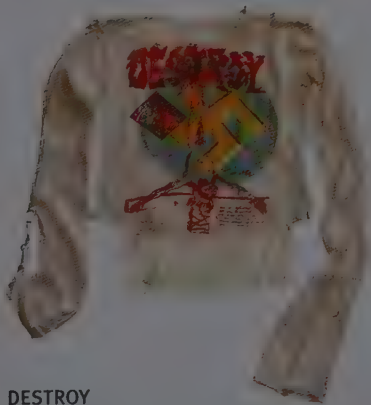
BASKETBALL PLAYER
This displays a naked black basketball player – sometimes overprinted with porn excerpts – with an elongated penis. "It was taken from a nudie pin-up magazine I had at the time," says McLaren. Vicious wore this shirt with a sparkling Let It Rock dinner jacket at early Pistols concerts, while Rotten wore one when they performed at Andrew Logan's Alternative Miss World Party at a warehouse in south London in February 1976.



CAMBRIDGE RAPIST
Among the shop's most disturbing products. Sex manager Michael Collins had been interviewed by police when it was suspected that the mid-'70s serial rapist had purchased his leather hood from the shop (although there are strong indications that the troublemaking McLaren himself had informed the police). The T-shirt shows the hood in black and green, with the musically annotated quote "It's Been A Hard Day's Night ..." Underneath is a fake newswire excerpt reporting the death of Brian Epstein in 1967, which says that The Beatles' manager's demise was due to "taking part in sado-masochistic practices/ S&M made him feel at home". There is some debate as to whether this had been supplied by the Sex Pistols' graphic designer Jamie Reid, whose father had been an eminent Fleet Street journalist in the '60s.



COWBOYS
An image of two cowpokes, naked from the waist down apart from their boots, with huge penises dangling close to each other. "The nude cowboys was in the style of Tom of Finland, but may have been drawn by someone else; it was one of many cartoons in homoerotica," says McLaren. In August 1975, within days of the first shirts being produced, Sex assistant Alan Jones was arrested for wearing one in Piccadilly Circus. Charged with "exposing to public view an indecent exhibition", Jones says he had to pay the £30 penalty when McLaren and Westwood failed to turn up in court as promised. The shirt remains a strong seller and has been relaunched intermittently by McLaren's export-only label, Dead In England. When *Mojo* magazine used the image on a cover-mount CD in 2005, supermarket chain Tesco insisted the magazine be racked back to front.



DESTROY
This, along with a few others, appeared in a long-sleeved, muslin version introduced by Seditionaries in the spring of 1977. Featuring the slogan over a swastika, an inverted crucifix and the Queen's severed head on a postage stamp, Destroy also displayed lyrics from the Pistols song Pretty Vacant. Pogues frontman Shane MacGowan has claimed that his friend, early punk mover Claudio (also known as Chaotic Bass) came up with the original design, though this is undermined by the fact that there was a prototype a year before with block-printed legend and loin-clothed Christ, points out punk clothing expert Andrew Wade of only-anarchists.com. "This was worn by Steve Jones at the A&M record deal signing on March 10 1977 and now resides in the Stolper/Wilson collection, having belonged to McLaren's friend Helen Wellington-Lloyd," says Wade, who supplied the images for this spread.

21

“ MORE THAN A SHOP: A CLUB, A LIFESTYLE ”

Sex and its clothing rubbed up against the grain of the anodyne mid-’70s. More than half a decade after the heyday of hippy, patchwork denim, flared trousers, Afghan coats, cheesecloth shirts, cowboy boots, velvet jackets and clogs had become a uniform as much as platforms, Oxford bags and satin bomber jackets. To wear small-collared shirts and narrow trousers was remarkable enough in those days, but the clothes at number 430 King’s Road went much further, by making an overt statement.

“I had a strange idea of fashion at that time,” said The Clash guitarist Mick Jones in the 1989 BBC documentary *That Was Then ... This Is Now*. “I would totter round with long hair and wear women’s high-heeled shoes, but also I’d wear a Sex shop T-shirt. I must have looked ridiculous, but I didn’t care.”

There was, however, one other store that bucked the trends and gave Sex a run for its money, but Acme Attractions – run by Steph Raynor and John Krevine – represented a much more inclusive and multi-cultural prospect. The outlet has a very important place in the evolution of fashion and music in the ’70s, but its story has never been told in detail, cast as it is in the shadow of McLaren’s and Westwood’s activities.

“If you think about it, it’s all Sha Na Na’s fault,” says Raynor over sausage and mash in a café in Spitalfields Market, City of London, where his company, the Lifestyle Co, trades in retro furniture. He describes his range as “what we have always sold – twentieth century style pieces”.

Sha Na Na were the rock ’n’ roll revival act who took to the stage at the Woodstock Festival (1969) with the exhortation, “OK, you fuckin’ hippies, we’re here to tell you rock ’n’ roll is here to stay.” In tight, gold Lurex, wraparound shades and greasy quiffs, Sha Na Na’s New York flick-knife gang attitude was always more interesting than the pedestrian cover versions they peddled. At a 1973 London gig, according to Tommy Roberts, Vivienne Westwood jumped up on stage and jived with them.

“Just seeing them in the film of Woodstock triggered something,” says Raynor, who in 1971 was dealing in Americana – vintage cars and jukeboxes as well as original British rock ’n’ roll clothing. “There was a sea of these Crosby, Stills & Nash bands around, and they came on and just told them to fuck off.”

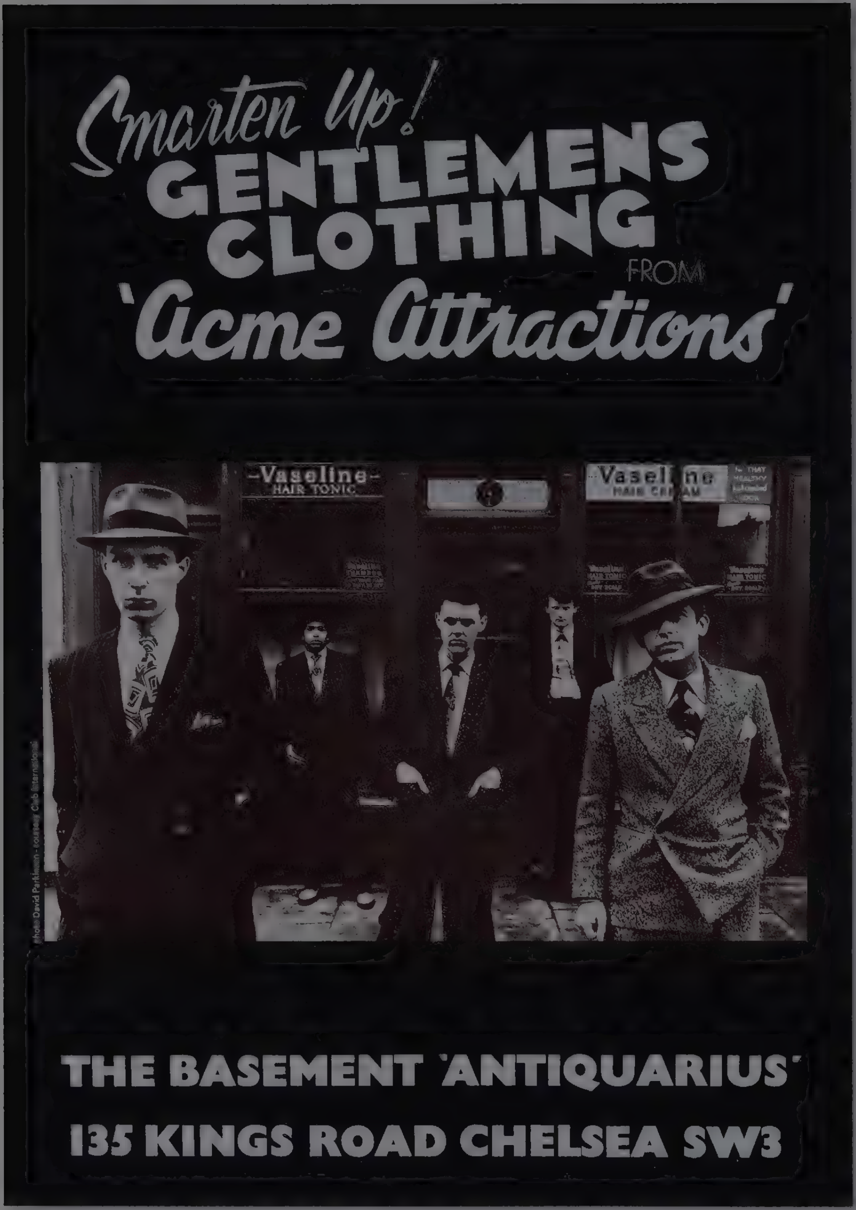
A former mod from Leicester who had run with the likes of Roger Burton, Raynor had never quite shaken his roots: on the hippy trail he “pissed off all these people” by having clothes made to measure in Istanbul street markets. By the dawn of the ’70s he was a canny clothes collector with an unerring eye for detail: “You’ve got to understand [that] nostalgia didn’t exist in those days. We were into locating pieces which were almost art: Tommy Steele jackets, demob suits, straight-leg Levi’s in black with red stitching, winkle-pickers. I’d go into shops in Leicester, Nottingham, wherever, assess the situation and get some brilliant stuff.

“We also used to get really dressed up ourselves. It’s very interesting doing that, like being a pop star without all the bollocks, the manager shit. People pay attention when they see you and think, ‘This guy is something’. There was a small pack of us in Nottingham, Leicester, Manchester and London. We were just doing purple hearts and living it large.”

One afternoon in early 1972, after selling some clothes to Let It Rock, Raynor was strolling down the King’s Road dressed in a white-flecked suit, white winkle-pickers and a hand-painted tie. “This guy on the other side of the road came running across and asked me about myself because he said I looked so interesting,” says Raynor. “We started talking, and he invited me to lunch and bought me fish and chips.” His host that lunchtime was John Krevine, who had a shop in south London’s Brixton that sold one-arm bandits, pinball machines, jukeboxes and vintage radios. However, the shop’s location was wrong, and Krevine – who now lives in Israel – was not faring too well. Within months, the pair had joined forces on a new venture: a stall selling retro lamps and furniture inside Antiquarius, the antiques market on the King’s Road.

“It was right in the middle,” says Raynor. “With John’s warped sense of humour, I’m sure he found it very funny that all the others were selling fusty old antiques and we were selling these pop culture things. We had a rail of clothing –

RIGHT **Acme Attractions: Soul boy meets punk**


Smarten Up!
GENTLEMENS CLOTHING
FROM
'Acme Attractions'
-Vaseline-
HAIR TONIC
Vaseline
HAIR CREAM
photo David Parkinson - courtesy Club International
THE BASEMENT 'ANTIQUARIUS'
135 KINGS ROAD CHELSEA SW3

ABOVE **Acme Attractions poster, 1975**

Burberry macs, flecked jackets, shoes – and we sold out on the first day. The objects were completely static, they just didn't move. Now it's flipped around and furniture is fashion, and you can't get arrested with clothes."

Trading under the new name Acme Attractions, the stall shifted to the back of the market early in 1973 and, with a jukebox and a scooter installed and demob suits pinned to the wall, Raynor and Krevine concentrated on the clothes. A customer of Krevine's Brixton outlet, Don Letts, managed the stall.

"I'd gone into that shop because it was so weird. There was nothing like it around Brixton," says Letts, then a 16-year-old grammar schoolboy who had gained some sales experience while working at the King's Road branch of Jean Machine, the most successful of the denim boom shops. "Back in the day Jean Machine was pretty cool," he says, "there were all sorts of freaky and hip people working there: gays, dykes, drug addicts. We used to have a right laugh, going to all the parties and hanging out with the people from Paradise Garage and Alkasura."

With the jukebox filled with dub reggae singles and customers such as Ian Dury buying demob suits, the stall was a success, but the other Antiquarius customers were unhappy that the rarefied atmosphere had been disturbed. "The jukebox pissed everyone off," says Raynor. "It was a combination of that and wanting to expand which took us downstairs. It was a Pat Boone period, when they start releasing that pappy shit and everyone's waiting for something to happen. There was still a lot of long hair and Afghan coats floating around, getting mad with us because we were driving around in wraparound shades and short hair in big American cars. They'd be spitting on us, they were so upset!"

So in 1973 Acme moved again, into the basement of the market, where its subterranean nature – combined with booming U-Roy and the scent of weed – was complemented by all manner of new and second-hand clothes: short-sleeved shirts, zoot suits, mohair three-button suits, pork-pie hats, tab-collared pinhole shirts, brothel creepers and the Marlowe crepe-soled shoes favoured by Steve McQueen.

One of Acme's main attractions was its scooter, the same model as that owned by Sal Mineo's character in *Rebel Without A Cause*. The most popular lines were a range of winkle-pickers and peg trousers cut by Tony Daniels, one of the tailors used by Vivienne Westwood. The pegs retailed at £12 and were available in a range of materials, from pearl grey to electric blue and shocking pink.

Many who descended the dangerously steep staircase would become stars in their own right – Chrissie Hynde, The Clash, John Lydon, Sid Vicious, Patti Smith and Bob Marley to name but a few – and its popularity was increased not only because there was a possibility of scoring some cannabis but also because it presented a less austere prospect than 430 King's Road. David Parkinson took a picture of a group including Letts, Krevine, Raynor, and customers including the photographer Martin Brading wearing zoot suits. This was used as part of a promotional poster displayed around London.

One of the dealers who traded with Acme was the enigmatic Dixon, later to drum in an early version of Siouxsie & The Banshees. Marco Pirroni, a member of the first group's line-up, told writer Mark Paytress: "Dixon looked like a shop dummy, completely perfect, glamorously, fabulously weird. He scoured the country looking for old '50s and '60s clothes and then sold them to Acme. He was a clothes fetishist."

Another supplier was Roger Burton – part of Raynor's crowd of Midlands dealers – who was in partnership with Rick Carter and by the mid-'70s was "selling shitloads of vintage clothes" sourced from dead stock all over the country to outlets such as Lloyd Johnson's in Kensington Market and several in the King's Road.

"We really scored a coup when we found a supplier in the north of England who had access to endless amounts of period clothing," says Burton. "There was this army store in Leicester which held a sale twice a year, racking out '50s jackets, trousers, shirts all in their original packaging, for nothing. One day I went in to see the manager and he took me upstairs into this room stacked to the ceiling with unworn

JOIN THE PROFESSIONALS

David Bowie

TOP LEFT **Acme's new brutalism**

ABOVE TOP **Bowie's "plastic soul" Young Americans look**

ABOVE BOTTOM **Jay Strongman in 1975: "Acme was life-changing"**

'40s and '50s clothing. I bought it bit by bit and sold it to people like Acme, and then found out this was one of a chain of 90 shops in the north and Midlands. So Rick and I set about trying to visit every one, and one day came across this particular place called Kay's in Wigan."

Kay's proved to be a treasure trove. "I remember it was a snowy day," Burton continues. "In the back streets we found an entire terrace of six or seven shops knocked into one with clothes hanging outside. I rushed into this tiny, candle-lit room and found this old lady in a muffler selling miners' clogs and the like to a queue of people. I asked her whether I could have a look around and she said she didn't have any time for that. If I wanted to buy something then I should go ahead and do so."

In one window Burton had spotted a complete range of '60s winkle-pickers but the old woman told him that part of the shop was no longer accessible. "So I bought a few check work shirts, just to show willing, and we decided to stay overnight and work out a plan to get in there."

The next morning Burton found the woman more amenable. It transpired that she owned the property but was interested in selling up. "Bit by bit she opened up and told me that she and her husband had started a mail-order business in the '20s, sending clothes around the world, and used the shops as their warehouse."

Eventually the pair gained access to the shoe section and uncovered hundreds of boxes of pristine winkle-pickers. But that wasn't all. Over the period of a week it became clear that Burton and Carter had struck gold. "There was more than we could ever have dreamed of," he smiles. "The further into the building, the older it got. At one point I found cardboard cartons full of '30s crepe dresses, complete with labels, all in small sizes, perfect for the Japanese!

"In one of the rooms on the top floor, where the roof had caved in, with snow falling through, we found brand new Victorian black dresses which had been sold to ladies in Africa at sixpence each. Kay's alone probably kept us in business for a couple of years."

In the mid-'70s, Burton bought from Steph Raynor the address of Portsmouth shirt manufacturer Wemblex, which had thousands of '50s and '60s shirts still in their boxes. "I think Steph had somehow got it from Malcolm," he grins. "Malcolm had been buying them – the tab and pin-hole collared Wemblex are the ones which became the first Anarchy shirts."

With immaculately sourced material coming in from the likes of Burton, Acme developed a series of distinctive looks: vintage short-sleeved shirts, plastic sandals or winkle-pickers and brightly-coloured mohair jumpers were picked up by the soul boys and became one clubbing style, as did the demob suits worn during the brief Glenn Miller revival of 1975.

Acme was a mecca for those who would later get into jazz funk and electro and form the New Romantic coterie: club runners Chris Sullivan, Ollie O'Donnell, Steve Strange and writer Robert Elms. The premises even hosted one soul boy's wedding.

Two regular visitors were brothers Jay and Phil Strongman, who had plugged into retro fashions via their interest in funk music played at such out-of-town venues as the 666 Club in a hotel in Berkshire. "At the 666, they would drop a Bowie or Roxy track in as well as funk," says Jay, now a high-profile DJ. "Everyone was moving out of platforms and Oxford bags and into '40s suits and slim-line trousers, which coincided with Bowie's Young Americans look and Roxy's GI uniforms. I started going to Acme because I saw a couple of guys wearing shiny-grey peg trousers, plastic sandals and a cap-sleeved T-shirt with a handkerchief done up at the neck. They told me to go to Antiquarius, but I could never find the shop."

One day Strongman was in black music record shop Contempo in the West End and noticed the Acme promotional poster. He made straight for the address on it. "It was a completely life-changing experience, walking down those stairs. I'd never really heard heavy dub reggae before, and on the walls were great '50s prints of gay guys in Harlem wearing suits and make-up and all these peg trousers pinned to the walls. Don had his dreads and was wearing tigerskin shoes and peg trousers. Jeanette was wearing this micro mini-skirt, really '60s. Every fashion that had happened up to that point was there – Beatle suits, everything. You got to meet people from all over the country – they'd come from Glasgow, even. The customers were basically everyone who was bored with what was going on."

His brother Phil, a writer whose work includes the novel *Cocaine, John Lennon: The FBI Files* and a forthcoming film on punk producer Dave Goodman, recalls the attention to detail at Acme: "The clothes that they stocked, from the '40s, '50s and '60s, were all incredible – a lot of them still boxed up and shrink-wrapped, in pristine condition. Acme was like a secret society – the scene was so small its regular customers probably numbered no more than 250 to 300 people. The police never bothered to go there, so all sorts would be happening. Don Letts would be smoking dope – the kind of thing you just couldn't get away with, in those days – and

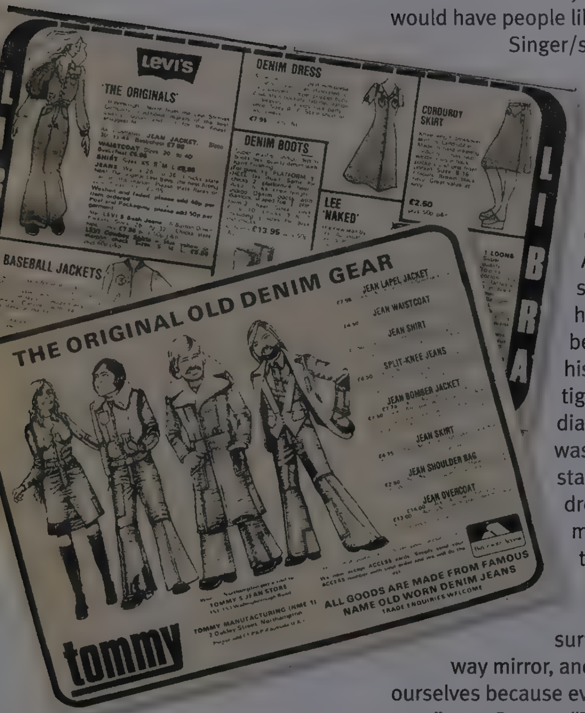
RIGHT **Steph Raynor: "We were doing Purple Hearts and living it large"**

second-hand goods, some of them no doubt 'borrowed', would be bought and sold down there. It was very different from Sex. While they had Nureyev shopping there, Acme would have people like Nick Lowe."

Singer/songwriter and producer Lowe would later make his name via collaborations with the likes of Elvis Costello, Johnny Cash and Ry Cooder, but at that time he was the bass player of rootsy pub rockers Brinsley Schwarz. In late 1973, he transformed his image from denim-clad longhair to glam mod, courtesy of Acme, whose clothes he matched with suits from old-school tailors. "Nick Lowe has turned from plain fun into a real beauty, with a hint of Bowie, even," wrote his one-time flame and performance tightrope walker Hermine Demoriane in her diary on October 7 1973. Demoriane, who was also briefly a partner of Nick Kent and starred in *Jubilee*, added: "What a sharp dresser! His new, thinner silhouette in a mod suit from Watford, where he found a tailor left over from the era to make him one, makes a good photo for a fan."

Acme's diverse range ensured that it survived fads. "We had an office with a two-way mirror, and we'd sit in there watching and pissing ourselves because everyone was so excited at how busy it was," says Raynor. "There were queues around the block within two weeks of opening. I'd get home some nights and I'd have thousands of pounds to count out all over the carpet."

Letts argues that Acme "reflected the way London was going. It was about multi-culturalism, whereas Vivienne and Malcolm were always more Eurocentric." Raynor concurs: "Don was pioneering that. It was so cutting edge you couldn't breathe. People would come into the shop and just stand there, listening to the music. Vivienne and Malcolm wouldn't know what dub was. We were pumping out music at a sound and volume which they couldn't compete with. You'd go down there and it would still be Billy Fury. We took our cue from the dance floor."


Levi's
'THE ORIGINALS'
DENIM DRESS
CORDUROY SKIRT
DENIM BOOTS
LEE 'NAKED'
BASEBALL JACKETS
LIBRA
THE ORIGINAL OLD DENIM GEAR
JEAN LAPEL JACKET
JEAN WAISTCOAT
JEAN SHIRT
SPLIT-KNEE JEANS
JEAN BOMBER JACKET
JEAN SKIRT
JEAN SHOULDER BAG
JEAN OVERCOAT
ALL GOODS ARE MADE FROM FAMOUS NAME OLD WORN DENIM JEANS
tommy

ABOVE **Cheesecloth and patchwork denim ruled the pages of the *NME*, 1975**

There had always been rivalry between the Westwood/McLaren and Krevine/Raynor camps. In fact, there is a story that the latter pair surreptitiously followed McLaren to his tailor so they could use him to make peg trousers. Raynor denies this: "The truth is, there was this very charismatic guy called Vic who went back a long way with Malcolm. He was really magnetic and switched on to all the aspects of East End tailoring. Vic knew every tuck, fold, crease, button-placing, but he and Malcolm fell out and he came to us and turned us on to the same tailor."

Any semblance of cordiality disappeared once the stakes were raised by the emergence of punk. "I used to hang out with Vivienne, go to concerts with her," says Letts, "but then she started to get really rough about the shop and banned me from hers. John [Lydon] used to come down to Acme all the time, not only because he liked our clothes but also it helped to annoy Malcolm, while Sid [Vicious] was always around because he took a shine to Jeanette. The kids who came to us were intelligent enough to know that there is something aesthetically wrong with a punk thing being ready-made and sold for £60. There was a real dichotomy with what [Westwood and McLaren] were doing."

Much later, after Rotten left the Sex Pistols in 1978, Westwood sprayed abusive graffiti targeting the singer over the shop front of Seditionaries. Letts – who had just spent time filming Rotten on holiday in Jamaica – claims that when he attempted to shoot footage of the graffiti, he was attacked by Westwood. "I literally had to hold her off, physically," he recalls. "She just went wild."

Westwood also ejected Phil Strongman from her shop when he started working at Acme. "I got on quite well with her," says Strongman, who once gave her a book on Durutti. "One day I was in there talking to her about Joseph Losey films and she started looking at me really curiously. Then she said, 'You work up the road, don't you? I think I'd like you to leave now'."

Boy George says: "Vivienne was very like that. Once I went into the shop in 1977 in a leather jacket I had studded with Elvis's name across the back. She started having a go at me for being so backward-looking when all I was trying to do was point out how great he was. Only a few years earlier she and Malcolm had launched their shop on rock 'n' roll."

In Westwood's eyes, alliance with Raynor and Krevine was tantamount to betrayal. "They'd push the envelope, but they're basically completely anal schoolteachers who never understood what us lads were all about," says Raynor. "They looked good, turning up at places in Baader-Meinhof T-shirts, whereas we'd turn up with Brighton beach riots on ours.

"Their thing is very pure – it takes in hardly any influences, it's almost tunnel vision. They didn't look forward, only backward, so all their information came out of history books. Malcolm used to go into public libraries and tear out the pages and put the book back on the shelf as a sort of anarchist statement."

"It was so cutting edge you couldn't breathe"

Letts and Lee, who managed Acme from 1973 to 1976

"MY LIVING ROOM"

"Acme was much more than a shop: it was a club, a lifestyle, an attitude, a forum for talent," says Don Letts, who managed the outlet with his girlfriend Jeanette Lee – now a music industry big wheel – from 1973 to 1976.

It was here that Letts first encountered The Clash guitarist Mick Jones, with whom he would form Big Audio Dynamite in the '80s. "I basically made it my living room, with a sofa and lots of '50s knick-knacks and my sounds blasting out. We had such a laugh there. The guys would all be in to see Jeanette, and we knew everyone at all the other shops, so we'd be doing little deals for records and clothes.

"I think I can honestly say that Acme, in the basement, was the happiest time of my life. Selling clothes, although a major part of it, became smaller than the main business, which was the social interaction between the different cultures. We'd have the soul boys coming into town in their big cars and then mixing with the south London wide boys or girls who wanted to buy plastic raincoats and stilettos, and they'd all be in there listening to Dreadlock Dread by Big Youth and MPLA by Tapper Zukie."

Letts' image blossomed at Acme, and his look was more than a match for many of the customers. He allowed his hair to sprout full-length dreads – a rare sight on the streets of London in 1975 – and wore a leopardskin-print waistcoat and grey-flecked trousers with a piece of rope for a belt. "There was no such thing as reggae clothing, so I had more of an attitude. Joe Strummer and Chrissie Hynde lived in my house in Forest Hill at various times, and I got to know Ariana from The Slits, Johnny Rotten and Jah Wobble [demon bass player who was also in Public Image Ltd] through dub."

These and other connections made at Acme would propel Letts into different media. When he was asked to DJ at the opening of first and foremost punk club The Roxy on New Year's Eve 1976, he took along the only records he had: obscure reggae tracks. Thus dub became the soundtrack of choice at punk gigs, while artists such as Bob Marley, Dennis Brown, Junior Murvin and Burning Spear were granted a receptive mainstream audience largely due to Letts' evangelism.

He also became the scene's official film historian. Having been given a Super-8 camera by stylist Caroline Baker (who had been fashion editor of *Nova* and the *Sunday Times*), he shot many exciting performances from the DJ booth at the Roxy and assembled them in the documentary *Punk Rock Movie*. This provided Letts with his *entrée* into the film world, in which he is still very much involved. Having shot more than 400 promo videos, his work includes the movie *Dancehall Queen*, which focused on the fashions and lifestyle surrounding the Jamaican dance-hall scene, Grammy-winning Clash retrospective *Westway To The World* and 2005's *Punk: Attitude*.

He continues to champion reggae via such compilations as Dread Meets Punk Rockers Uptown, the excellent retrospective which gathered together the sounds of his classic sets at the Roxy.

22

“CLOTHES FOR HEROES, PROSTITUTES & DYKES”

Punk started to break through in the summer of 1976, with bands such as The Clash, Buzzcocks and The Damned catching the wave created by the Sex Pistols, though not everybody was impressed with their sartorial style. “I’d love to see the Pistols make it,” wrote Steven Morrissey to the *NME* in June that year, having witnessed the band’s appearance at Manchester’s Lesser Free Trade Hall. “Maybe they will be able to afford some clothes which don’t look as though they have been slept in.”

Meanwhile, McLaren and Westwood set about revamping Sex to catch the inflammatory spirit of the times. In early September, during a trip to Paris for a gig at the opening of a disco called Le Chalet du Lac, Westwood and Johnny Rotten wore examples of a new creation: the bondage suit. Tiring of rubberwear, Westwood and McLaren had beavered away at a design for US marines’ fatigues, adding fetish elements such as zips up the back of the calves and thighs to tighten the trouser legs, with another zipper which went from the pubis right under the buttocks.

Fashioned from a sateen material called black Italian, the trousers included buckles at the knees where a belt could be attached, and a towelling bum-flap. The jacket resembled Pierre Cardin’s ’60s futuristic “cosmocorps” suit – with its side fronted zip and round collar – but added fetish elements such as straps that attached the arms to the body.

While McLaren oversaw the campaign to sign the Sex Pistols and handled their increasing recording and touring commitments, Westwood completed a range of designs alongside the bondage suit to coincide with the unveiling of the shop’s new image.

Opened at the end of 1976, within days of the Bill Grundy teatime TV incident that created a media frenzy, Seditionaries bore no trace of its previous incarnations. The interior was designed by Ben Kelly, who had worked on a high-tech design for the Miss Howie shop in Covent Garden and later created the futuristic interior for Manchester club the Hacienda, and was realised by David Connor, who also contributed a table featuring a live rat in a cage.

The exterior gave the impression of anonymity and exclusivity. Frosted glass rendered the interior invisible from outside. The name was inscribed on a plaque bearing the simple legend “Clothes For Heroes. Open Monday to Saturday 11am-6pm”.

Inside, all was stark, functional and post-apocalyptic: on the floor, a grey industrial carpet and Adeptus chairs; at the back, a giant upturned view of Piccadilly Circus; and on the grey walls, photographs of bombed-out Dresden. In the ceiling, jagged holes allowed arc lights to shine through.

The media attention on the Pistols and their set soon took in the clothes they wore, with the Bromley Contingent photographed for *Harpers & Queen*. Meanwhile, bondage trousers, boots and loosely knitted mohair jumpers appeared in spreads in the likes of *Honey* and *Just 17*.

The shop stocked bondage dresses, parachute shirts (so-called because ripcords extended from a vacuum-cleaner ring stitched into the centre of the chest) and new T-shirt designs such as “Destroy”, which also appeared on muslin shirts with a suitably distressed look: the shoulders were exposed, the body hung limply from straps and the sleeves were over-long and held back by dog clips. The “Anarchy shirt”, created that summer, was one of the shop’s most distinctive items, a favourite with both the band and camp followers such as Nancy Spungen, Simon Barker and Jordan, who is credited with having come up with the prototype. A cotton man’s Wemblex pin-hole collared shirt with crudely-dyed and bleached vertical stripes, it featured slogans such as “Only Anarchists Are Pretty”, as well as patched photographs of political figures such as Mao Zedong and Karl Marx and plastic pockets encasing nudie playing cards. Armbands with swastikas or encircled anarchy capital As were provided as accessories. All clothing labels contained the anarchist encircled A accompanied by the statement “For soldiers, prostitutes, dykes and punks.”

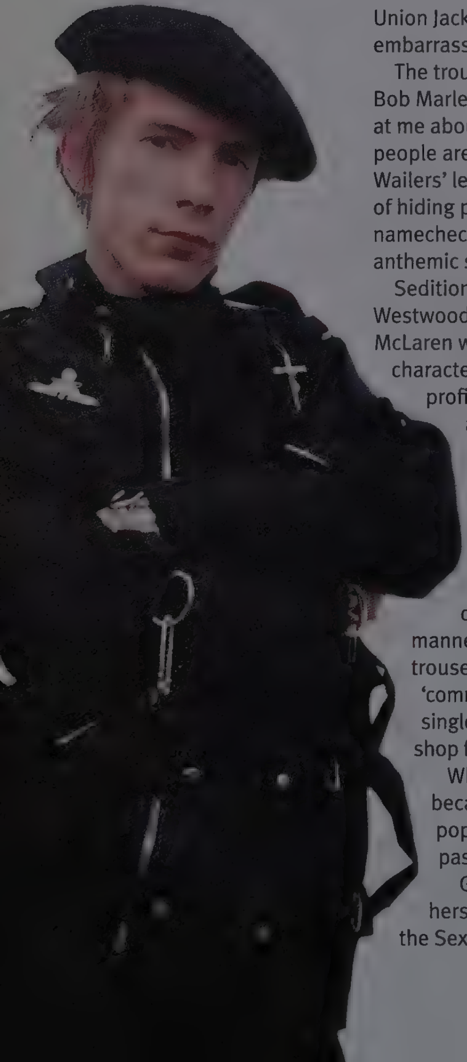
Jay Strongman, at that time a student at the London College of Fashion, couldn’t afford £30 for an Anarchy shirt or £40 for a pair of bondage trousers. In the spring of 1977, he and his

OPPOSITE 1977: Jordan in bondage boots, trousers, mohair and warpaint

ABOVE **1977: Jay Strongman in Anarchy shirt**

RIGHT **McLaren revival of Seditionaries moleskin shirt**

BELOW **John Lydon in the first bondage suit**



brother Phil encountered a youth who had six copies of the single God Save The Queen, which had been withdrawn by A&M when the Pistols' record deal was cancelled within a matter of days. The youngster said his father worked at a vinyl recycling plant and had rescued the records from an entire batch to be destroyed. "My brother and I gave him a fiver for all of them," says Strongman, who had taken to visiting the Pistols' management offices in Dryden Chambers, near Oxford Circus. "McLaren didn't have any copies, that's how rare they were, so he asked me what I wanted in return for three singles. I got an Anarchy shirt and a pair of bondage trousers. I'd never have earned the money for them in a month in those days." Today, copies of God Save The Queen on A&M fetch several thousand pounds each.

Other customers had to rely on parental favours to obtain Seditionaries clothes. Boy George, at 15 already one of London's foremost peacocks, remembers, "I used to see Vivienne wandering around Soho with this troupe of really strange, dressed-up people and was too scared to go and talk to her, so I just used to follow them at a safe distance and see where they went." George tracked the gang to Seditionaries, and persuaded his father to cough up for a pair of red tartan bondage trousers. "My mum said she could have bought a new three-piece suite for that money!

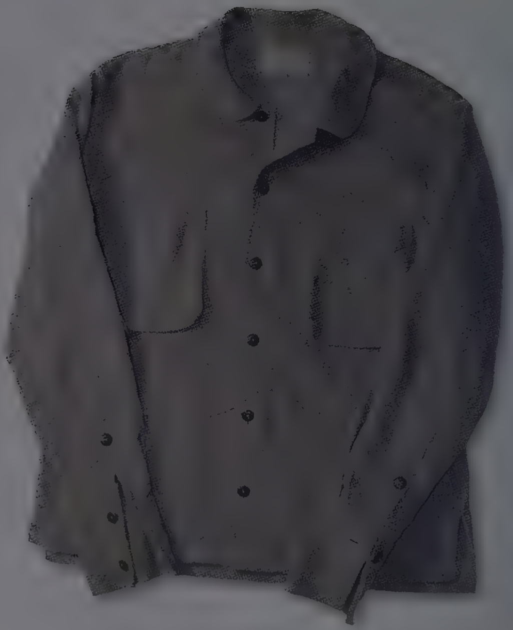
"I persuaded her to make four more pairs using the pattern and one day Vivienne saw me wearing some made out of a Union Jack at a gig and got suspicious. I was really embarrassed when I told her my mum had made them!"

The trousers caused an argument between Don Letts and Bob Marley. "I was wearing a pair and he started to have a go at me about punks, so I had to tell him, 'Listen, some of these people are my friends'," says Letts, who pointed out to The Wailers' leader that the complicated design provided a variety of hiding places for weed. Some months later, Marley namechecked leading punk and new-wave names in his anthemic single Punky Reggae Party.

Seditionaries' new range was coherent and complementary. Westwood had emerged as a designer in her own right while McLaren was distracted by the shenanigans that characterised the Pistols' career. As a result, Westwood's profile rose – the pair had taken part in a fashion forum alongside Swanky Modes, Howie and Miss Mouse – and now the glossies such as *Elle* and *Honey* were paying attention. Peter York, in *Harpers & Queen*, found the clothes "surprisingly well made", and noted that the assistants were "got up in kind of comic-book manner, spiky blond hair, Catwoman eyeblack. One [Jordan] has face painting in precise diagonals." He continues: "Despite its low-key manner, the shop is oddly uncompromising. Strapped trousers, as their designer, Vivienne Westwood, says, imply 'commitment' (to what is less clear), but Seditionaries is single-minded. The stuff is quite expensive, too ... it's a shop for the elite of Radical Displacement."

When punk went overground in 1977, Seditionaries became a target for the hooligan elements now populating the King's Road, with nouveau Teds and passing football fans adding their violent two penn'orth.

Graffiti-strewn – some of it written by Westwood herself – Seditionaries took on as beleaguered an air as the Sex Pistols, beset as they were by Sid Vicious' heroin problems and internal dissent at McLaren's machinations. Buckled bondage boots appeared in canvas and leather alongside brightly coloured studded boots with elongated tongues.



One of the last T-shirt designs to emanate from Seditionaries was "Punk Hell Gang", festooned with skulls, crossbones and many slogans, including the statement, "The barrier between friend and foe is thin".

The police raided over the display of an item showing Snow White engaging in an orgy with her dwarves, imported from a San Francisco fetish shop. And on December 12 1978 the *Evening News* reported that the shop had closed. Shambolic business affairs and the distraction in completing the movie *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* meant it was to be open only intermittently until a new image was unveiled more than a year later.

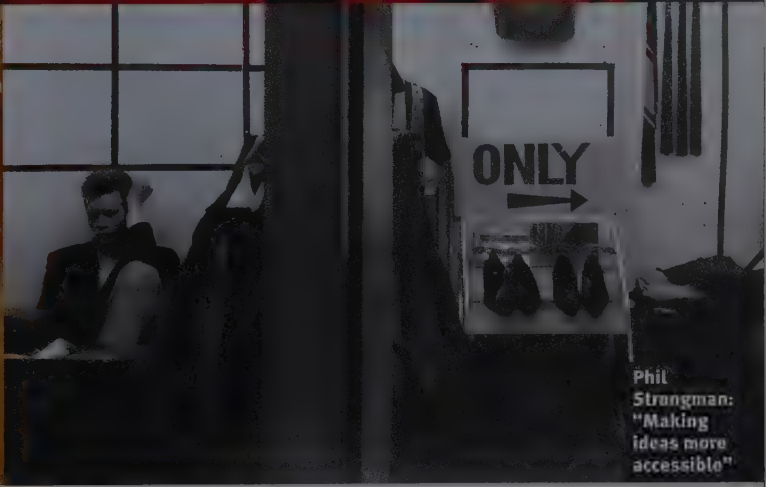
In recent times, McLaren has used his Dead in England label to export a range of his original designs from 430 to Japan, including grey moleskin Peter Pan-collared Seditionaries shirts that proclaim: "UNOWNED UNKNOWN UNEXPOSED to the flippant curiosity of the French mob." Westwood also revives pieces from her past; bondage trousers appear under her Anglomania label and bondage boots via Vivienne Westwood MAN, and throughout she has sold the black sleeveless shirts from Let It Rock, which also commemorate that store by bearing a tiny legend displaying the dates "1971-2". In 2003 she produced jersey long-sleeved versions of such shirts as the skull and crossbones Too Fast To Live Too Young To Die.

These are occasionally stocked at World's End, the shop that remains at 430 King's Road. The name was adopted in 1981 when the progenitors of punk bade adieu to their tattered creation and moved into a new romantic world filled with exotic designs, nubile maidens and pirate garb. Ahead lay haute couture, Hollywood and separate lives far removed from the artful rock 'n' roll obsession that fused the explosive partnership of Westwood and McLaren.

Concrete tower block plan for Boy

Boy's Germanic logo

1977: Boy window detail



Phil Strongman: "Making ideas more accessible"

"LIKE GIVING GUNS TO THE INDIANS"

Along the King's Road, the decision in early 1977 to transform Acme was undoubtedly influenced by Seditionaries. The comparison was strengthened when John Krevine and Steph Raynor emerged with their own house band, Chelsea, led by Gene October and originally featuring future Generation X members Billy Idol (who had been a member of the Bromley Contingent) and Tony James.

October had been a Let It Rock customer and modelled for Antony Price when he came across '60s suits at Acme's short-lived warehouse shop, Acme Surplus, in Portobello Road. Under Krevine's guidance, he formed Chelsea (originally known as LSD) to support Throbbing Gristle at the opening of the Prostitution exhibition at the ICA in October 1976. After a few gigs, the other members quit and October kept the Chelsea name, scoring a low-level independent hit with Right To Work.

Associations such as this underlined Acme's willingness to embrace punk. The basement shop was gutted, the walls were painted black and the stock was reduced to a small range of uncompromising clothes, including a straitjacket top. The emphasis of the T-shirt subject matter was also on outrage, with designs featuring outlaws such as homosexual serial killers John Wayne Gacy and Dean Corll. Phil Strongman – by that time working in the shop with his brother Jay – came up with a few designs, including one-offs covered in paint pressed randomly through netting, and put together the shop's Riot shirt. "I ripped a picture of mods fighting on Brighton beach and put the word 'Riot' across it. I liked that aspect of the punk stuff at Acme and Boy; it was making these ideas more accessible, like giving guns to the Indians. To wear the Sex and Seditionaries stuff was like you had to pass some review board, but your application might not be renewed for a year."

The shop's *milieu* changed. Now Throbbing Gristle mainman Genesis P Orridge was a regular, and a "riot outfit", complete with guns hanging from it, was custom-made for Mark Perry, editor of punk fanzine *Sniffin' Glue*. "Some of the pink-peg kids came in and had a go," says Raynor. "They were really mad. 'We thought you was a fucking geezer!' They knew then they would have to hang up their pegs and call it a day."

Don Letts was unhappy with the image change. "Steph's the kind of guy that, when something has

INTERNATIONAL CLOTHING COMPANY
LONDON
193 KINGS ROAD LONDON SW3
10/11 MOOR STREET SOHO LONDON W1
610 BANKAN 6 10 14 JINGUMAE SHIBUYA KU 150 TOKYO
BOY
LONDON

taken off, will say, ‘Fuck it, I wanna do something else.’ I never liked that phase; that was stupid. I think everything Steph had done up to that point he had originated. It was organic, natural. When we made the decision to gut the shop, that was something else. For that brief moment, we were following.”

Raynor accepts some of this argument. “We were led by a couple of fans,” he says. “We could see the anarchy and anger and felt that we couldn't be caught sleeping here. It was moving very fast. We were clothing that young soul rebel in wraparound shades and a bumble-bee sweater who was as much a precursor to punk as the New York Dolls. Where Don's right is that we could have softened it a bit. We went a bit far with black everything and safety pins. But there was an anger around that meant it was the only way to go.”

The business moved to the King's Road under a new name, Boy. “We decided to go ‘Sloane Square’,” says Raynor, referring to the more commercial end of the thoroughfare.

The original plan had been to open opposite Stamford Bridge, home of Chelsea Football Club – the idea of two gay associates of the Acme crowd, John Harwood and photographer Peter Christopherson, a member of Throbbing Gristle. “They had this concept of this gay, dressed-up hooligan in big boots and football scarves,” says Raynor. The idea was to mix soccer violence with, as Raynor describes it, “a heavy fashion trip”.

When the unworkable Stamford Bridge idea evaporated there was a plan to take out the window and present a single object: a large block of chiselled granite with huge cracks in it and pieces of rusty iron protruding. “It was going to look like some 2,000-year-old skyscraper,” says Phil Strongman. “It was going to have bits of bodies in it – an elbow, a leg showing, like they were alive. But the whole thing would have cost too much, and the new landlord didn't want the plate glass taken out.”

Instead, Boy was launched with a design that took the shock value ethos of Seditionaries to its commercial conclusion. The interior was scorched and burnt, looking as though it had been subjected to an arson attack. Doc Martens hung on nails hammered into the walls, and white T-shirts were emblazoned with slogans about boys as mercenaries and IRA members, or fake blood and images of criminals such as Gary Gilmore. Accessories were made out of used syringes and contraceptive packs. There were fake charred body parts, and in the window Petri dishes contained burnt fingers and nails. All of this was removed in a police raid within days of the opening, and the shop owners were charged under the same legislation that had been brought against Sex for its cowboy shirts.

The idea of the interior design was that a boy had died in a fire, probably while vandalising the premises, and advertising posters showed the bloody head of a skinhead next to two pairs of Doc Martens, accompanied by the Nazi slogan “The strength of a nation lies in its youth.”

“That's a hell of a package to present to the King's Road,” says Raynor. “We thought it was funny, but we also wanted to wake everyone up to the real world. Whether you thought we were running along with the movement or not, we decided to do it in an area which was going to piss off a lot more people than Malcolm.”

The London *Evening News* quoted Krevine as saying, “Punk is finished. These clothes are about survival in London in 1977.” But he was wrong; punk style was making its crossover into the mainstream, and Boy was very much part of the process.

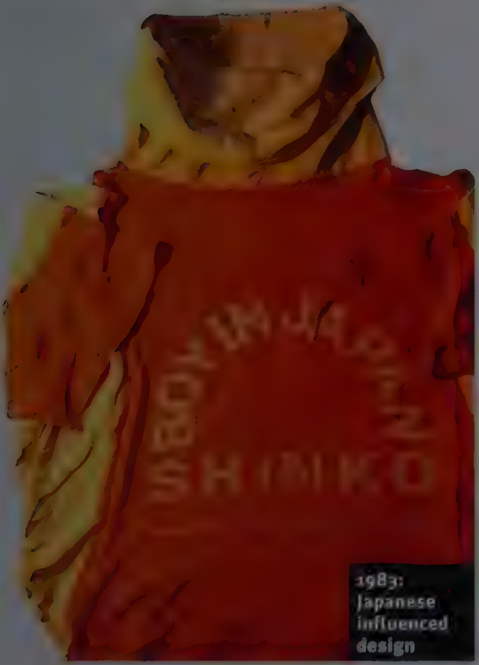
Although Raynor complains that the shop was initially a commercial disaster, it became a major target during that summer's street fighting between Teds and punks.

Letts and Lee managed Boy for the first few months, but were increasingly disillusioned with the “tabloid version” of punk presented by the new shop. “I personally felt we were copying Seditionaries, and the magic of Acme Attractions was lost,” Letts sighs. “Acme was a one-off, never to be repeated. At Boy, the windows would go in every week, and there were tons of fights.”

Phil Strongman recalls an incident that brought home how dangerous retailing had become: “There were a couple of blokes in the shop, real tough-nuts, sitting against the wall drinking from a bottle of gin. One of them was this guy Steve Ross, who later became a DJ and was manager of the Covent Garden branch of Michiko Koshino. Then this 14/15-year-old kid with green hair, clutching a copy of *Anarchy*, walked past the store. He was attacked by a sea of Teds. They started ripping up his clothes and kicking hell out of him, and before we knew it Steve and his mate had run outside, beaten up about six of the Teds and dragged the kid inside. They were chucking bottles and desperate to get at us. Jeanette was twisting up coat-hangers to make knives, and the Teds were taking running jumps at the half-inch glass window. It didn't give, but at one stage I really thought we were going to die. None of us was paid enough to be risking our lives like that.”

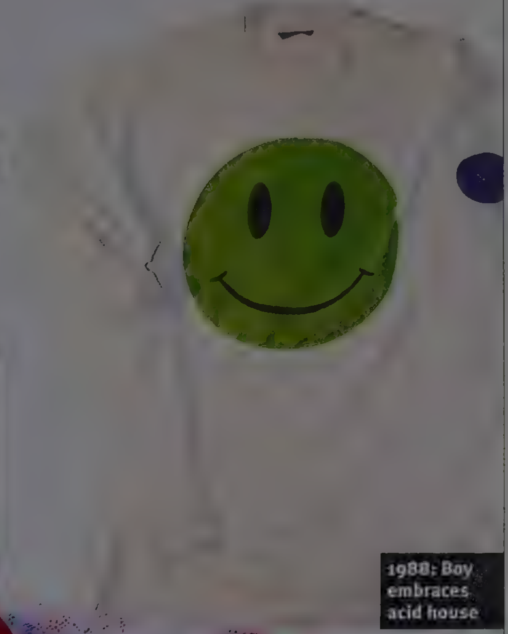
With the departure of Letts and Lee, Raynor split with Krevine and he and his girlfriend Helen Robinson formed a partnership with Roger Burton and Rick Carter in early 1978, opening new shop PX in Covent Garden. This struck a chord with a set of individuals congregating around the nascent new romantic scene.

“I was sick of watching all the bin-liners walking past,” says Raynor. “Punk just wasn't cool any more. I did what I always do, get in my Impala convertible and drive off.”



1983: Japanese influenced design

1982: Bondage dress



1988: Boy embraces acid house

One day in the early '80s, after he had split with Robinson, Raynor received an appeal from Krevine to return to Boy. "John told me he was sick of flogging studs and Crazy Colour hair dye and wanted to do something new, so I went back." They set about reinventing the shop as Boy London, using Lycra and sportswear designs, often repeatedly printed with a new logo featuring the shop name atop a version of the Third Reich eagle.

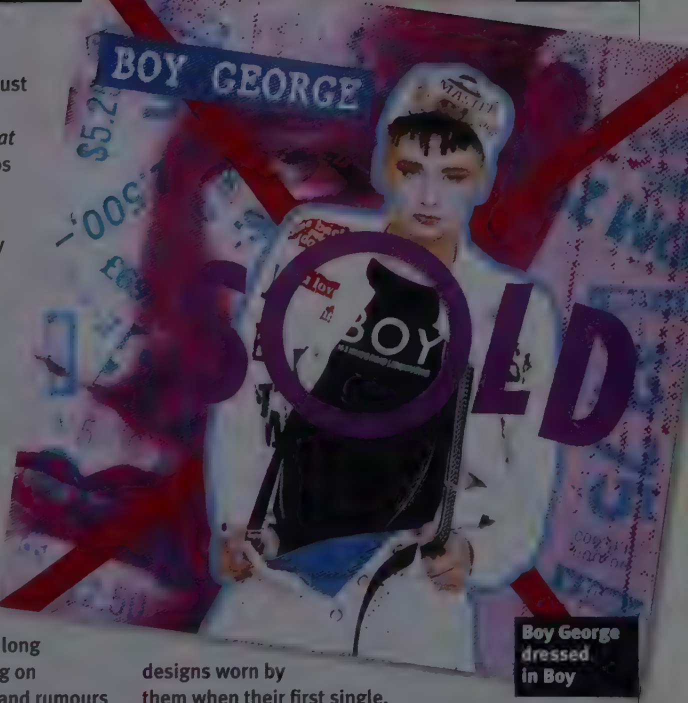
In addition, Boy struck a deal with McLaren and Westwood to license elements of the original Seditionaries range, including T-shirts such as Destroy, bondage suits and studded boots. The store also sold versions of the Anarchy shirts. "We did that for specific cult reasons," says Raynor. "Those were the clothes which ruled London at the time."

In the '80s, the business went from strength to strength, boosted by the ubiquitous Boy baseball caps, which were worn by everyone from Elton John and the Pet Shop Boys to Andy Warhol and Bruce Willis. Among the artists frequenting the shop were Madonna, Cher, George Michael, David Bowie, Mick Jagger, Bobby Brown and Kylie Minogue. The late Princess of Wales even wore a Boy cap.

Boy George created some T-shirt designs for the shop in the mid '80s. "I really wanted to get into doing more designs," he says. "It was great, but they would only pay about sixpence a shirt, so the quality just wasn't there." At around the same time, the shop struck a deal with Sex Pistols graphic designer Jamie Reid and won the rights to feature his work on T-shirts. Examples include the slogan "Media Sickness More Contagious Than AIDS", just as HIV awareness was emerging, and another, based on a poster from *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*, which featured '50s singer Connie Francis and the statement "Sex Pistols Fuck Forever".

By the 1988 acid house explosion, Boy had franchised outlets in New York, Los Angeles, Tel Aviv and Tokyo, and was selling clubwear such as star-covered shorts and leggings and smiley-face long-sleeved T-shirts. At a catwalk show at the end of the '80s, the sportswear elicited a strong reaction from American buyers. "They all got up and walked out," says Raynor. "One of them came up to me and snarled, 'These are the clothes worn by the people who mug us!' About five years later, all of those buyers were raving about Hilfiger."

One of the most pirated fashion images of the late 20th century, Boy has long been the centre of legal disputes centring on licensing in countries around the world, and rumours swirled about Hong Kong Triad involvement. Although the original shop in the King's Road bore its faded sign well into the new millennium, it has since been sold.



Boy George dressed in Boy

With Krevine based in Israel, Raynor asserted his ownership of the rights in France, where he operated the Boy London boutique in St Tropez, selling among other things Spice Girls merchandise, including Boy designs worn by them when their first single, Wannabe, came out. Raynor also had a club in Paris called Boy, later renamed Queen.

These days he splits his time between France and his "20th-century-style pieces" shop in Spitalfields. In the basement – though the rights have long since reverted – lie the original laminates of the Sex and Seditionaries range of T-shirts that were the object of such attention during Boy's glory years.

23

“IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY TO SPEND MY YOUTH?”

“There’s gonna be a lot of fighting in the streets. Things are gonna get rough so we’re gonna need clothes which are tough.” With this statement in late 1976, Bernie Rhodes recruited a 19-year-old art student to produce clothing designs for the group he managed, The Clash.

Despite having very little experience in the fashion business, over the next five years Alex Michon was to come up with successive waves of hard-wearing militaristic designs that would define the iconic look of one of the most visually exciting rock bands of all time.

By the time Michon met Rhodes, he had signed his charges to CBS Records, which was poised to release their debut album in the late spring of 1977. With a forthcoming major tour amid heightened media scrutiny on punk, the style-obsessed Rhodes knew the time was right for The Clash to carve out a distinctive, coherent image, one to go head-to-head with that of their greatest rivals, the Sex Pistols – although of course the designs of his former collaborators McLaren and Westwood were *verboten*.

Until then, Joe Strummer, Mick Jones, Paul Simonon and soon-to-be-ousted drummer Terry Chimes had worn second-hand clothes which they adapted, with stripes of glue acting as piping down the seams of their trousers, ties slashed from single strips of material and, most notably, Jackson Pollock-style paint splashes on everything from shoes to jackets.

“I often wonder whether I kicked that off,” muses Pistols bassist Glen Matlock. “Once, around the time they got together, I turned up to see them in a pair of Sex jeans which I’d worn when painting the ceiling of our rehearsal room in Tin Pan Alley. I deliberately spattered them with paint, and remember the Clash guys thought they looked cool.”

As interest in The Clash gathered momentum, Rhodes approached fashion students to realise his vision for a range of tough streetwear that would look great on stage. One such, Cathy Tupper, encountered Rhodes at a party and, although she wasn’t interested, she took him back to the house she shared with Nottingham art student Michon, then on a year out in London.

Running with a crowd that included Gina Birch (later of female punks The Raincoats) and St Martin’s student Christina Kolowska (who became a driving force at the label Michiko Koshino), Michon had witnessed a Pistols gig as well as The Clash’s performance at the Royal College Of Art on Guy Fawkes Night 1976. Earning pin money as a seamstress “with two old biddies” at a company called Nelbarden International, which produced bikinis, she leapt at the chance to work with Rhodes.

“Even though I couldn’t really sew I thought, ‘That’s my job’,” says Michon in her high-ceilinged Hammersmith apartment, from where she operates as co-owner of the east London art gallery Transition. “I hung around the kitchen and told Bernie I was a machinist. He was quite wary at first because I was so excited, but then he sketched some ideas out and I told him I could come up with something in a week.”

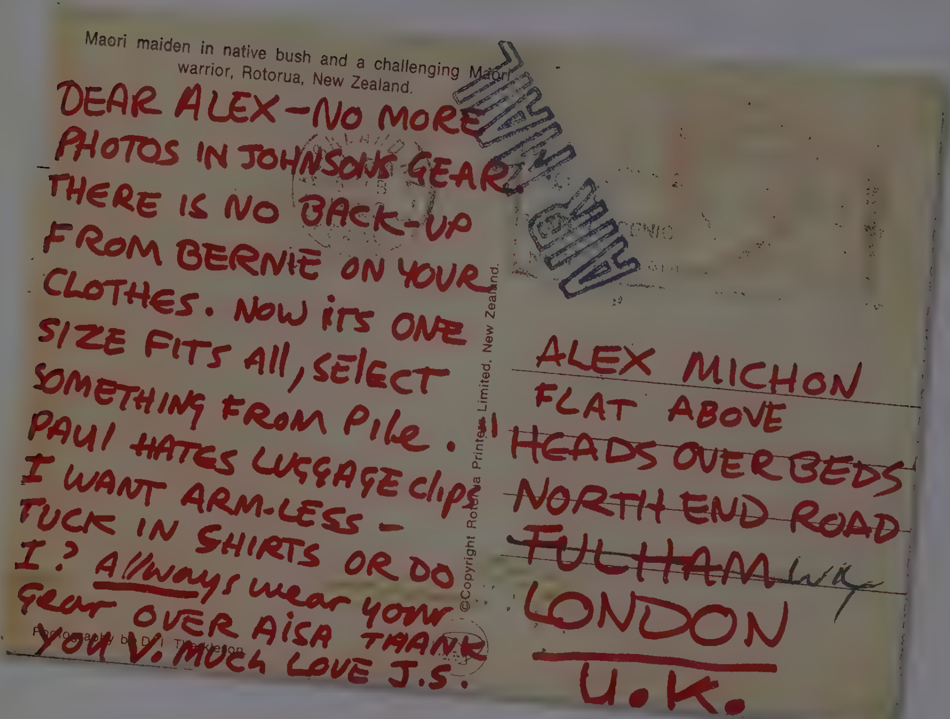
Michon co-opted the help of Kolowska and together they produced a zippered jacket in petrol blue drill. As Michon wrote in her diary at the time: “Me and Chris spent the whole weekend making a jacket for The Clash. I didn’t go to Nelbarden on Tuesday. I’m going to The Clash studio – excited, scared, but is there any other way to spend my youth?”

Michon and Kolowska were instructed to “come and meet the boys” at The Clash HQ, Rehearsal Rehearsals, part of a Renault dealership which Rhodes owned in Camden Town. “I was absolutely petrified,” says Michon. “We turned up and they were auditioning drummers; Jon Moss [later of Culture Club] was there. I remember we thought he looked too clean-cut for them. Joe was rushing around with a broken tooth because he’d had a fight with a rockabilly.”

The group were measured up and production started, with Michon on £25 a week, the same wage earned by the group and the rest of their retinue. Rhodes delivered his lecture on the need for tough clothes to match the hard times ahead in his trademark elliptical style, using phrases such as “transference of information” and dropping references to events such as The Battle Of Midway.

Then he took Michon on a tour of the East End rag trade, having written a blank cheque to spend at YKK Zips. “That day Bernie basically gave me a life lesson in tailoring, cutting, sewing and design, introducing me to these incredible old characters who lived and breathed the subject,” she says. “He told me that, when he left school, his mother sent him to work

OPPOSITE **Alex Michon: “That’s my job”**



Maori maiden in native bush and a challenging Maori warrior, Rotorua, New Zealand.

DEAR ALEX – NO MORE
PHOTOS IN JOHNSONS GEAR.
THERE IS NO BACK-UP
FROM BERNIE ON YOUR
CLOTHES. NOW ITS ONE
SIZE FITS All, SElECT
SOMETHING FROM Pile.
PAUl HATES LUGGAGE clips
I WANT ARM-LESS –
TUCK IN SHIRTS OR DO
I? *Allways* wear your
gear OVER AISA THANK
YOU V. MUCH LOVE J.S.

ALEX MICHON
FLAT ABOVE
~~HEADS OVER BEDS~~
~~NORTH END ROAD~~
~~FULHAM~~ W14
LONDON
U.K.

©Copyright Rotorua Printers Limited, New Zealand.

Photography by D. I. Thackleton

ABOVE 1978: Joe Strummer: "One size fits all"

RIGHT 1981: Michon models military shirt

with them and they certainly knew him very well."

Her first range majored on lines of zips ("that was my tribute to the streaks of paint") and multiple-stitched seams. "Because I didn't really know what I was doing I oversewed everything," she explains. "The first trousers were made out of blackout cloth from the war, which was really heavy and blacker than black. It was like no other fabric."

Former art student Simonon was the band member who participated most in the design process, though Michon fondly recalls the way each member adapted his clothes. "We made the zip jacket for Joe which he wore for their gig at The Rainbow (in April 1977) and when I next saw it he'd stitched a ripped-up photograph from the Notting Hill Carnival on the side, which looked brilliant." Michon still has the jacket, which was exhibited at a recent show at her gallery.

Through 1977 the clothes were in primary colours – sky-blue, brilliant white, blood red and jet black – and the band members stencilled slogans and phrases on to them. "If one of them liked something then they'd all want it," says Michon, "though each would have to be slightly different. Joe had to have a little plectrum pocket in his trousers and an inside pocket in his jackets for the books he carried around with him."

In 1978, the group's friend Sebastian Conran, son of lifestyle entrepreneur Terence Conran and brother of designer Jasper, gave over part of his large house in Regent's Park for an office for Upstarts, the label Rhodes formed to mass-market a range of Clash clothing via ads in the music press. Michon also lived in the house, as did Strummer and a number of other members of the band's inner circle.

"Sebastian worked on the T-shirts with Bernie and really wanted to get involved with the other clothes," says Michon. "It's down to him that we came up with the T-cut trousers. He found a pair of Stirling Cooper jeans and took them apart. It was incredible because the legs were attached like tubes to the trunk, and this really appealed to Sebastian, who, of course, became an industrial designer. We found that the design gave much more movement in the leg because they had a lot of extra space."

Kolowksa and Michon's most notable T-cut trousers were known as "the conductors": neat, tough, with multiple pockets, most commonly in heavy-duty white fabric. These were featured in a spread in *Ritz* and worn by all the band members, as well as by Patti Smith when she and Simonon were an item.

"I was much more interested in getting our clothes into things like *Ritz* than selling to the fan club or through the back of the *NME*," says Michon, who also came up with a mini-skirt based on the same design, produced for her by Glen Matlock's girlfriend Celia. However, Rhodes put the kibosh on the skirt being manufactured by Upstarts, which was suffering as the rag trade got in on the act with ads touting "Clash-style" clothing.

Late in 1978, Rhodes was ousted by the band and replaced by journalist/former underground activist Caroline Coon. By this time, Michon's focus was elsewhere. She had started a degree at Goldsmith's College Of Art and was a member of rockabilly/ska group The Blue Cats, though as a one-off she produced a range of popper-buttoned rockabilly shirts for The Clash's Christmas 1979 gigs promoting their album London Calling.

Then, in a surprise move, Rhodes was reinstated as manager in February 1981, and set in train a strategy to crack the American market, with extensive touring – including a 17-night residency at New York's Bond's nightspot – and the relocation of Upstarts to New York.

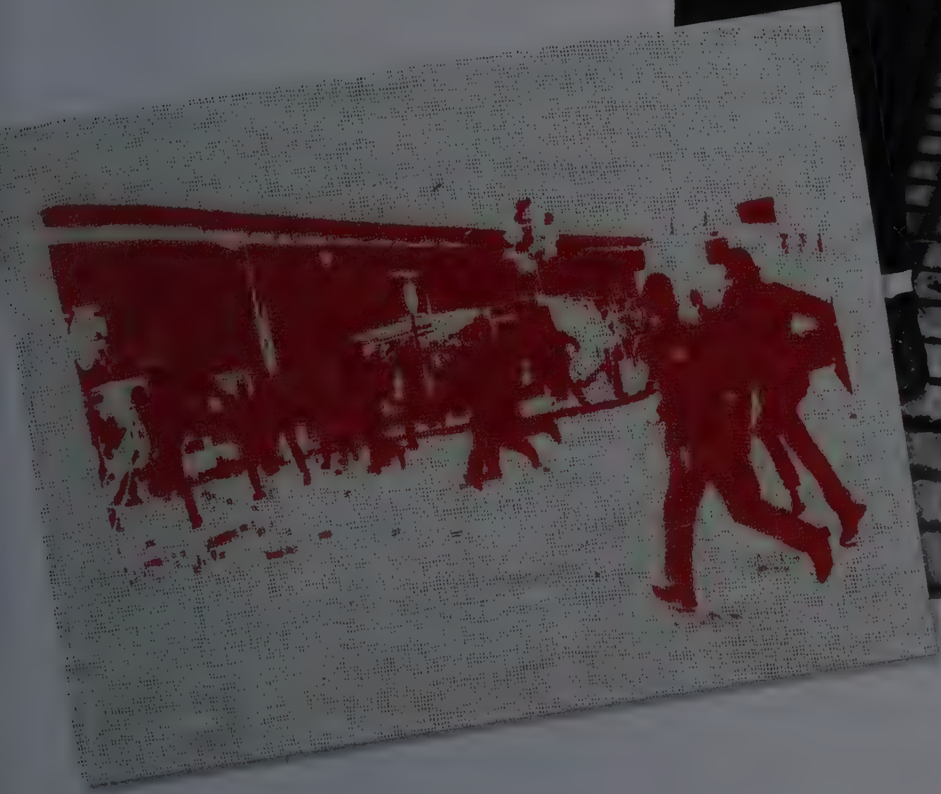
"I was just putting together my final show and had these plans to become a video artist when I got a call from Bernie," says Michon. "He told me, 'We want you back on board. And pack your bags. We're going to America.' I couldn't turn that down."

Before the trip to America, Michon was required to come up with new designs for a series of European dates. With Kolowska again contributing, "we started getting this 'royal-ness' coming in", says Michon of the more flamboyant clothes, which featured epaulettes, braids, high collars and gold buttons. For one series of shirts, the buttons were replaced by brass suitcase fasteners.

"It was flash but still tough, they were on parade but generals not foot soldiers," she adds. "We used Aertex backs and piping to get a feeling of the old days but moved it on." These clothes formed the basis for the range worn by The Clash on the cover of the last album to feature the original line-up, 1982's Combat Rock, and in videos for such singles as Rock The Casbah, as well as high-profile American dates supporting The Who.

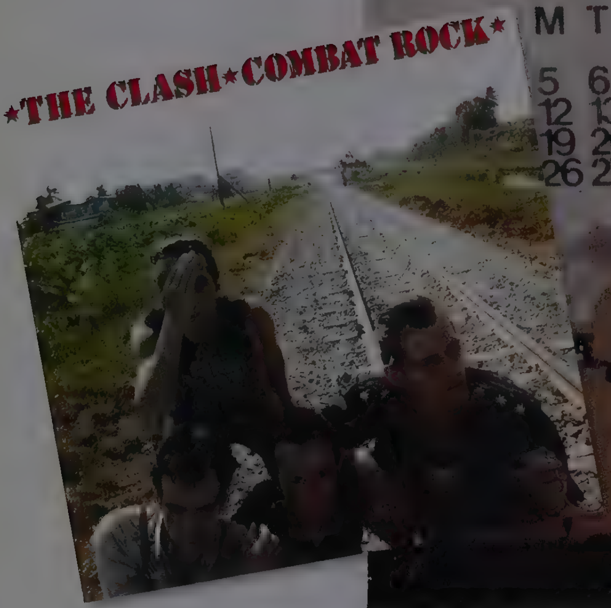
One line of shirts was called "the boxer". Inspired by the towels pugilists wrap around their necks, Michon designed a set of cowl-collared tops, which also adorned Bananarama in a shoot for *New Sounds, New Styles*.

In 1982, Michon took up residence in a studio on W 36th St in Manhattan's Garment District while Rhodes advanced plans to open an Upstarts shop nearby. "The interior was going to be like a cross between a bunker, a cell and Elvis' playroom,"



ABOVE The Clash in second-hand, pre-Michon

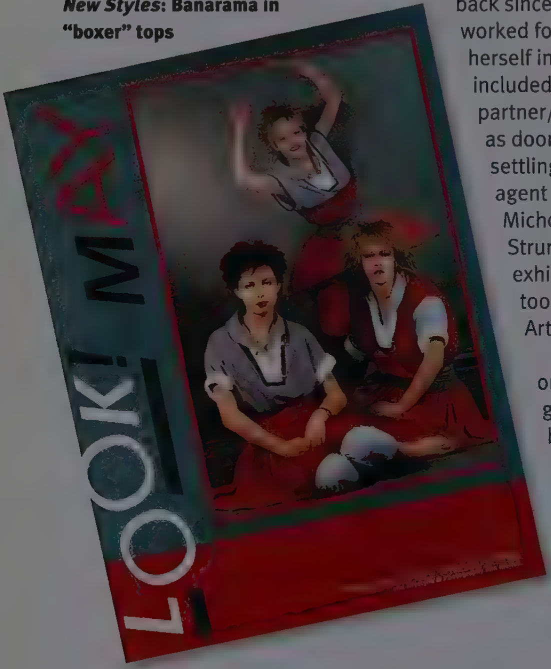
LEFT Notting Hill Carnival riot patch



ABOVE RIGHT 1981: Michon in Upstarts, New York

ABOVE LEFT 1982: "The boys" in Michon designs

BELOW 1982 *New Sounds, New Styles*: Banarama in "boxer" tops



she says. "Just at the point when we found a potential site I had to come back to London with Bernard to renew my visa. That's when it all fell apart."

The Clash had disintegrated, with Jones sacked over his mistrust of Rhodes. "I was totally devastated, having spent six months in New York putting the whole range together," says Michon. "But there was no point in going back since it was all over." Michon subsequently worked for designer Rachel Auburn, and threw herself into the hedonistic '80s crowd that included Leigh Bowery and his working partner/muse Trojan. She even spent a spell as doorperson at legendary club Taboo before settling into the art world as a painter, agent and curator. The zippered jacket Michon and Kolowska created for Joe Strummer in 1976 appeared in a 2003 exhibition at the Transition Gallery which took the theme Sense And Sensibility: Artists Take On History.

"It wasn't made as a fashion statement or to sell but as an emotive, artistic gesture," she wrote in the accompanying brochure. "This was guerrilla clothing made for hard times."

Then in 2005 former Prada creative director David Bradshaw and a member of the team behind biannual menswear title *GQ Style* used some of Michon's original clothes for The Clash in a photo spread in the *New York Times*. "It was cool because it was up-to date," says Michon. "David mixed old and new and that's great. Too much nostalgia gets you down – except of course for Rockabilly stuff which I will always love."

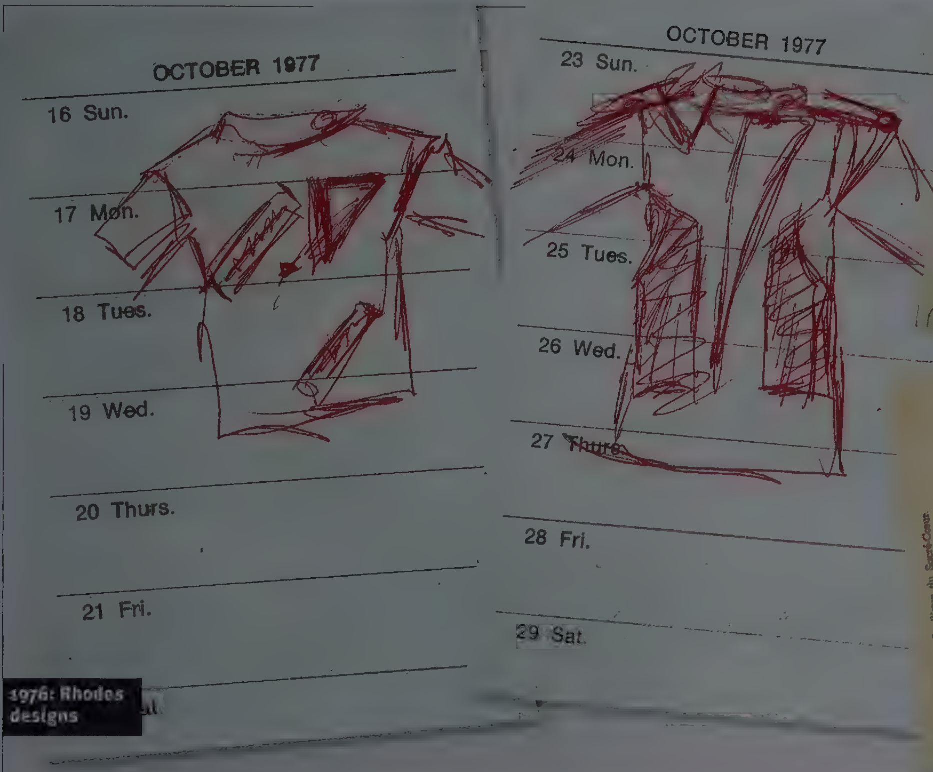
Today, she marvels at the twists of fate that sprang from her chance encounter with Rhodes. "One of the reasons Bernie took me on – and all power to him – was that I was this Polish girl from nowhere making swimsuits. I was going up against people like Vivienne Westwood, who was in her 30s then."

Of the band members, Michon was closest to Strummer. "A few years back I wrote him a letter when he had a show on the BBC World Service," she says. "I put on this old lady act and said, 'I once worked with a group of boys who had an inordinate need for trousers'," she laughs. A few weeks later she received a response.

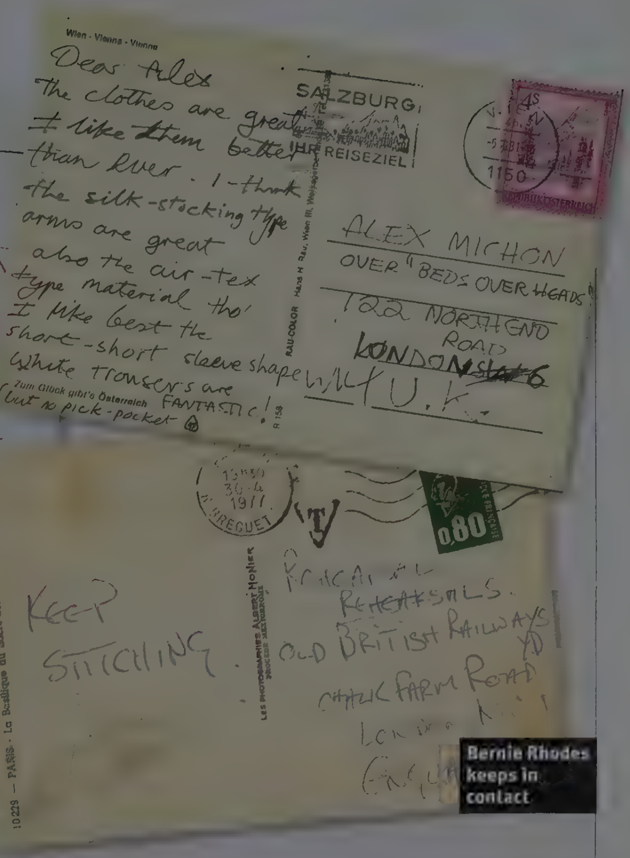
In a letter dated November 3 1998, Strummer poignantly wrote, "I hope you're doing well. As for myself, like all the others, I have found The Clash a hard act to follow."

But he added: "You never did get any thanks for making those fantastic clothes."

Michon describes the period of collaboration with The Clash as one of the happiest of her life. "We all worked and lived together, feeding off each other's ideas and imaginations," she grins. "One time Joe came in looking exhausted and I asked him whether he wanted a new shirt, because the clothes always got so knackered on the road. He said, 'No. I just need a new body'."


OCTOBER 1977
16 Sun.
17 Mon.
18 Tues.
19 Wed.
20 Thurs.
21 Fri.
OCTOBER 1977
23 Sun.
24 Mon.
25 Tues.
26 Wed.
27 Thurs.
28 Fri.
29 Sat.

1976: Rhodes designs


Wien - Vienna - Vienne

Dear Alex
The clothes are great
I like them better
than ever. I think
the silk-stocking type
arms are great
also the air-tex
type material tho'
I like best the
short-short sleeve shape
White trousers are
FANTASTIC!
(but no pick-pocket

Zum Glück gibt's Österreich

SALZBURG
IHR REISEZIEL

WIEN
1150

ALEX MICHON
OVER "BEDS OVER HEADS"
122 NORTH END ROAD
LONDON ~~SW6~~
W14
U.K.

13H30
30-4
1977
BREGUET

KEEP
STITCHING.

[illegible]
REHEARSALS.
OLD BRITISH RAILWAYS YD
CHALK FARM ROAD
LONDON N.W.1
ENGL

10229 — PARIS - La Basilique du Sacré-Cœur

LES PHOTOGRAPHIES ALBERT MONIER

Bernie Rhodes keeps in contact

"AN INTERESTING CONCEPTUALIST"

Like that of his sometime collaborator Malcolm McLaren, Bernie Rhodes' background is steeped in the rag trade. In the words of Joe Strummer, Rhodes "had a very hard upbringing"; he was born in 1945 to a German immigrant mother who worked as a Savile Row seamstress, and never knew his father.

Little is known of Rhodes' early years and, when I chanced upon him at a record company bash in the late summer of 2005, he was as perplexing as ever. Wearing a French mod, light blue windcheater, he cackled like a hyena rather than answer questions, all the while dispensing his trademark Winston cigarettes. His twin obsessions – style and Jewishness – were, however, to the fore. "That's a nice bit of tailoring boy," he barked. "You Jewish? Nothing to be ashamed of, you know!"

Rhodes claims to have been a member of the tightly-knit, style-obsessed cabal of Stamford Hill youth of the very early '60s who inform much of this story. McLaren has said he first met Rhodes at gigs by the likes of The Who and the Rolling Stones at Eel Pie Island.

When his mother was employed at Hawes & Curtis, Rhodes became acquainted with one of her apprentices, John Pearse, with whom he shared a flat in upmarket St John's Wood. Pearse describes Rhodes as "an interesting conceptualist, always talking, the last to go to bed", and it seems he worked on and off at Pearse's Granny Takes A Trip until the original owners went their separate ways at the end of the '60s.

Turning his entrepreneurial skills to a sideline in second-hand cars from a Renault garage in Camden Lock, Rhodes also became one of the hustlers knocking out second-hand and what would now be called "vintage" clothes in Chelsea and the surrounding neighbourhoods.

"Bernie turned up at my place in Kensington Market one day with all these silk bomber jackets, really naff, telling me they would be the next big thing," says Lloyd Johnson. "I wouldn't touch them with a bargepole."

During this period Rhodes reconnected with McLaren, submitting ideas for such T-shirts as You're Gonna Wake Up. Many of the early punks credit Rhodes with having been a driving force. "Bernie was instrumental in getting the Pistols together," Glen Matlock said in his book *I Was A Teenage Sex Pistol*. "He made us focus our thoughts. In the early days of the band, he'd beaver away at us in the pub, making us think through our attitudes."

Once the Pistols began to carve a reputation for themselves in the winter of 1975/6, Rhodes' somewhat justified demand to become co-manager was brusquely ignored as McLaren concentrated on the job in hand.

Propelled by this rejection and fired by the ideas fomented at 430 King's Road, Rhodes' mind turned to Mick Jones and Tony James, two youthful guitarists he had bumped into at a gig by post-glam troupe Deaf School at west London's Nashville Rooms.

James and Jones – who had been scuffling around trying to maintain a stable line-up in their Dolls-influenced group London SS – were both wearing the You're Gonna Wake Up shirt, and Rhodes also had one on. When asked by James to move away from them, as recounted in Pat Gilbert's *Passion Is A Fashion*, he told the duo: "I fucking designed that T-shirt, you cunts. What have you got going for you?" When informed about London SS, he announced: "OK. I'll be your manager."

As McLaren points out, the Sex Pistols provided the final part of The Clash jigsaw when they supported the pub-rocking 101ers at the Nashville Rooms in April 1976. "Joe Strummer left the awful group the 101ers after watching the Sex Pistols support him and create the chaos that became legendary at the Nashville Rooms," he says proudly.

Within 48 hours, Strummer had been coerced by Rhodes into joining Jones and new bassist Paul Simonon in a new and as-yet-unnamed venture. And, by this stage, Rhodes also had a game plan in place for a group to rival the anarchic charges of the person who had become his greatest competitor, McLaren.

24

“DARE YOU WEAR THESE CLOTHES?”

By 1978, fashion and music had been changed beyond recognition by the effects of punk. The movement, and more importantly the machinations of McLaren and design skills of Westwood, had combined disparate elements – from outsider literature and deviant sex to the politics of anarchy and teen cults – into a single, cleansing force that swept aside pop culture's indulgence and excesses.

Punk's potency had only lasted for a very short spell, maybe a matter of months. For many, the final nail in the coffin was the Sex Pistols' spectacularly shambolic split in San Francisco in January 1978, followed within a year by the demise of first Nancy Spungen and then Sid Vicious. Heroin chic replaced speed-fuelled grandeur, and the music scene sloped into greyness to match the faltering Western economies and the swing to the right evinced by the imminent installation of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan.

The fashion industry had been caught on the hop by punk, just as the music industry had been, but it learned its lessons fast. Flares were gradually faded out, and straight-legged Levi's and peg trousers – which had only been available at shops such as Let It Rock and Acme a few years previously – became more readily available. High-street punk was inaugurated, with chains such as Miss Selfridge stocking plastic trousers, and the clean lines of the new wave were adapted into the flashy disco look augmented by the first sportswear items to enter mainstream fashion: headbands, wristbands, tracksuits and trainers, already the dress of the first hip-hoppers creating their genre in the Bronx and other areas of New York.

Punk had fused every hard-edged youth look since World War II, from the baggy, gaudily-striped zoot trousers worn by Johnny Rotten, the D-ring brothel creepers worn by The Clash's Paul Simonon and the two-tone shoes and flimsy, narrow-lapelled suits of '60s Carnaby Street sported by The Jam to the chained rocker jackets of The Ramones and the uptight, preppy appearance maintained by their New York compatriots Talking Heads.

Just as punk had merged different styles, so the period immediately afterwards witnessed a reduction to base elements as revivalism kicked in. By the end of 1978, the punk-rock look was old hat, increasingly replaced by skinhead, rockabilly and nouveau mod. Certain groups and fans, particularly in the north of England, opted for jumble-sale chic. Echo And The Bunnymen and Joy Division wore button-down shirts, dark old-fashioned trousers and jackets and long raincoats in dour hues to match their deliberately glum music.

In opposition to this dullness, as well as the machismo exuded by such movements as rockabilly and skin, a group of fashion students, layabouts and glamour-fixated wannabes in cities such as London and Birmingham went to the other extreme. Deeply under the influence of early Bowie in terms of look, but fixated on the funk and motorik sounds of his mid period, from Young Americans to Heroes, they were originally known as "the cult with no name", such was the media's bewilderment at the mixture of cross-dressing camp attitudes and made-up *joie de vivre*.

Supported by a solid network of clubs, and later given a showcase by the May 1980 launch of *The Face* and the magazine *i-D* (which sprang from the *i-D* club night, run by Perry Haines at Gossips), the scene was eventually dubbed New Romantic, not least because Westwood and McLaren had turned to notions of pirates and eighteenth-century babes for the inspiration behind World's End, the new incarnation of 430 King's Road.

The nascent New Romantic movement flourished in the hot-house environment of clubs such as Billy's (opened by Steve Strange and Rusty Egan in June 1978) and Blitz (where George O'Dowd worked as a "hat-check-girl").

Steph Raynor, the Boy founder who was at that time running PX in Covent Garden, recalls that the backlash against punk style was in full force by the time the club opened: "Anyone who came to the Blitz wearing Seditionaries [stuff] was turned away. I remember [clubber, hatmaker and O'Dowd's friend] Stephen Linard turned up in a pair of new fringed bondage trousers, and they just said, 'Fuck off.' If you signed up everyone in Blitz, you'd have had a lock on creative

OPPOSITE 1979: Martin Degville and friend, The Dispensary, Kensington Market: "Like Joan Collins crossed with Daffy Duck"

Prospect: strange

Michael Ward

PX and Seditionaries: grim exteriors . . . grim interiors

TOP 1979: Robert Elms with Melissa Caplan. Stephen Linard at Blitz

MIDDLE Press coverage of PX

BOTTOM Interior of PX

London at that time. But it didn't matter who you were; you couldn't get in if you weren't cool. Pete Townshend, David Bowie, Mick Jagger – they were all turned away."

PX fed off the growing reaction against punk. "It seemed logical that we should open a shop," says Roger Burton, one of the founders along with partner Rick Carter, Raynor and his girlfriend Helen Robinson. There were also creative contributions from a close friend of the circle, Jack English.

An opportunity arose when Acme's former accountant Andy Czezowski, who ran *the* punk club The Roxy as well as The Fridge in Brixton a few years later, took over a building in run-down James Street, Covent Garden. He offered them the ground floor.

"The idea was to try and supply a more chic approach to punk than zips and safety pins, one that people of our age would appreciate," says Burton. "Rick and I had been bringing back ex-military clothes and leather jackets from Amsterdam anyway, so we bought a VW van and went off to Holland, dressed like a group of bloody terrorists in camouflage and army gear. We bought a load of army gear to be dyed and altered, as well as some Gestapo-style coats. No surprise that we were hauled off to the border station between Belgium and France and compared with photographs of the Baader-Meinhof gang! They took the van apart and checked the spare wheel before they believed us. They still followed us all the way to Paris and the following night we were in this bar and all these plain-clothes policemen came in and searched us up against the wall."

In his book *Blitzed*, Strange describes PX as "the house designer for the New Romantic scene". He adds: "By the time we opened at Billy's they had a good line in German military gear, making their own idiosyncratic versions complete with diamanté when they couldn't get hold of the originals. When we started Blitz I wore their frilly velvet suits with a stark white puritan collar."

While Robinson used her rag trade contacts to produce a collection, Burton was charged with creating the correct environment. "My idea was to have it like a general store, a PX where you could buy not only clothing but also tins of beans, cigarettes, stuff like that," he says. "The idea was that it should be a cross between an underground bunker, a gymnasium and a U-boat, quite claustrophobic with no shop window so outsiders couldn't see what was going on."

One day when driving in Conduit Street, Mayfair, Burton espied a builder loading a skip with industrial duct pipes. "I gave him £20 and loaded the van up," he says. "Then I went into the building and it was full of amazing heavy duty stuff, caged units and filing cabinets. It had previously been MI5 offices, which was perfect, so I scoured it for every last van-load and we fitted it all into the new shop."

Instead of a shop window, the exterior comprised a monitor screen showing monochrome images from the CCTV camera inside, while the name PX was stencilled on a backlit sign and the door had a metal shutter.

Raynor says: "Once again, we were sourcing original clothes from around the world, individual objects which nobody could copy." Gradually, in-house designs were

ABOVE 1981: Spandau Ballet on left and clan (from right Simon Withers, Steve Dagger, Sade, Sarah Lubel, Robert Elms, Graham Smith, Melissa Caplan, Jon Baker and Ollie O'Donnell) invade New York

stocked, including some grey and some dark-blue shirts with maroon piping that buttoned around the neck. These, and other such futuristic wear, were popularised by the likes of Gary Numan, but the militaristic aspects of the clothes also appealed to The Clash, for whom PX made stage clothes.

Jay Strongman worked at PX alongside Strange: "We had a really industrial look in PX, with corrugated iron everywhere. Steph and Helen Robinson were selling pegs, real big heavy leather biker jackets and over-sized T-shirts. Steve Strange was like their mascot. All the things I wouldn't wear, he would: the toy-soldier look, or the re-done Bowie suit from Pinups with gold epaulettes – Steve would always wear that. Blitz was just down the road, so we used to go there after work and listen to Kraftwerk. Punk had been taken over by skinheads, and it was all about being the most working-class, but at places like Blitz people were dressing up again, and there was loads of make-up, especially on the guys."

"PX really took off," says Burton. "From the start we had a lot of interest from the press, particularly Michael Roberts who was then at the *Sunday Times*. But once we'd set it up, my heart wasn't actually in standing around selling clothes. Plus we started to fall out over various things and within nine months we dissolved our partnership."

Carter and Burton, who had retained their huge archive of vintage clothing in Leicester, dived back into that business, opening a stall in Portobello Market. In 1980, PX moved to Endell Street, also in Covent Garden, where it became the nucleus for New Romantic movers such as Spandau Ballet. This store was taken over by Robinson when her relationship with Raynor collapsed, and she became the person most deeply associated with its clothes in the '80s.

Meanwhile, O'Dowd's ability to produce outrageous new images on a daily basis had made him one of the prime movers, along with acquaintances such as Marilyn (later to have the briefest taste of musical fame) and Philip Sallon (Sex Pistols acolyte and pioneering club-runner). Also on the scene were individuals such as journalist Robert Elms (who championed the movement in *The Face*), his friends Chris Sullivan and Christos Tolera (who fronted the *faux*-Latin act Blue Rondo À La Turk) and Gary Kemp (then in the throes of founding Spandau Ballet).

Most of these people were involved in Spandau Ballet's trip to New York in early 1981 to promulgate "Blitz culture". As well as Elms, Sullivan and Kemp, the trip included designers Melissa Caplan, Simon Withers, Jon Baker and Graham Smith, photographer and designer, and, it should be noted, the man responsible for the design of this book. The American press was fascinated by the unusual clothes and by the likes of Adam & The Ants (whose career had begun to take off Stateside), Duran Duran and Visage. However, *Soho News* concluded, "Americans cannot understand Blitz any better than the carnivals of Rio de Janeiro".

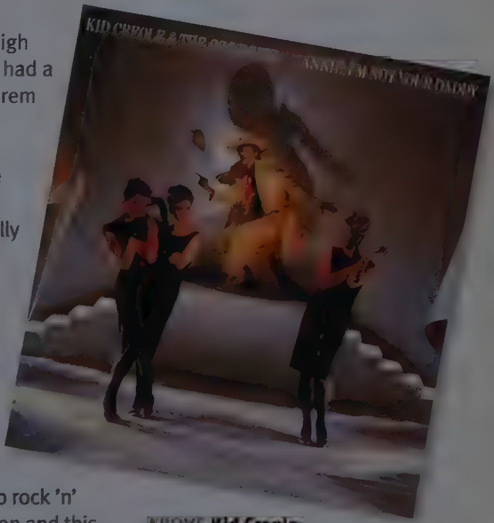
One style developed in tandem with New Romantic and cross-fertilised with it: rockabilly. Initially, it was fed by such import shops as Flip in Covent Garden and American Classics on the King's Road, but when Jay Strongman opened Rock-A-Cha in Kensington Market in 1979, the purist styles of '50s backwoods middle America were definitely out of sync with the times.

Strongman's disillusionment with punk was rooted in the mindless aggression that had stomped all over its aesthetic qualities and in the fact that the majority of the music that followed in the wake of the Sex Pistols and The Clash was sub-standard. "I remember when I went to a punk party, and the only decent records there were Donna Summer's Love To Love You Baby and Dr Buzzard's Original "Savannah" Band's Cherchez La Femme [one a disco classic, the other a big club number by the original incarnation of Kid Creole creator August Darnell]. We played them over and over, all night, because there was nothing else. I couldn't have sex for months without thinking of those two songs!"

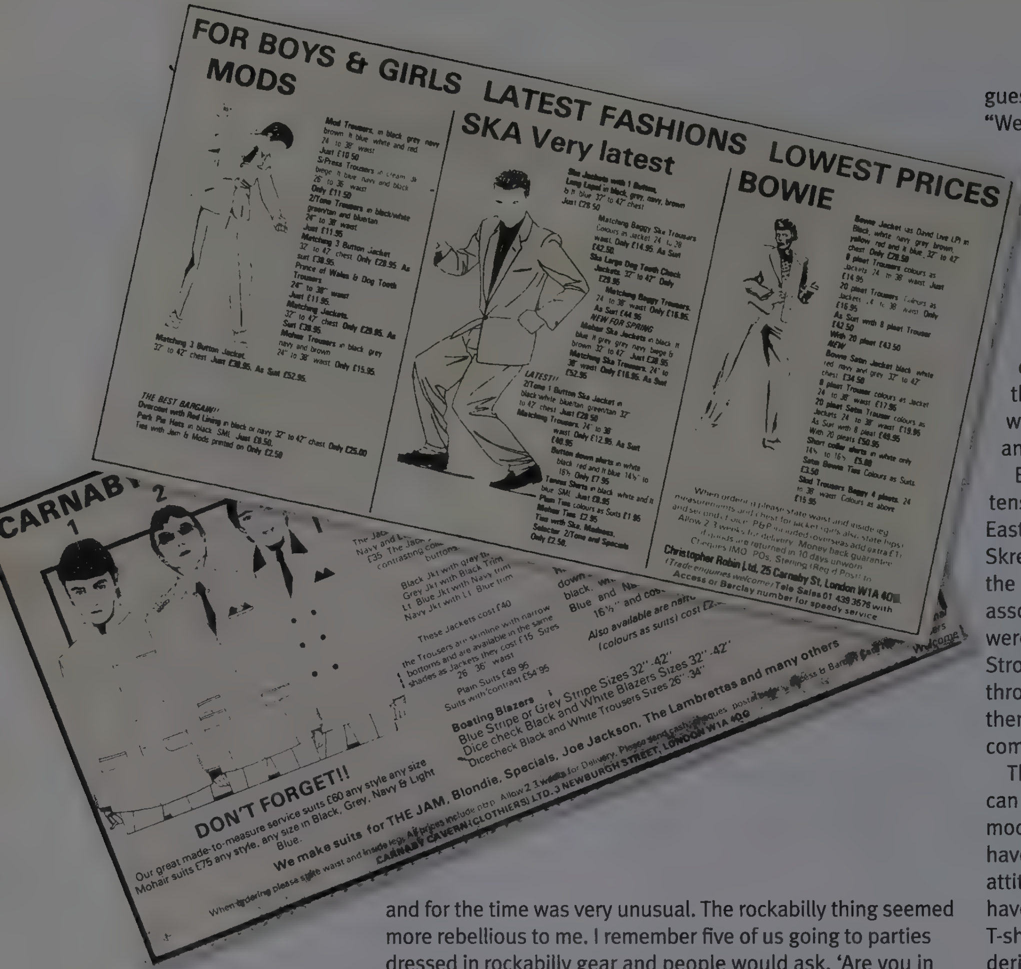
For Strongman, The Clash in 1977 had been a high point. "After that, there was nothing," he says. "I had a brief flirtation with Bowie when he wore those harem pants on tour in 1978. That was the last time I went and bought clothes so I could look like someone on stage. After that, I had to find a style of my own.

"I started digging out old records, buying rockabilly albums and collecting the King and Federal labels, people like Gene Vincent. Because of Blitz and meeting the right people there, my ears were opened up to Louis Jordan, LaVern Baker and other jive records. There was a great club called the Bobbysox in Neasden, and the people there would wear donkey jackets, really tight Levi's and clumpy workmen's boots."

At the time, a very few hipsters – including Elms – sported the flat top, a brutal but razor-sharp rock 'n' roll haircut. "I went down to some barber in Islington and this Greek bloke cut my hair," says Strongman. "It looked brilliant,



ABOVE Kid Creole: Authentic Latino cool



FOR BOYS & GIRLS LATEST FASHIONS LOWEST PRICES

MODS

Mod Trousers, in black, grey, navy, brown, lt blue, white and red. 24" to 38" waist Just £10.50
S/Press Trousers in cream, lt beige, lt blue, navy and black 26" to 36" waist Only £11.50
2/Tone Trousers in black/white, green/tan and blue/tan. 24" to 38" waist Just £11.95
Matching 3 Button Jacket 32" to 42" chest Only £28.95. As suit £38.95.
Prince of Wales & Dog Tooth Trousers. 24" to 38" waist Just £11.95.
Matching Jackets. 32" to 42" chest Only £28.95. As Suit £38.95.
Mohair Trousers in black, grey, navy and brown 24" to 38" waist Only £15.95.
Matching 3 Button Jacket. 37" to 42" chest Just £38.95. As Suit £52.95.

THE BEST BARGAIN!!
Overcoat with Red Lining in black or navy 32" to 42" chest Only £25.00
Pork Pie Hats in black SML Just £8.50.
Ties with Jam & Mods printed on Only £2.50

SKA Very latest

Ska Jackets with 1 Button, Long Lapel in black, grey, navy, brown & lt blue 37" to 47" chest Just £28.50
Matching Baggy Ska Trousers Colours as Jacket 24" to 38" waist. Only £14.95. As Suit £42.50.
Ska Large Dog Tooth Check Jackets. 37" to 47" Only £28.95
Matching Baggy Trousers. 24" to 38" waist Only £16.95. As Suit £44.95
NEW FOR SPRING
Mohair Ska Jackets in black, lt blue, lt grey, grey, navy, beige & brown 32" to 42". Just £38.95
Matching Ska Trousers. 24" to 38" waist Only £16.95. As Suit £52.95
LATEST!!
2/Tone 1 Button Ska Jacket in black/white, blue/tan, green/tan 32" to 42" chest Just £28.50
Matching Trousers. 24" to 38" waist Only £12.95. As Suit £40.95
Button down shirts in white, black, red and lt blue 14½" to 16½" Only £7.95
Tennis Shirts in black, white and lt blue SML Just £8.95
Plain Ties colours as Suits £1.95
Mohair Ties £2.95
Ties with Ska, Madness, Selecter 2/Tone and Specials Only £2.50.

BOWIE

Bowie Jacket (as David Live LP) in Black, white, navy, grey, brown, yellow, red and lt blue. 32" to 42" chest Only £28.50
8 pleat Trousers colours as Jackets 24" to 38" waist Just £14.95
20 pleat Trousers Colours as Jackets 24" to 38" waist Only £16.95
As Suit with 8 pleat Trouser £42.50
With 20 pleat £43.50
NEW
Bowie Satin Jacket black, white, red, navy and grey 32" to 42" chest £34.50
8 pleat Trouser colours as Jacket 24" to 38" waist £17.95
20 pleat Satin Trouser colours as Jackets 24" to 38" waist £19.95
As Suit with 8 pleat £49.95
With 20 pleats £50.95
Short collar shirts in white only 14½" to 16½" £5.00
Satin Bowie Ties Colours as Suits £3.50
Stud Trousers Baggy 4 pleats. 24" to 38" waist Colours as above £15.95

When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurements and chest for jacket (girls also state hips) and second choice. P&P included (overseas add extra £1). Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery. Money back guarantee if goods are returned in 10 days unworn. Cheques/MO/POs, Sterling (Reg'd Post) to
Christopher Robin Ltd, 25 Carnaby St, London W1A 40
(Trade enquiries welcome) Tele Sales 01 439 3576 with Access or Barclay number for speedy service

CARNAB

1

2

The Jac
Navy and L
£35 The Jack
contrasting co
buttons.

Black Jkt with grey tr
Grey Jkt with Black Trim
Lt Blue Jkt with Navy trim
Navy Jkt with Lt Blue trim

These Jackets cost £40

the Trousers are skinline with narrow bottoms and are available in the same shades as Jackets they cost £15 Sizes 26"-36" waist

Plain Suits £49.95
Suits with contrast £54.95

down
black, wh
Blue and Na
16½" and cos

Also available are narro
(colours as suits) cost £2

Boating Blazers
Blue Stripe or Grey Stripe Sizes 32"-42"
Dice check Black and White Blazers Sizes 32"-42"
Dicecheck Black and White Trousers Sizes 26"-34"

DON'T FORGET!!
Our great made-to-measure service suits £60 any style any size
Mohair suits £75 any style, any size in Black, Grey, Navy & Light Blue.

We make suits for THE JAM, Blondie, Specials, Joe Jackson, The Lambrettas and many others

When ordering please state waist and inside leg. All prices include p&p. Allow 2-3 weeks for Delivery. Please send cash, cheques, postal orders, Access & Barclaycard welcome!
CARNABY CAVERN (CLOTHIERS) LTD. 3 NEWBURGH STREET, LONDON W1A 4QG

ABOVE 1980: Style options in *NME* classifieds

BELOW Rock-A-Cha: Quiffs for boys and girls

and for the time was very unusual. The rockabilly thing seemed more rebellious to me. I remember five of us going to parties dressed in rockabilly gear and people would ask, 'Are you in the army?' I got all my old peg trousers out and wore them with Bass Weejun loafers from J Simons and a '50s shirt I had from Acme."

Early in 1979, Strongman and partner Bob Lewis opened Rock-A-Cha, having made contact with East End tailor Tony Daniels, who had made peg trousers for Acme Attractions in the mid-'70s. "On the first day at Rock-A-Cha, all we had was the pegs and a bunch of white Levi jackets we bought from a charity shop for £2 each and knocked out at around £6," says Strongman. "We also had some '50s shirts from this importer who brought in bales of clothes from the States. The rockabillies that came in loved the shirts but didn't know about pegs, so we had to show them pictures of Eddie Cochran wearing pink peg slacks."

Strongman had taken on board the post-punk need to convey strong messages and images, and his socialist sensibilities prompted him to overturn the notion of redneck, Confederate, flag-waving '50s fans by posting on the walls photographs of southern lynchings, civil rights protests and Rastas alongside Johnny Burnette Trio record sleeves.

As the shop became established, Strongman indulged his appetite for music by forming a rockabilly group, The L Trains, with Marco Pirroni. The latter had been an early Sex Pistols fan, had played in the original Siouxsie & The Banshees and The Models and would later become Adam Ant's musical partner. Also in the group was Andy Warren, bassist in The Monochrome Set. "It was supposed to be a purist rockabilly set, but with those two in the band it wasn't going to be, so I guess it was the first psychobilly band," says Strongman. "We'd be doing Shakin' All Over and then Marco would go into I'm Waiting For The Man for about 10 minutes."

Although The L Trains failed to make much of a mark, the rockabilly revolution took off throughout 1979, with venues such as the Royalty in the north London suburb of Southgate playing host to sub-Ted acts such as Matchbox and new bands such as The Polecats, who gave the music a post-punk edge by covering songs by Bolan and Bowie. "It was like punk all over again, with these new kids coming through and all these bands starting up," says Strongman. "Now people were wearing pink zoot suits and creepers with flashy ties and shirts."

But the polarisation of the looks and the music caused tension. Skins bought their clothes at the Last Resort in the East End and followed groups such as Menace, Sham 69 and Skrewdriver. Sham 69 had openly courted this audience, until the flirtation soured with the voicing of far-right opinions and associations with factions such as the National Front. "There were all these skinhead/mod/rocker wars going on," says Strongman. "I remember one time about 100 skins walked through Kensington Market during an NF march. We stood there with iron bars at the counter thinking, 'Oh, please don't come in,' and they just stood there glaring at us."

The roots of the other big late-'70s look, the mod revival, can be traced directly to punk. "We were always kind of moddy," says Sex Pistols founder Glen Matlock. "We may not have always worn the clothes but we had the London mod attitude, that laddishness which the other groups didn't have." Certainly, the straight-legged elephant cords, skinny T-shirts and chopped hair of the original Sex Pistols were derived from the mid-'60s, as were the covers in their early set-list: The Who's Substitute, the Small Faces' Watcha Gonna Do About It? and The Creation's Through My Eyes.

Paul Weller's band, The Jam, went a stage further by aping The Who to such an extent that not only their songs but also their image were a direct rip-off of aspects of their heroes' style circa 1964: the typeface used to promote the group was exactly the same as that for the High Numbers' historic gigs at the Marquee that year.

But The Jam's adaptation of the Carnaby Street look of a decade earlier made an equal impact on fans, who started to wear their suits, button-down shirts and two-tone "Jam" shoes. The popularity of reggae in punk circles prompted other groups – such as the North London Invaders (who later became Madness) and the Coventry Automatics (the embryonic Specials) – to investigate the '60s precursors to reggae, ska and bluebeat, both popular with original mods. The two-tone movement began to gather pace.

At the same time, certain retailers decided to investigate their own roots, invigorated by punk. Lloyd Johnson, who in 1978 set up shop in the King's Road a few doors down from Seditionaries, opted for an entirely new set of clothing with which to unveil it. Bluebeat hats, dark, button-down shirts, three-button Italian suits, brogues in suede and mock croc, and slim ties were all elements of the original range. "The punk crowd were really the ones David Bowie had left up the alley," says Johnson. "They used to come and buy second-hand gear from me at Kensington Market and I'd talk about the mod period, which was fascinating to them."

This is confirmed by Subway Sect singer Vic Godard, who told the Punk 77 website: "Just before punk started we were frequenting Lloyd Johnson's stall in Kensington Market, where we could buy original World War II demob suits for £5 a time."

Johnson had briefly operated another outlet in the King's Road, in Beaufort Market, where Poly Styrene of X-Ray Spex also had a stall. Johnson's partner was Nils Stevenson, the Sex Pistols roadie who went on to manage Siouxsie & The Banshees, but their collaboration rapidly disintegrated, in turn setting another King's Road character on the retail path. The pair sold their surplus stock to Dave Fortune, who used this as the basis for his shop Robot.

When Johnson launched on the King's Road, he was contacted by the production team working on the film version of The Who's concept album Quadrophenia, and he provided clothes for the film, as did Roger Burton, Jack English and Rick Carter.

"The art director had seen a load of original mod clothing we were selling on our stall in Portobello Market," says Burton. "We spent the next few months sourcing clothing and acting as consultants, because they had no idea beyond some photographs belonging to Richard Barnes, who's a friend of Pete Townshend's. So our role was very strong and we dressed everybody apart from Sting."

Sting's unauthentic look is but one of the disappointments of the movie. "We were let down with the way the clothes came out in the film," says Johnson. "They had actors in NATO raincoats and other things which were totally wrong. Jack and Roger made full-length suede coats with leather collars and pocket flaps in maroon, navy blue, brown and black, which were dead right for the time. The producers refused to believe that people would have worn them, so they weren't used."

Burton and his colleagues had sold the clothes to the production company and, when filming was wrapped, they bought them back and formed a clothes hire company. "We did some research and discovered that the stock of all the big film hire companies stopped around 1945," says Burton. "That's why *Quadrophenia* had come to us in the first place." Thus was Contemporary Wardrobe founded; and the company continues to supply the film, TV and advertising industries to this day.

Meanwhile, Johnson also received a fillip. "Once word got around that we supplied some of the clothes to the film, we were inundated," he says. Soon Johnson's was taken up by the new generation of pop stars. His LaRocka label denim suits and jeans were worn by Weller and the Boomtown Rats' Bob Geldof, and his '60s jackets and suits became staple items of Elvis Costello's stagewear. Madness are all wearing Johnson's gear on the cover of their first singles and albums, and the shop was featured in the first issue of *The Face*, which had The Specials' leader, Jerry Dammers, as its cover star.

Other retailers started to cash in on the mod revival, and soon the back pages of music publications were filled with ads for parkas and shops like The Face and Carnaby Cavern on Carnaby Street were knocking out cheaper facsimiles to feed fans who followed second-wave groups such as Secret Affair, The Merton Parkas and The Chords. When *Quadrophenia* opened in 1979, the scene went into overdrive.

More adventurous mods followed the line of progression traced by the originals, and within a matter of months ventured into what became known as new psychedelia. By the autumn of 1981, a number of psych bands – including Mood Six and Scarlet Party – were playing clubs such as the Groovy

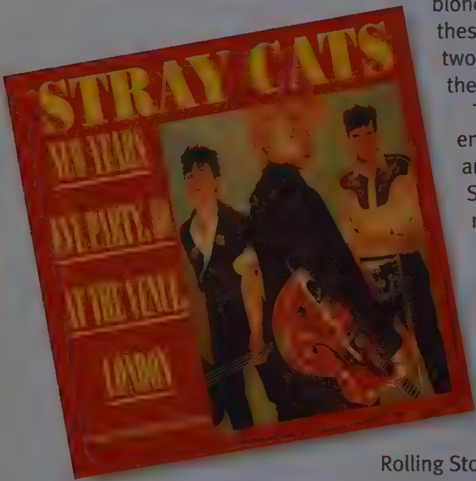
NSONS
Modern Outfitters

MADNESS
ONE STEP BEYOND...

ABOVE 1979: Lloyd Johnson outside his King's Road store which supplied Madness (left)

TOP 1979: Roger Burton (left) and Jack English of Contemporary Wardrobe

ABOVE "Hard times" feature in *The Face*, September 1982



BELOW Jay Strongman: "The Stray Cats took the whole rockabilly thing nationwide"

Cellar and The Clinic in London, dressed by such shops as The Regal.

However, the experimentation of the new psychedelia set was not reflected in the majority of new mods. "It got to the point where it was ridiculous," says Johnson. "It was mod this, mod that, and my whole business became based on this one type of clothing. I realised I wasn't going to survive by just being a mod shop."

So he and his wife, Jill, put together a small range of clothes based on the '60s people who were diametrically opposed to mods – rockers. "We made biker jackets and short biker boots, and I had three quiffed mannequins in the window, one blond and the other two black-haired. Two days later, these three guys walked in. One was blond, the other two were dark haired, and I said, 'I've got you guys in the window!'"

The trio were the Stray Cats, New York rockabilly enthusiasts who had flown to England to chance their arm at building a reputation outside America. "The Stray Cats took the whole rockabilly thing nationwide," says Jay Strongman. "The first place they came when they got off the plane from the States was Rock-A-Cha. I remember they brought their suitcases with them into the shop." The group maintained huge pompadours, and added punk energy to the basic rockabilly sound. They were soon snapped up by record label Arista, and their brief run of hits, including Rock This Town, and support slots for such acts as the Rolling Stones, helped transmit the look, as did appearances on TV shows.

While the musical tastes of most rockabillies were restricted to the pure and original '50s recordings, others were opened up to the hip-hop scene then starting to trickle out of New York, via their fashion connections. Meanwhile, in clubs such as Le Kilt and the Beat Route, DJs with catholic tastes – led by Steve Lewis – were spinning old-school '70s funk alongside appearances by contemporary Brit-funk acts such as Light Of The World. "The first time I became aware of Rappers' Delight by the Sugarhill Gang was when Steve Lewis played it at the Beat Route," says Strongman. "I was living this life, going to Rock-A-Cha, being a hardcore rockabilly, then going out and listening to funk."

The clubs were a melting pot of musical and stylistic genres. Four-on-the-floor funk influenced such acts as Manchester's 23 Skidoo, London's Stimulin (led by fashion journalist Alix Sharkey) and Sheffield's ABC, while jazz-funk fans were turning on to the New Romantic look – which is how Spandau Ballet came into being. The short-lived boom in Latin music and salsa rhythm sparked the formation of Modern Romance and Blue Rondo À La Turk, who were dressed to the nines in zoot suits created by former fashion student Chris Sullivan. The most commercially successful of these was Kid Creole And The Coconuts, authentic Latino New Yorkers who enjoyed hits throughout the summer of 1982.

However, the scene was moving too fast to sustain longevity for a lot of groups. Blue Rondo had been on the cover of *The Face* in April 1981, and by the time their debut album came out on Virgin in the autumn of the following year, fashion had moved on. "I remember Kid Creole was booked by Jon Savage to appear on Granada TV that August," says Strongman, "and in May they booked two coach-loads of people from the Beat Route to be in the audience, expecting zoot suits and key chains. By the end of the summer everyone was in ripped jeans, leather caps, huge motorcycle boots with the steel caps showing. There were a couple of people already ahead of the time wearing MA1 jackets, but most were wearing motorcycle jackets. It had gone from zoot suits to the Marlon Brando look in the space of about four months."

The adoption of shredded jeans and distressed clothing, labelled Hard Times after an Elms article in *The Face*, was created as a reaction to the New Romantic emphasis on materialism and expensive glamourwear, evinced by the launch of the Steve Strange-hosted Camden Palace, an attempt to take London nightlife upmarket. Hard Times revolved around clubs such as the deliberately down-at-heel Dirtbox, where Strongman started his DJing career: "Hard Times was taking off, and the clothes were perfect for places like the Dirtbox and the warehouse parties which started around then."

Meanwhile, Lloyd Johnson's Rock 'n' Roll Suicide range of 1981 mixed biker and fighter-pilot imagery with Japanese prints. This included deliberately worn leather jackets with a skullface "Jive Pilot" emblazoned on the back (at £120), while his stark red-and-white rising-sun print on dresses, skirts, shirts and bandannas was worn by such artists as Siouxsie Sioux, The Pretenders and Billy Idol. Rock 'n' Roll Suicide is a fine example of the mix-and-match tenor of the post-punk years: everything was up for grabs and, after a hesitant start, the new wave of artists, designers and shop-owners made a concerted effort to turn up forgotten details from the past and present them in a contemporary style.

None, however, could rival (at least in creative if not financial terms) Vivienne Westwood in her ability to shock sensibilities and arouse comment.

1979: George O'Dowd in Street Theatre

1980: O'Dowd at The Regal

"SPREADING AS FAST AS A RUMOUR"

The one true superstar produced by the New Romantic movement helped set the most commercially viable successor to punk in motion when he networked furiously on the streets of Soho.

Late in 1978, 17-year-old George O'Dowd was kicked out of a central London squat and moved into a small apartment in Goodge Street rented by his friend Jean Sel. Like many of the scene's early movers and shakers, Boy George – as he became known – was severely disillusioned with punk, and had begun to ring the sartorial changes.

"I was wearing clothes which were half way between Seditionaries and my Culture Club look: tartan bondage trousers but with a squiggly patterned top," says the singer/DJ/writer and fashion designer over an orange juice at a London café, just a few yards from the street where he lived with Sel.

"Anarchy in the UK became avarice in the UK, didn't it?" he asks. "The beginning of punk was really a fashion statement, but it was soon about student politics and violence. I once went to a gig wearing my bondage trousers, a frilly blouse and a full face of make-up and somebody poured a blackcurrant and lager over my head from the balcony. You got a lot of animosity from punks because punk had become really straight, pedestrian. It was odd, because it was always supposed to be about outsiders, and then you felt like an outsider from punk."

O'Dowd and his group of friends – including future fashion stylists and designers such as Kim Bowen and Stephen Linard, superclub DJ Jeremy Healy and Sigue Sigue Sputnik frontman Martin Degville – rejected the T-shirt/leather jacket/jeans conformity of second-wave punk in favour of eclecticism. "One day it would be Vivienne Westwood, the next you'd look like Carmen Miranda," he says. "I'd started to braid my hair and was wearing hats and ribbons. There was a junk-shop culture. We'd buy old clothes and decorate or cut them, and I'd get my mum to re-sew them. We also got clothes from sales at theatrical costumiers. In a sense, it was anti-fashion – there was an emphasis on style but there wasn't a particular look that you followed."

Without much money and with a lot of time on his hands, one of O'Dowd's regular haunts became Fans, a T-shirt shop in Old Compton Street. "It was kind of punky. I used to hang around in there and waste time. One day, I was in there being lippy and I said to Peter Small, the guy that ran it, 'Your windows are disgusting. I could do a much better job'."

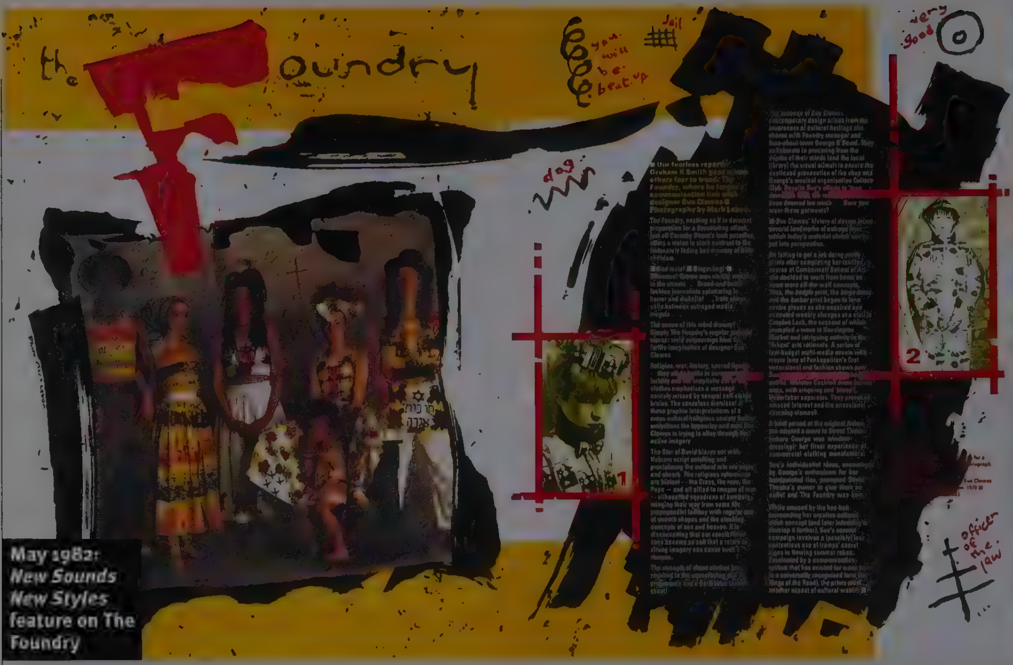
He could at least back up his views with some retail experience: O'Dowd had worked at Shades in Chelsea Antiques Market, selling winkle-pickers and Glenn Miller suits. Small thought he would call the upstart youth's bluff by directing him to another of his shops, Street Theatre, in Ganton Street. "I went in on a Monday, spent a couple of hours in the window and had a really good time, putting fabric everywhere and making the dummies look better." O'Dowd was hired on the spot and worked there intermittently, as well as at Small's psychedelic revival shop, The Regal, in Newburgh Street.

"I remember going to the Lyceum with Jeremy, Kim and Stephen to see Gary Glitter and The Human League," says O'Dowd. "We were dressed up as sort of mock '70s – Jeremy went as Ziggy Stardust, I did this funny Gary Glitter look. There weren't any rules about what you should wear. It was a very experimental phase, and it was exciting because of that. I mean, just look at the bill that played that night. It was an insane time."

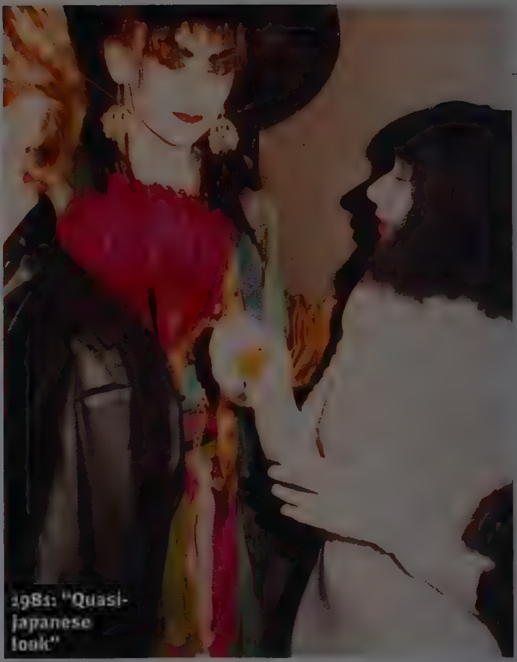
During this period, O'Dowd travelled to relatives in the Midlands and stayed with the outrageous Degville. He was part of the Birmingham set that had quietly developed its own style away from the capital's media searchlights as part of a scene centred on the Oasis market underneath the city's Bull Ring. Having been a hippy haven, Oasis proved to be the breeding ground for local design talent that was often way ahead of the rest of country, including as it did Jane Kahn and Patti Bell. They set up shop in partnership in Birmingham's Hurst Street in 1980; Kahn was the pattern maker, trained at Portsmouth Art College, while Bradford-born Bell was the designer with a rock 'n' roll background that included associations with the likes of Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdinck.

Married to Brum rock 'n' roller Steve Gibbons, Bell expressed her frustration with the post-punk fall-out in *ZigZag* in 1981: "The punk scene was much better, far more lively. Something's got to happen in Birmingham soon. It's so boring at the moment. There are a chosen few who have the ideas and then the rest follow like sheep. If Vivienne Westwood says we have all got to have the no make-up look then that's the 'in' thing."

O'Dowd wrote of Kahn & Bell in his book *Take It Like A Man*: "They had Mohican hairdos, stuck diamanté all over their faces, and wore leopardskin dresses and bits of animal fur in their hair." The designs were similarly out-there: dresses with plastic cups to reveal breasts, studded black leather



May 1982: *New Sounds New Styles* feature on The Foundry



1981: "Quasi-japanese look"

separates and animal print tops which went down well with the likes of television dance troupe Hot Gossip.

Kahn & Bell established an outlet in Chelsea's Great Gear Market, while Degville also opted to open in the capital – in Kensington Market – after operating his Dispensary stall in Oasis for around 18 months.

Degville cut pink and green Lycra into slashed dresses and separates with marabou feather trims. "Martin cornered the market for people who wanted to look like Joan Collins crossed with Daffy Duck," says O'Dowd. "I admired his commitment. He sat on the sewing machine from Monday to Friday, then dragged sacks down to London and worked in the shop all day Saturday. He always made himself something ridiculous to wear, a pink PVC catsuit that displayed the groceries and pulled up the crack of his arse, red ankle boots and a fuchsia feather boa wrapped around his head. Only Martin could carry off the look."

In 1981, Degville formed fashion label Ya Ya with Jane Farrimond, whose Fashion Mode stall in Oasis had supplied clothes to Birmingham bands such as Fashion and Steel Pulse. Farrimond told *New Sounds New Styles*: "We want to create a complete look that people will associate with Ya Ya, in the way they know Vivienne Westwood's look when they see it, for example. Not that we want to be like her, or anyone else for that matter."

Back in London, the entrepreneurial Small introduced O'Dowd to one of his designers, Sue Clowes, who had studied at Camberwell School of Art, run stalls in Camden and Kensington Markets and worked at Axiom. "Peter said, 'Let's open a special shop for you.' I wanted a pub sign outside with a rabbi on it to make it look like a Jewish shop. The clothes were all Sue's ideas; I just went in there and said, 'That works, that doesn't'."

The pair were set up in 1981 in their own outlet, The Foundry. "Sue was this really cool girl who made printed kipper ties with nude men and '50s pin-ups on them," says O'Dowd. "We got on really well, and decided we could make clothes together. I used to go to her workshop in Old Street and spend hours there."

By this time, O'Dowd had given up banging the drum for his boyfriend Kirk Brandon's band, Theatre Of Hate, and settled on a plan for stardom in his own right. After a brief and ill-fated sojourn as Lieutenant Lush with Malcolm McLaren's post-Pistols project Bow Wow Wow, he set about forming his own band and came up with the name Culture Club, which also inspired The Foundry's fashion ethic. "Once we had the name for the band, Sue started to plunder history books and cultural reference books," he says.

In the process, Clowes developed a startlingly original range that drew on the iconographic elements of punk, as well as religious symbolism of all types. Crisp, white drill-cotton, sub-bondage trousers were complemented by vest tops and T-shirts printed with the Star of David overlaid with Catholicism's crown of thorns, bleeding hearts and references to the Twelve Tribes of Judah. Images were screen-printed and blurred, with repeated prints of bomber planes vying with the roses and crosses.

"The essence of Sue Clowes' contemporary design arises from the awareness of cultural heritage she shares with The Foundry manager and face-about-town George O'Dowd," wrote Graham K Smith in *New Sounds New Styles* in May 1982. "Dare you wear these clothes?"

Three months later, in *The Face*, Marek Kohn pointed out: "George's present wardrobe has spread through the capital as fast as a rumour. Culture Club seems to have captured a mood ... They are the first really fashionable group for a long time to have a complicated image not ultimately based on American rock or showbusiness mythology."

The Foundry remains an important milestone in the development of '80s style. Here O'Dowd's flamboyant sensibilities were harnessed to Clowes' design skills to create a template for the dressy end of post-punk, particularly when accessorised with braids, white-boy dreads, Rasta hats, fake jewellery and full-on make-up. Backed up by O'Dowd's vocal skills and his pop songwriting nous, this would prove a world-beating formula and broadcast the sensibilities of the New Romantic movement all over the world, opening the floodgates for the international success of such dressed-up bands as Duran Duran and Simple Minds.

The exportation of the London club look really began in earnest as Culture Club rode the crest of success created by their breakthrough single, Do You Really Want To Hurt Me? in late 1982. "We started to get people coming into The Foundry to buy the clothes that we all wore on stage and in videos and on record sleeves," says O'Dowd.

He claims that the traditional business quickly tried to imitate the new look of Clowes. "Sue made these clothes with hobo symbols, the ones which tramps scratched on signposts to tell each other if there was food available or a dog around. She did this whole range, and believe it or not we had a concession in Top Shop very briefly, but they couldn't handle it at all, and then Miss Selfridge copied it."

O'Dowd says that his classic image of smock top, hat and braids came about by accident. "It just happened to be what I was wearing that day. I used to change my appearance all the time. For example, a lot of my favourite looks predate Culture Club. There was one time when I used to have my face in different colours. I remember I was standing outside Heaven with a red neck, yellow face and blue ears. Grace Jones came over and said to me, 'Did someone cut your throat, honey?'

"There was another time when I had this quasi-Japanese, bird-of-paradise look, with a big straw frayed hat with fake birds stuck in it, alongside some fruit. I also had plaits, a kimono gown, Ali Baba trousers and little pointy shoes!"

At around the time of the first significant Culture Club shoot, the singer had been sporting harsh eye make-up, based on the threatening look of Ur-goth-punk goddess Siouxsie Sioux. "The photographer Marc Lebon had a make-up artist who made me more cute than I normally would have looked. I was wearing really heavy make-up with black, black eyes in those days, but she made me look softer, prettier. It kind of worked. She did this girly make-up, and the rest is history. It was never planned."

O'Dowd says working with designer Dexter Wong helped to hone the group's collective image. "That original Culture Club look, with the numbers printed all over the clothes, was really good, even though somebody said I looked like a rag doll that's had a calendar dumped on its head," he laughs. "Dexter was brilliant and really up for ideas. I was in Spain once and found a colour-by-numbers bedspread in a toy shop. It was part of the display, but eventually they sold it to me and Dexter made this outfit out of it."

Wong had emerged with many of the New Romantic front-runners as a graduate of the class of 1981 from St Martin's College Of Art, and having designed for O'Dowd and other acts such as Animal Nightlife, he opened a stall in Hyper Hyper, the fashion market that provided an alternative to nearby Kensington Market. After setting up his own label, Wong opened his own shop in Covent Garden, announcing, "Making clothes for pop stars is a good way of getting your name known, but it's too easy to get stuck with that label. What I do now is more wearable and sophisticated."

By the mid-'80s, O'Dowd had become involved with the shop that gave him his name, Boy, during which time he encountered Madonna. "I delivered a box of Boy clothes to Madonna's hotel room once; I think she ended up giving them to her dancers! But I don't rate her as a fashion icon, because she's such a magpie. Her look in the early days was a mixture of Marilyn and Bananarama. She's like some ancient queen – bring me the best remixer, hairdresser, whatever.

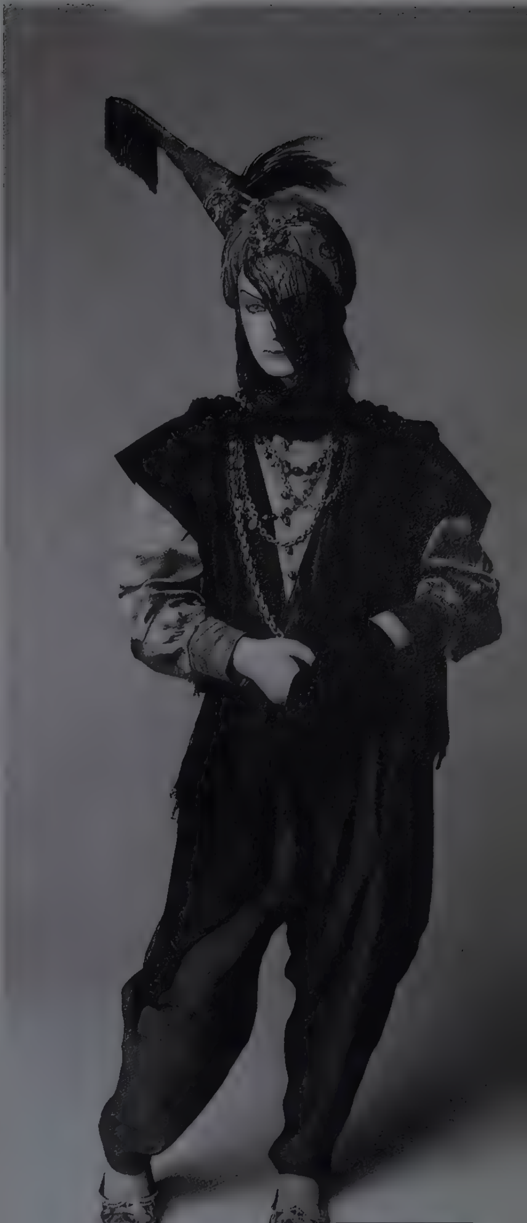
"I actually prefer ropy Madonna, the Like A Virgin look. We went to see her at Radio City Music Hall, when I got invited by a make-up artist called Way Bandy. We picked up these two boys on the way to the gig and went backstage just as she'd come off. I asked her if I could take a photo with my two new friends, and you could tell she really wanted to say no, but she said OK, and the pictures are so cool. She's got on this flowery baseball cap, lots of crosses and a lot of Stephen Sprouse."

Sprouse became the toast of East Coast style in the '80s, having been Debbie Harry's personal designer and eventually working with the likes of Duran Duran, to whom he was introduced by their fan Andy Warhol. Based in a huge Soho shop on several floors, Sprouse mixed punk and bondage elements with '80s flourishes and blinding colours.

The evolution of New Romanticism can arguably be traced back to a single individual, arguably the most liberating influence on O'Dowd's life – and thus a contributor to the "anything goes" style of the '80s – club-runner Philip Sallon. "Philip was the first real freak I ever met," says O'Dowd. "I went to the Lyceum one night with my girlfriend but they wouldn't let us in because I had this punk look. So some queen took us to Bangs, my first gay club, and in there I saw this creature dancing about on the podium in a black velvet skirt and Dr Martens with this Egyptian collar made out of paper, two horns, black eye make-up and leather gloves, doing this jittery psychedelic munchkin dance.

"He was really nice and chatty – I think he fancied me – and then invited me to another club, and I got to know him. Philip had a huge influence on the way I dress, in that it was okay to wear Vivienne Westwood stuff, but you should invent your own look, adapt things and mix them together.

"A lot of people around that time were into judging people on what they wore, but Philip's attitude was, 'They're just clothes'. It's one thing to dress up, but you've got to have a personality to match it. You can dress somebody up as much as you like, but if they're a boring cunt they're a boring cunt. Philip drummed that into us, which was a good education at an early age."



1981: "This was a junk-shop culture"

25

“SUN, SEA & PIRACY”

In the wake of the Sex Pistols’ multiple catastrophes and the muted reaction to the film of the band’s career, *The Great Rock ’n’ Roll Swindle*, Malcolm McLaren fled to Paris, where he claims to have researched music for porn soundtracks. His departure allowed Westwood to reflect on the fact that it was her skill and resourcefulness that had made the major contribution to the fashion side of their partnership, a fact acknowledged by McLaren.

“What I probably do for Vivienne is bring her the outside world,” he told *The Face*. “I see what she’s got and I push her in a direction. I’m the concept man, but she’s the tailor.”

The “outside world” that McLaren brought to Westwood towards the end of 1979 proved to be typically bizarre yet ultimately cohesive. He had discovered recordings of the thunderous beat of Burundi tribesmen during his Parisian research, and had also been struck, while sitting in a McDonald’s in north London, by the trend among black youths of carrying ghetto blasters, on which they played tapes of music pirated from radio and existing recordings. McLaren had also come across striking images of Apache Indians “in some book I stole from Foyles”, while he and Westwood researched the gaudy fabrics and jewellery worn by eighteenth-century pirates.

According to Jane Mulvagh, his brief on a new clothing range for Westwood was “sun, sea and piracy”, and he was given an opportunity when approached by Adam Ant (real name Stuart Goddard) with an offer of £1,000 to restyle him and his group, The Ants. Goddard was soon ousted by McLaren, who put the musicians together with a 15-year-old ingénue named Annabella Lwin to form Bow Wow Wow. However, Goddard took the image, added braided military wear and a white Apache war stripe and used it as the basis for his new version of the group. Within a matter of months, the new Adam & The Ants – with Marco Pirroni as co-songwriter – had hit the charts, mixing the Burundi beat with spaghetti western guitar to great effect.

Meanwhile, Bow Wow Wow wore Westwood’s new clothes, which she had researched over the course of a year. A serpentine squiggle courtesy of McLaren’s fashion mentor, Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, was repeated on white cotton shirts, blouses and scarves in striking colours, while the necks of T-shirts were scrunched sideways, inspired, apparently, by the way in which the polio-stricken Ian Dury wore his clothes. Pirate trousers were made baggy and from heavy material, the result of many hours investigating such attire at the National Art Library of the V&A.

Once again, 430 King’s Road was closed down for refurbishment, and when it reopened as World’s End in 1981, all tangible evidence of punk had disappeared.

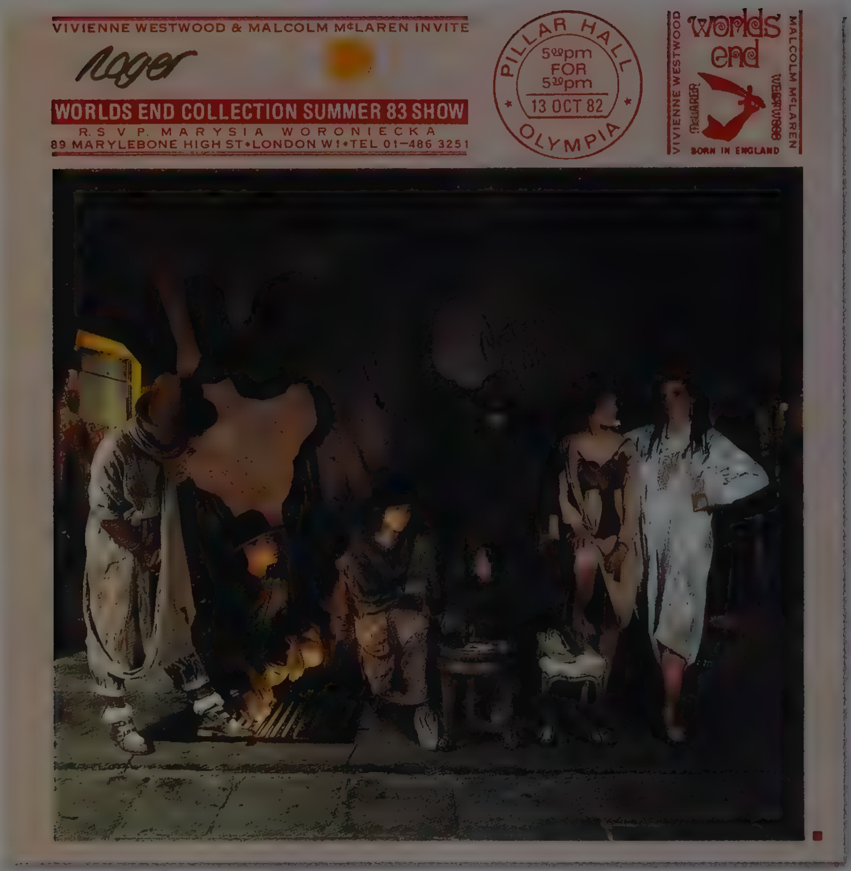
Westwood also touted World’s End clothes to the growing club market, setting up a stall on the opening night of Philip Salon’s Planets in the West End. In March 1981 the new range was officially unveiled with the Pirates catwalk show at Olympia. The models, sporting fake tans, gold-tipped nipples and braided hair or Mohicans, wore Walkmans and capered on the catwalk, while the hall was decorated with World’s End wrapping paper. McLaren and Westwood had arguably injected the first vitality onto the catwalk since the Ossie Clark shows of the late ’60s and Kenzo’s groundbreaking work of the mid-’70s.

Pirates displayed Westwood’s ability to transform months of research into inspired design work. Some of the clothes revealed her interest in the French revolutionary dandies Les Incroyables and their female counterparts Les Merveilleuses, who wore wigs in unusual colours such as green or blue and dampened the fronts of their muslin dresses to reveal their breasts.

Les Incroyables’ hair was styled short on top and hung limply around the ears (as sported by the likes of Ronnie Wood and Rod Stewart centuries later), while their clothes included tightly cut breeches, high collars, huge ties and cutaway jackets.

The response to Pirates was strong. *Women’s Wear Daily* said Westwood was “the hottest designer of the new look”,

OPPOSITE Vivienne Westwood: “I don’t think people want dummies for heroes – they want someone who’s true”



VIVIENNE WESTWOOD & MALCOLM McLAREN INVITE

Roger

WORLDS END COLLECTION SUMMER 83 SHOW

R.S.V.P. MARYSIA WORONIECKA
89 MARYLEBONE HIGH ST • LONDON W1 • TEL 01–486 3251

PILLAR HALL
5^{00}pm
FOR
5^{30}pm
13 OCT 82
OLYMPIA

VIVIENNE WESTWOOD
worlds end
McLAREN
WESTWOOD
BORN IN ENGLAND
MALCOLM McLAREN

ABOVE 1982: Invite to Hobo-Punkature

ABOVE 1982: Bow Wow Wow in World's End

and she finally began to receive the approval of the fashion establishment. British *Vogue* ran a four-page article, and Bloomingdale's and Macy's placed small orders of the safer lines. Then the V&A ordered a custom-made Westwood outfit for its permanent collection.

Westwood followed up with the Savage collection, which debuted at Olympia in October 1981 and in which the Third World – from Peru and pre-European America to African and Aztec – clashed with such contemporary streetwear imagery as the three Adidas stripes. The Savage brochure boasted that the clothes were put together "to arouse those instinctive creation rites and work out the taboos that befell us".

In March 1982 the Buffalo range, unveiled in Paris, sealed Westwood's reputation. Although over-large and extremely unconventional, the clothes were exquisitely cut and arranged to match the urban wildness and scratching on McLaren's debut single, Buffalo Girls. He contributed superb touches, such as black kohl stripes smudged across the models' eyes (lifted from the film *Blade Runner*) and hats with peep-holes cut into them (inspired by *The Elephant Man*), while thick sheepskin coats and jackets were complemented by tall Appalachian hats and rag-like scarves.

Thus Westwood became a fully-fledged designer, while McLaren's role revolved around ideas and music. When Bow Wow Wow flopped, McLaren displayed his uncanny ability to pick up on developments in youth culture by mixing together African rhythms with the new hip-hop beats, courtesy of New York's World Supreme Team. These would later appear on his 1983 album, Duck Rock, by which time his collaboration with Westwood had ended, as had their personal relationship.

Westwood went out of her way to stress that World's End would not have a direct connection to McLaren's musical projects. "I don't want Bow Wow Wow to have any connection with me any more," she told Chris Salewicz of *The Face*. "I hate them. Malcolm helps design the clothes and he's involved with them, and I wish he weren't. I wouldn't mind if they were just a mediocre band using their own mediocre ideas. But a mediocre band wasting good ideas is untruthful to me – they just can't carry it. I don't think people want dummies for heroes – they want someone that's true."

So now the lines were drawn: Westwood was in the throes of an unprecedented creative surge, while McLaren was immersed in the music business. Her incredible run continued with successive collections: the distressed look of the Hobo-Punkature line received rave reviews in October 1982, while the following year's Witches range took its inspiration from the street and sportswear, and promoted fluorescent colours, the tube skirt (which became a high-street staple) and over-sized trainers.

Financially, however, the business was faltering, and both World's End and their new shop Nostalgia Of Mud began to suffer. There are stories that clothes were sold off cheaply to feed the drug addictions of staff. World's End was closed for at least a year, after the gas and electricity were cut off. In 1984, Westwood shut up Nostalgia Of Mud, and was declared insolvent.

Meanwhile, in the mid-'80s, McLaren continued his fashion trade connections. Trevor Myles recounts how he and McLaren were flown to Rome by a company keen to corral the maverick's talents. "He'd just finished this range with his girlfriend at the time, this amazing heraldic stuff. They'd even had a chainmail top made by the only person left in the world capable of producing it, some bloke in Scotland.

"We got to this very important meeting and Malcolm pointed out his solicitor and said, 'He knows what I want. Talk to him because me and Trevor are going for breakfast.' Then we walked out.

"That was so cool, a fantastic experience. I think he wanted £100,000 upfront. He never got it, but it was worth the trip just for that."

Throughout the years following the dissolution of her partnership with McLaren, Westwood has demonstrated a consistent ability to lead fashion, but has had scant acknowledgement from the fashion establishment until relatively recently. The mini-crini, the rocking-horse platforms, the puffball skirt – all of these creations undermine the argument that her best work was produced in tandem with McLaren. Throughout, she has remained stoutly left-field, unable and unwilling to harness her talents to the demands of the mainstream marketplace. As a result, her finances were often precarious and there was a series of broken business partnerships.

In 1996, Westwood lost out to John Galliano for the post of design director for Christian Dior, an irony made bitter by the fact that Galliano is one of many who owe her a huge debt – his graduate shows of 1983 were influenced by Pirates and Buffalo and his final-year collection was entitled Les Incroyables.

Nonetheless Galliano's talents are undeniable. With an exotic background – born in Gibraltar, he spent his formative years travelling with his family across Spain and north Africa before pitching up in leafy south London suburb Dulwich – his artistry won him a place at St Martin's, and the Les Incroyables collection was bought in its entirety by South Molton Street store Browns. He followed this with such collections as Afghanistan Repudiates Western Ideals and became a major fashion force before experiencing a financial drain in the early '90s.

When Galliano took the Dior job, his Givenchy post went to another designer who has followed Westwood's iconoclastic path, Alexander McQueen.

These days, Westwood's design relationship centres on husband Andreas Kronthaler, and her name has become iconic in fashion circles. Kronthaler has also brought a fresh eye to Westwood's rich history, and can be credited with such decisions as producing the range of bondage jackets in 2004 via his subsidiary label, MAN.

It's cause for celebration that these days Westwood receives the financial recognition so long her due. Financially restructured, her companies, and the designs that sell under the Red and Gold labels, continue to thrive, with annual turnover estimated in excess of £20 million. With a shop in a prime Mayfair location, Westwood still lives in the south London neighbourhood of Clapham, but now in a fine Georgian terrace rather than the cramped council flat in which she brought up her children and slaved away at a sewing machine. Confirmation of her status came in the 2006 new year honours, when she was created Dame Commander of the British Empire.

430 King's Road is still World's End, and the clock on the front still whirrs backwards. Although much posher these days, the area has again become a fashion desert, with high rents forcing out many retailers in favour of mobile-phone emporia and coffee franchises.

In 2006, Westwood celebrates 35 years in the store, her reputation sealed by the Victoria & Albert Museum's hugely popular retrospective, which opened in March 2004. "I see her influence everywhere in fashion," says historian Claire Wilcox, the exhibition curator. "It's easier to pick out those designers who don't owe her a debt, though they are few and far between."

Wilcox says there remains a degree of mystery about the precise nature of the dialogue between McLaren and Westwood. "There's no doubt that at the very beginning Vivienne was realising Malcolm's ideas, but even then, in the creation of a garment, it is impossible that there was no input from her apart from the application of technical skill, particularly since she is such a brilliant ideas person," says Wilcox.

"For example, if Malcolm came up with the idea of placing a BSA badge on a T-shirt back in the Too Fast To Live days, Vivienne's realisation of that idea – where it actually goes on the shirt, how it is applied and works with the other features – means that she deserves just as much credit for the final outcome as him."

Wilcox also pinpoints the separate approaches by each party. "During their years together Malcolm was interested in putting together elements from the fringes of society, youth cults, the sex trade, whatever, whereas if you look at Vivienne's work since they split, she has been more interested in tradition, whether it's the upper-class elite or the Royals, and working with the likes of Harris Tweed and John Smedley," she says. "By doing so she created a commentary on tradition, scrutinising a particular sector of society in the same way that Malcolm did with cults."

During the '80s and '90s, as Westwood carved out her name in the fashion pantheon, McLaren dived into musical projects, from Duck Rock to the opera-inspired Fans and 1997's jazz- and beatnik-influenced Paris. He also served a spell as a producer in Hollywood, developing such projects as *Surf Nazis Must Die*.

"Malcolm wanted to investigate other worlds away from pure fashion – music, films, art, new technology," says Wilcox. "And it has to be said in some areas he has been incredibly successful. Fans and Madame Butterfly in particular are great records."

These days, he is a familiar media figure, his profile raised a few years back by his anarchic and ultimately unsuccessful campaign for the role of Mayor of London. Having managed pan-Asian girl group Jungk, appeared as an advertising ambassador for Virgin Atlantic and worked on his autobiography, McLaren divides his time between New York and Paris, where in recent years he has championed so-called "chip music", based on samples from vintage computer games. In 2002, during an encounter with musician Momus for *Black Book* magazine, McLaren was occupied with the recording of an album of songs about the history of fashion. Declaring this "a new kind of folk music for the digital age", he told Wired magazine in 2004 that he decided to make an album "about the 'look' of music: the visual gestalt of youth culture. For me, music has always been a bridge between art and fashion, the two realms I care about most. It's one of the most natural expressions of the youthful need for confrontation and rebellion."

An encounter with two chip musicians in Paris in 2003 proved revelatory: "The chamber was stuffed floor to ceiling with hardware from the dawn of the 1980s: dinosaurian Amigas and Ataris once prized for their sound chips and arcane applications, giant echo plates, and knob-studded analog synthesizers," he wrote. "In the centre was a pair of dusty turntables, one with a 45-rpm single on its platter. Thierry put the needle to the groove. I reeled as the record player emitted a din like screaming dog whistles. It sounded like a video arcade gone mad. The low light revealed the Frenchman's T-shirt. Emblazoned across his chest were the words FUCK PRO TOOLS. The phrase described perfectly what I'd been feeling for months. Like any fashion victim who comes across a new and stylish idea, I was smitten. Fashion is most easily used as a disguise – it allows you to be something you're not. It's much more difficult to use it to express who you are. I understood immediately that this was no facile fashion statement."

McLaren collaborated with the scene's leading lights to produce an album that clashed computer game sequences with the likes of Sonny Boy Williams, Hendrix and Muddy Waters and mixed it with the "post-karaoke" sound of Beijing all-girl group Wild Strawberries. McLaren's album Fashionbeast was due out in spring 2004 but at the time of writing has not been released, though his evangelism for chip music received a fillip when his song About Her appeared on the soundtrack for Quentin Tarantino's movie *Kill Bill Vol 2*. "I found the look of music," he declares. "This was fashion at its most cutting edge. So chic!"

ABOVE **The V&A's 2004 retrospective**

Nostalgia Of Mud interior, 1982. Gene Krell, second left

“PRIMITIVE, PAGANISTIC”

In 1980, as they settled on plans for a brave new world of fashion, McLaren and Westwood approached Roger Burton to assist in the realisation of their dreams of a strange new incarnation of 430 King’s Road – World’s End.

By this time Burton was operating film hire company Contemporary Wardrobe with Jack English out of premises that also housed The Stranglers’ management near Borough Market, across the river from the City of London.

“Jack had been in a pub in the King’s Road with Vivienne, who told him she really liked what I had done with PX,” says the rangy Burton in the arts centre he operates in London’s Bloomsbury, the Horse Hospital. “I went to their flat and they gave me the parameters, which were the look of *The Cabinet Of Dr Caligari* and The Old Curiosity Shop. There was also talk of a galleon and Malcolm also wanted it to look like a church belfry, with low ceilings, claustrophobic. One suggestion was to have a huge bell hanging inside, and the idea of a huge clock on the front whirring backwards was there from the start.”

Burton’s contribution to the project was inspired by a pub he had photographed on his travels sourcing vintage clothing. Called the Crooked House, it was situated in Halesowen, between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and had suffered severe subsidence due to mining in the area. “The floors sloped and the windows were skew-whiff,” says Burton. “The tables were at such an angle that they had ridges to stop the pints from sliding off the edge.”

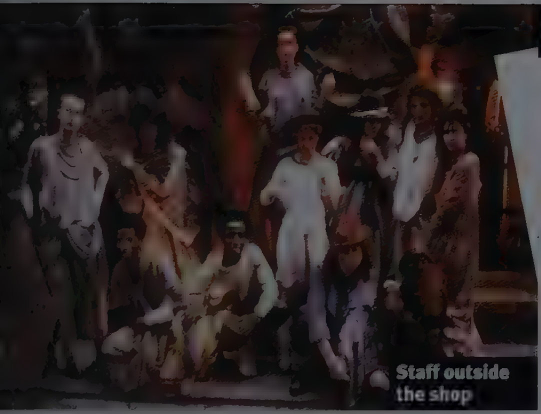
Burton impressed the duo with his plan for a sloping floor – which meant that the customer couldn’t stand correctly – and the distorted perspectives of the interior walls. Financed with money from EMI’s advance for Bow Wow Wow’s first album, he employed a film special effects specialist who came up with the device to reverse the hands of the 13-hour clock.

To create the subsided floor, Burton used wooden pallets pinched from Borough’s vegetable market and acquired floorboards from architectural salvage companies. “We polished them up and stained them like mahogany, so it created this effect of a ship’s deck,” he adds. “Initially we painted the interior turquoise but Vivienne thought it too dark, and we repainted it four times before ending back where we started. That was fairly typical of working with her.”

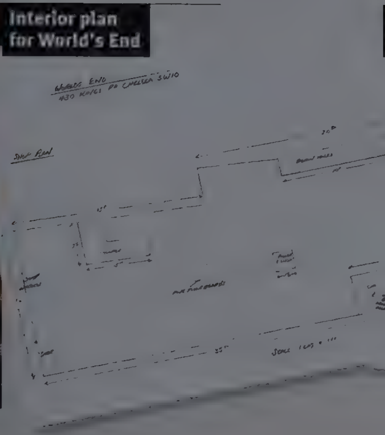
Burton and his team completed the task within four months, and it caused an immediate splash. Inside could be found a smaller version of the clock, while the shop’s staff – including Derek Dunbar and Simon Barker – dressed in the new range, with Rasta-style hobo hats and strap-laden boots in leather and suede.

Another contributor to the shop design was David Connor, who had previously worked with McLaren and Westwood on the transformation of 430 into Sex.

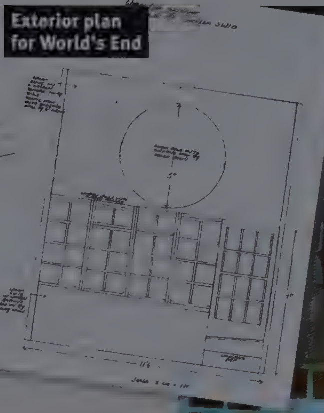
Connor features the shop in his website portfolio



Staff outside the shop



Interior plan for World's End



Exterior plan for World's End

World's End, 1982

as well as the Vivienne Westwood outlet in Davies Street, Mayfair, which his company also designed. This uses digital technology to print large-scale images on interior surfaces in an attempt to create the atmosphere of a film set.

The design at 430 can still be seen today, a testament to the work that was carried out 25 years ago for a relatively paltry budget of £2,500. "I sometimes go back and have a little look," he says. "Going by what had happened before, we assumed it only had a short lifespan, so it has been quite a surprise to see it stay the same for years, and then decades."

The same cannot be said of his next commission from Westwood and McLaren, Nostalgia Of Mud, which opened in premises in St Christopher's Place, just off Oxford Street, in March 1982, the name coming from a French phrase for social slumming, "*nostalgie de la boue*", though some have credited it to the writer Tom Wolfe.

"It was a funny old place," says Burton, "a sort of semi-basement which was already a clothes shop. The idea was that it would be Malcolm's shop, with more of his designs. But he was really involved in Bow Wow Wow at the time so wasn't around very much."

At the time there was no name for the shop, and Burton was told that the clothes would be "primitive, folk-y, paganistic". Westwood also asked that there should be buried treasure, continuing the piratical theme of World's End.

Burton took inspiration from Texas-based architectural designers Site, who had come up with avant garde work for American supermarket chain Best. "They really broke the rules, taking the rectangular shape of the store and then elevating the front wall so that it hovered above the customers as they entered," he explains. "Or they cut a slice out of the wall and lifted that, as if it had been broken. That formed the entrance. In another there was a ghost car park, with semi-buried old Cadillacs and Chevys sticking out of the ground. They covered them in tarmac and put parking spaces around them."

Burton created a deliberately collapsed half-floor, "as if it was the aftermath of an archaeological dig, and the building had been sitting on remains from a past culture". There was a scaffolding walkway by which customers entered the shop.

"Above the broken and torn floorboards I wanted there to be a Regency salon, with painted arches going off into the distance to play with the perspective," he says. "When Malcolm came up with the name we knew there had to be mud there. So I went back to the film-effect technician who built the clock drive at World's End. He told me about this resin which was 100 times stronger than concrete, so we applied that, mixed paint in and built a lava pit in the middle of the floor. Inside it was the green liquid bubbling away. That was a complete nightmare because every so often the pump would splash anybody around it."

There was also a pillar which was made to look as though it had risen out of the floor, with a fan of copper rods topped by strip lights, and "caves" in which skeletons and fake jewels were embedded. WWII tank tarpaulins were draped from the ceiling, while the resin was also used to create blocks to represent a map of the world. This was placed over the tarpaulin covering the entrance, which also bore flags with the shop's name hanging from spearhead railings.

At a total cost of £12,000, Westwood, McLaren, Burton and their team had produced the most extraordinary retail outlet, though the local trading association was not amused by the design, the clientele it attracted or the antics of the exuberantly dressed staff. It embarked on an ultimately successful campaign to close down the shop.

"Initially they thought the tarpaulin was temporary and of course we didn't have any planning permission," grins Burton. "They tried to have the tarpaulin removed and there was a battle about it for virtually the whole time it was open."

Nostalgia Of Mud was managed by Gene Krell, who arrived from a sojourn in Brazil and moved in with Westwood. "That job was demanding because I was helping out with their wholesale business as well," says Krell. "My working days would run for 10, 12 hours and business was so good that we opened on Sundays even though we were fined. It was worth it."

By the time Nostalgia Of Mud closed in 1984, Burton was becoming well established in the film world, supplying and styling Julien Temple's movie *Absolute Beginners*.

Having operated vintage menswear outlet Dobbs & Partners in South Molton Street, which supplied artists such as Heaven 17 and Ultravox, Burton did other film work in this period, including *Chariots Of Fire*, *Sid & Nancy* and *Hackers*. He also collaborated with photographer Sheila Rock on a series of shoots for *The Face*, including a memorable cover of The Beat's frontman Ranking Roger in a zoot suit, and formed a partnership with Temple that placed him perfectly as the pop promo business boomed throughout the '80s.

These days, Contemporary Wardrobe consists of 15,000 items of clothing from the '40s to the present day, with fashions from such stores as Mr Freedom, Biba and Seditionaries and lines from Yves Saint Laurent, Dior and Givenchy. Many have featured in films and videos, worn by the likes of David Bowie, Mick Jagger, Kylie Minogue, Kanye West, Robbie Williams and PJ Harvey.

26

“WE’RE IN A WORLD WHERE ANYTHING GOES”

As the 1980s progressed, changes in fashion and music occurred at an increasingly furious pace, driven mainly by black genres: the new hip-hop, rap and house and the revival of obscure ’60s and ’70s funk and soul, labelled rare groove. The rapidity of turnover in looks and styles was also stimulated by the demands of baby boomers enjoying the material benefits of the “me” decade.

New Romantics were as quickly outdated as they had once been cutting-edge, supplanted by the emerging power look that dominated the mid-’80s, with its combination of satisfyingly retro and altogether more contemporary and hard-edged flourishes.

Meanwhile, the Japanese designers who had been quietly on the rise through the preceding five years now came to the fore, in particular the triumvirate of Comme des Garçons’ Rei Kawakubo, Yohji Yamamoto and Issey Miyake. Stark, architectural and monochrome, the clothes produced by these three complemented the synthetic and crisp production values of the era typified by acts such as Eurythmics and Japan.

Fashion became the new rock ’n’ roll as particular designers and labels became associated with individual performers. Among the cognoscenti, elements of hip-hop style – baseball caps, Kangol hats, T-shirts, trainers and tracksuits – became the clothes to wear, not at gigs, as rock was consumed by large halls and stadia, but in the clubs that boomed across the UK and in the urban centres of America.

For some, the ’80s were the logical conclusion of futurism and the ’40s look investigated during the glam and post-punk eras. “The ’80s was probably the most outrageous and glamorous fashion period ever,” says designer Antony Price. “Think about all those skirts – all short, of course, but the way they got more and more elaborate as the years went by – and the hairdos and the make-up. It was at a Marie Antoinette level by the end.”

Price should know. A certain amount of responsibility for the ’80s obsession with style can be placed on his broad shoulders, and he willingly accepts this. “The look I did in the early ’70s for Bryan [Ferry] was actually the ’80s,” he says. “Those slim suits I made for him became one of the trademarks of the era.”

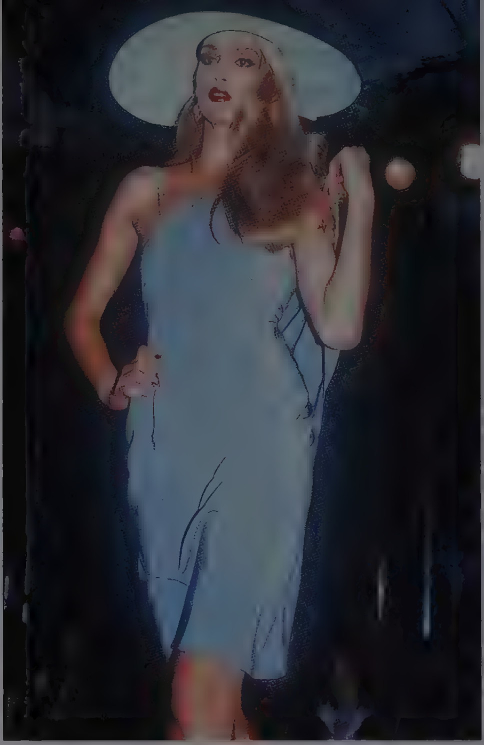
Being sold in his shop in the King’s Road, which traded under his own name after a two-year spell as Plaza, Price’s clothes for both men and women became indelibly associated with the power look and were, after some hesitation, much sought after by rising pop stars who had fallen under the influence of Ferry and Roxy Music during their teens. “At one point, nobody dared buy one of those suits because they didn’t want to look like they were directly copying Bryan, because it was so much his trademark,” says Price. “Then people like the Duran Durans stopped hovering and went, ‘Oh, what the fuck. If he thinks we’ve copied him, tough.’ My generation would wait for people to die before we ripped them off, but this generation? Forget it, honey. If it sells, they’ll take it. All those ethics have gone to the wall completely. The only failure is financial failure.”

This materialistic worldview was created during the period of Thatcherism, when the functional glam offered by the likes of Price was perfect for the power lunch or private party. Price originally opened Plaza at 341 King’s Road under the banner Clothes For Studs And Starlets, offering single-buttoned, broad-shouldered jackets and suits, small-collared shirts and skinny ties. These were complemented by a range of sexy, sophisticated evening wear for women, including a black, satin, zippered Heroine dress at £75, and a pearlised, black-lace-over-purple-lamé Siren dress (after the one worn by Jerry Hall on the cover of Roxy’s fifth album) at £175.

By the time the shop’s name had changed to Antony Price, its interior was so minimalist that there were no clothes on display. Instead, segments were placed on boards with sketches of the individual designs and samples of materials used. Customers chose the garments, which were then made to measure. “People didn’t know whether it was a betting shop or a porn place,” Price laughs. “The clothes were there but there was just one of each design on display. I didn’t want clutter and boxes of crap around, and also I didn’t want things nicked, so they were nailed to boards, like a shoe shop or somewhere that sells spanners. It looked like an art gallery,

OPPOSITE 1983: Demob, based in a former fishmonger’s

DEMOB
DEMOB



TOP LEFT Showroom dummy in Antony Price

TOP MIDDLE Jerry Hall in Price

TOP RIGHT Designer Willie Brown with model Vivian at Modern Classics

ABOVE Willie Brown cardigan

but you ordered your size and it was brought upstairs."

"More hostile than reticent, it deliberately turns an anonymous face to the street," said *Vogue* at the time. "The façade is impenetrable in dark-blue glass. Computer graphics and a slide box showing enigmatic photographs of the shop's wares are the only clues to what goes on within." *Vogue* also quotes Price in a confrontational mode: "This isn't Marks and Spencer, and we don't want those kind of people in here. It's a word-of-mouth thing. I want to bring in the people who have the nerve to push through. No one else will like the clothes, anyway." Price was quickly adopted by artists such as Ultravox, Simple Minds and Duran Duran, none of whom baulked at the shop's high prices. Shirts, for example, were £50 each.

Price believes the menswear boom of the '80s was directly tied to music. "Mary Quant and Twiggy hasn't happened yet," he told *Menswear*, in reference to two of the leading public faces who triggered the development of women's wear in the '60s. "With Lloyd [Johnson of Johnson's, also in the King's Road] and myself down here, it's starting. It's all bound up in the rock business, which has changed the menswear business totally. Every young man who used to want to win the pools now wants to be a rock star, just the same as every young girl wants to be Deborah Harry."

Business boomed as Price's work crossed the line from street style into couture, with prices to match. In 1981, he was charging £550 for leather dresses and £375 for a beautiful, electric-blue lamé "Atlantis dress". With stores in South Molton Street and Mayfair, he sold business suits for the new woman, whom he dubbed "the modern Bodicea – a cross between Madonna and Margaret Thatcher". Franchises in Bloomingdales, Bergdorf Goodman and Saks followed, and Price closed out the '80s on top, receiving the British Fashion Awards trophy for Glamour Designer Of The Year.

He still designs for Ferry and concocted the look for the performer's 2000 world tour, on which he wore black leather trousers, a crisp white shirt and a black tuxedo. As the new millennium dawned, Price was also back in retail, with a showcase shop in Langton Street, just off the King's Road.

Now he is concentrating on women's wear, as glamorous as ever and as far removed from the sweatiness of rock performance as a couturier could be. "You have to remember at the time that rock music wasn't as big as it is now," he says of the '80s. "It didn't cut such a dash. Only in hindsight do you realise how important it was. Remember, we had Grace Jones and Jerry Hall, who had shared a flat in Paris as models and appeared in my shows. There are drawings of them at that time which were the epitome of the '80s."

Price says the intervention of Azzedine Alaia changed things in the middle of the decade, as evinced by his body-conscious look worn by the models featured in the quintessential '80s video to Robert Palmer's Addicted To Love. "Alaia had the power to push that sexy, curvy look into the major fashion world, which he did, hotly followed by Miss Mugler."

Earlier in the decade, Duran Duran picked up on the New Romantic style and plugged it mercilessly. "Once they started having hits and appearing on telly with those frilly blouses, then it became another uniform," says George O'Dowd. "Suddenly, there were these shops everywhere."

The group were originally styled by one of the entrepreneurs who spilled out of club culture, Perry Haines, the co-founder of *i-D* magazine with Terry Jones. Having signed to EMI in 1980, the fledgling Duran were taken to Plaza by Haines and decked out in the lavish Price suits and sub-military wear that would seal their international playboy reputations. Bassist John Taylor – whose wife Gela Nash founded LA fashion sportswear label Juicy Couture – still has his collection of Price items, including a red silk suit and bolero jackets, while the association between designer and band was solidified when keyboard player Nick Rhodes became one of Price's financial backers.

Haines also nurtured the look of such '80s acts as Stimulin and came up with the paint-splattered Dr Martens and exaggerated quiffs of his charges, King. "In the past, there's been the mod and the rocker, the skinhead, the greaser and the hippy – defined social groups among the youth culture," he told *Blitz* magazine in 1984. "I believe there's been a breakdown process of all that and now we're in a wonderful world where anything goes."

One of the shops that benefited from this process was Johnson's, which had outlets in Kensington Market and the King's Road. The LaRocka label clothed many artists, notably George Michael, who wears a distinctive Johnson's biker jacket with "45" inset on the back and silver-tipped boots in the video for his American breakthrough single, Faith. "If you listed band names through the '80s, they would all have bought something from us," says Johnson. "The best year we had was 1987, when we turned over £1.5 million. That coincided with George Michael wearing a lot of our stuff. There used to be a sea of black leather just teeming to get into the shop."

In Soho, a collective of new designers had formed around Demob, a shop opened in Beak Street in 1981. Those involved included Jon Baker, who worked out of New York, and the London collective included club-runner and Blue Rondo leader Chris Sullivan, Elaine Oxford, Robin Archer, P Winters, Sarah Lubel, Diane Garrod, Suzanka Fraey and Sue Glass. The store interior evoked the '40s and '50s by maintaining many of the fittings left by the previous occupant, a fishmonger, but added a hair salon and soda fountain.

The second Demob outlet opened in Chelsea's The Great Gear Market and a third came along in 1983 in Soho's Upper James Street. This branch concentrated on menswear while the original shop turned over to women's fashion. By this time, the company's designers included the innovatory Willie Brown, who had contributed to the starker side of the New Romantic movement with his Modern Classics outlet, but proceeded to lead the pack with a coherent range of cotton utility clothes. In 1984, Brown's 1916 dress cost £49 at Demob, while striped caps were £8 and shirt/jackets were £44.

Brown also launched the XLNT brand, inspired by the art deco logo of a car factory in Clapham Old Town, south London. This area was later to become the inspiration for his own shop, Willie Brown's Old Town, where he sold traditionally shaped trousers, T-shirts and zippered cardigans. The most successful line to bear the XLNT brand was a hooded anorak featuring a chequered strip taken from the classic design of New York's yellow cabs, and it received the ultimate in fashion flattery when it was bootlegged around the world.

Brown and the other designers went their separate ways, and Demob faltered after complaints about the regular parties held at the premises and police investigations into allegations of drug use.

Meanwhile, the jazz-funk crowd were being catered to by the likes of Fiorucci. "The first Fiorucci shop in Knightsbridge was really big with us jazz-funkers," says Jenny Ross, a member of local tribe the Sussex Soul System, who would travel up to the original London store from her Sussex home to buy Fiorucci jeans to wear at weekenders in resorts such as Caistor. "We were into things like their thin, printed belts, and especially the straight-legged jeans, which were really expensive for the time – around £25 – but fantastic quality."

Having sold his branded goods through a number of outlets, Italian anglophile Elio Fiorucci rationalised his UK business into a single King's Road store in 1983. With clothing contributions from designers such as Vivienne Westwood and Terry Jones, Fiorucci's stunning shop in the King's Road featured a split-level interior, put together by design team Memphis, which provided a wide-open space to showcase the playful range around a central staircase. This included entire lines in DayGlo colours, which sold out almost immediately.

Fiorucci was not alone: as the epicentre of club culture and at the cutting edge of new music, London's fashion scene drew substantial foreign investment. Helen Storey, who started as a designer at Belville Sassoon before opening her own store with Karen Boyd in Newburgh Street, has noted: "The attraction for the Japanese was that young fashion design in the '80s sat as Portobello Road does to Harrods' design floor. It gave an edge to their mainstay buying of Burberry, Pringle and Aquascutum. Our designers provided them with an exciting pulse, best recalled through Body Map and Richmond/Cornejo."

Storey, who went on to establish a name as a champion of recycling and environmental awareness in design, recalls that, in 1984, the three floors of Olympia – venue for London Fashion Week – "were packed solid with designers. From Leigh Bowery and Rachel Auburn to Stephanie Cooper and Christine Ahenrs, it seemed that anyone who could floor a pedal of a sewing machine was jumping into the party that was London".

London was swinging again, but the precarious financial foundations and overweening ambition of many operators were to create a hangover for many at the "party" from which they would never recover.

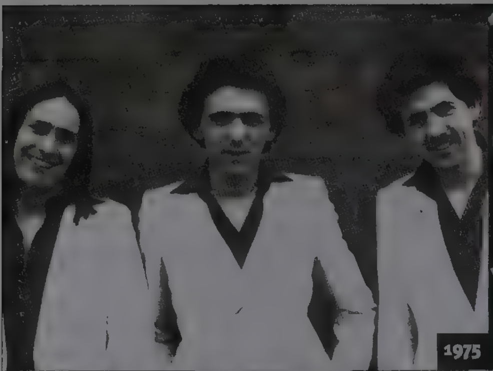
LONDON
AMERICAN RECORDINGS
45 R.P.M.
Recorded by LIBERTY, Hollywood
45-HLU 9115
THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN
(Cochran)
EDDIE COCHRAN
ENGLAND
Johnsons
406 Kings Road
London SW10
01-351 3268
Johnsons
1st Floor
Kensington Market
Kensington High Street
London W8
01-937 4711
PATRICK LLOYD LTD
(Wholesale)
Unit 1J 1st Floor
Multistore
Atlanta Street
Fulham SW6
01-385 7473

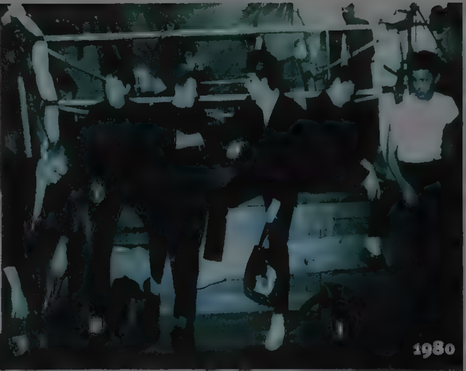
SOUL WEEKEND
Caister
BRINGS THE FAMILY BACK
FIORUCCI

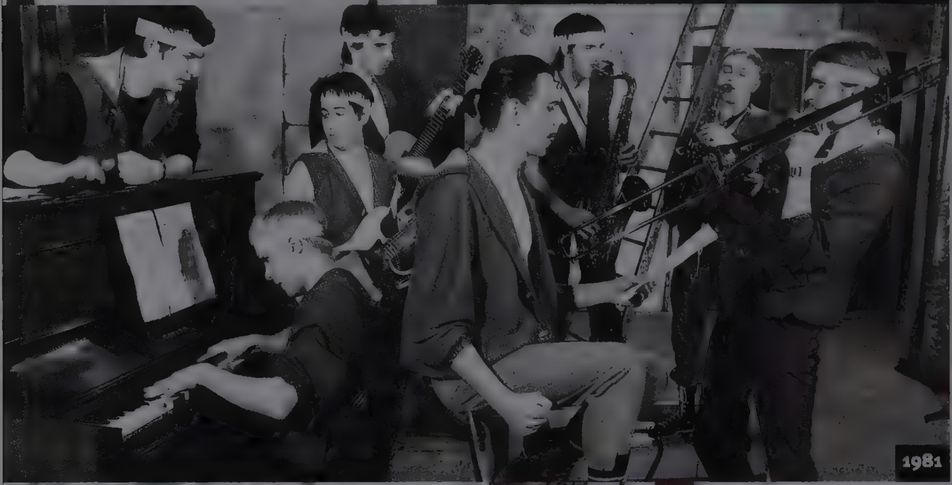
TOP **Johnson's jacket as worn by George Michael**

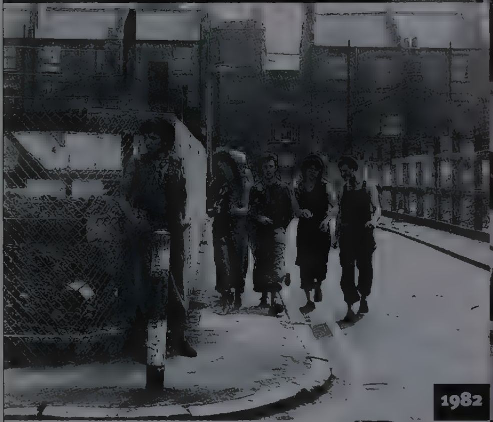
MIDDLE **1980: Caister weekender T-shirt**

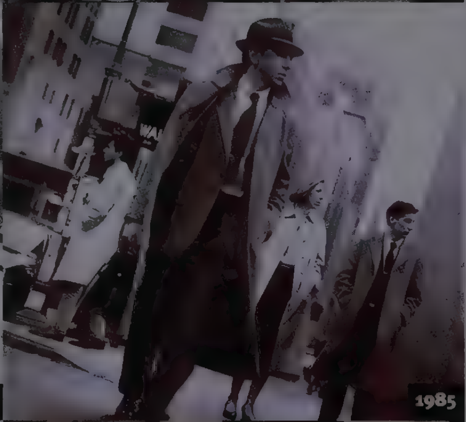
ABOVE **Fiorucci was favoured by jazz-funkers**

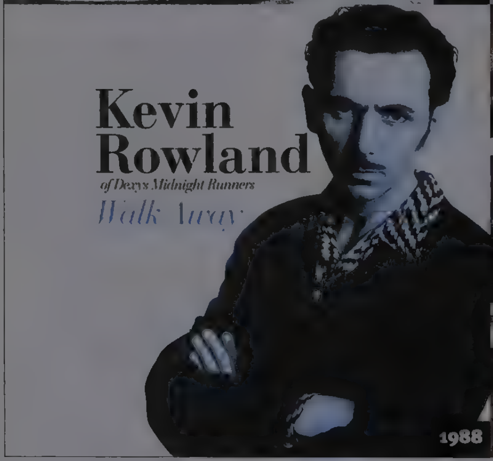

1975


1980

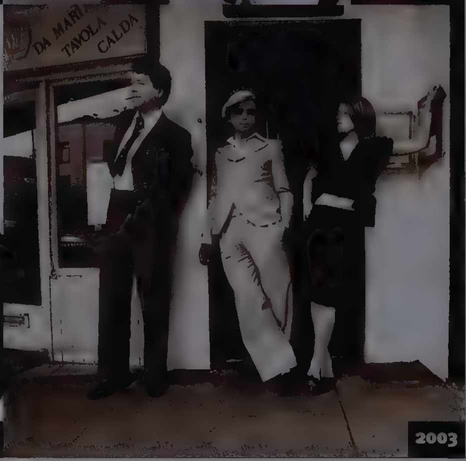

1981


1982


1985



1988



2003

"HE ALWAYS GOES HIS OWN WAY"

The hoo-hah surrounding Kevin Rowland's decision to adopt feminine attire to promote his gloriously lush 1999 covers album My Beauty echoed the media scorn heaped on his group, Dexys Midnight Runners, when he led them into pure Ivy League territory during the period surrounding the release of their masterpiece album, 1985's Don't Stand Me Down.

Though the My Beauty image infuriated the reactionary indie music press and drab rock fans, it was simply another forward-thinking stylistic manoeuvre on Rowland's part, as noted by fellow Creation Records artist Ed Ball: "Thirty-odd years ago David Bowie wore a dress, and look at what people like John Stephen were doing in the '60s. It's inevitable that dresses on men are cutting edge."

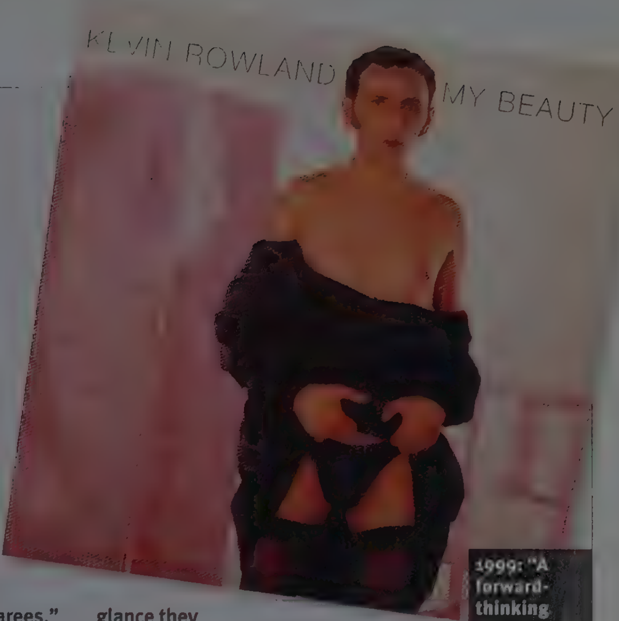
It's ironic that the adoption of ultra-conservative Ivy League apparel 15 years before drew just as much flak, coming as it did on the heels of a series of Dexys looks that had entered the mainstream via hits such as Geno and Come On Eileen.

Rowland has forever drawn on visual style, even when he was in his brother Pete's covers band New Blood in 1974–75. "Back then we wore white suits and black shirts with short hair swept back, kind of like Robert Mitchum," he says.

After spells leading post-glam act Lucy & The Lovers and punk band The Killjoys, Rowland formed Dexys in 1978. It is little known that, for the first six months of the group's existence, Rowland pioneered clothing that pre-empted New Romanticism by at least a year, developing stylistically in parallel with the outlandishly-garbed denizens of Birmingham's Oasis market.

In clothes created under his direction by Midlands fashion students and with extraordinary coiffures sculpted by ex-hairdresser Rowland, Dexys Mark I wore bolero jackets, jodhpurs, sashes, multi-pleated trousers, wide-cut suits, caps, capes, bow-ties and all manner of regalia in silk, satin and velvet.

During a brief association with The Clash manager Bernie Rhodes, the prospect arose of tour support for The Specials, the hottest group in the UK at the time, as 2-Tone raged in the winter of 1979. After a particularly violent altercation with Specials audience members during a pre-tour gig at Manchester's The Factory, Rowland decided to abandon the look. It's a decision he now regrets bitterly. "I feel like I gave up too easily," he says.



1999: "A forward-thinking style"

"People who later came through the New Romantic period such as Chris Sullivan and Robert Elms were actually my peers, but I took the easy route by going for the New York stevedore image."

Thus Rowland created one of the most indelibly tough looks in pop – a "team" sitting around in caffs, contemplating their next move over tea and fags, with hold-alls in hand and donkey jackets, woolly hats and boots. This became inextricably linked to the group's second single, Geno, which went to Number One in April 1980 but served only to plague the group and their leader when they hit the road.

"There's a lot been made of the *Mean Streets* connection but I was never really into the film – though Johnny Boy looked good – because I couldn't understand the dialogue when I first went to see it," says Rowland. "The idea to incorporate hold-alls came from David Janssen in the '60s TV show *The Fugitive*, and the inspiration for the woolly hats came from a cold day rehearsing in the squat. Jim Paterson arrived wearing warm clothes, including a woolly hat, which he kept on while he played trombone. It just seemed so right for us."

By the time the first line-up of Dexys splintered in late 1980, Rowland had come up with a fresh image to match the lifestyle of the new group, which was dedicated to a rigorous regime of purity of purpose and soul. In doing so, he foreshadowed the '80s fitness fad with boxer boots, wristbands, headbands, singlets, simple white T-shirts and designer sweatpants. These were combined with tiny ponytails taken from eighteenth-century sailors and hooded jackets as worn by Liverpudlian casuals, and showcased during the incendiary shows on the Projected Passion Tour of 1981.

However, lack of record company interest undermined Rowland's confidence in the concept, and when Dexys swayed into a more pastoral direction the following year, he rang the changes once more to match the Celtic lyricism of the group's latest music.

"When it comes to Kevin's ideas, at first they seem strange because he forces you to move out of the comfort zone," says Dexys sleeve designer Pete Barrett. "I remember thinking 'This all seems to be going so well, why does he want to change it?' But that's the way he is. He's not dictated to by fashion or current ideas. He always goes his own way, which is what an artist does, offering their interpretation of the world."

By the spring of 1982, the "athletic monk" phase had been succeeded by straggly curls and stubble, dungarees and gypsy scarves, sandals and pumps, coalman's jerkins and hats with pheasant feathers.

"Pauline O'Brien, who used to cut my hair in Birmingham, suggested we wear dungarees," says Rowland. "I'd already considered denim, buying old jeans and boiling them so that they'd fade, but it hadn't quite come together. Dungarees were perfect, so we all went off to Flip and bought them."

Appearing in the video for Come On Eileen made a style icon out of Dexys violinist Helen O'Hara, whose image was imitated nationwide. "There was a girl called Debbie from Liverpool, who helped a lot with the design of the clothes and made me the pinafore dress I wore, which actually I really hated," confides O'Hara. "I wanted to be one of the lads and wear the dungarees but Kevin was against that. Then I found some old skirts in Oxfam shops and improved upon the way I looked."

Come On Eileen hit Number One in America in April 1983, and by this time Rowland was "messing with the Celtic look, making subtle changes", says Barrett. "Kevin started to wear his trousers inside out, which reflected what else was going on in fashion at the time. Vivienne Westwood was doing similar trousers with pockets on the outside at Nostalgia Of Mud. Kevin's very good on the history of fashion and clothes, and he picks up on things which are in the air, but he also chucks away a lot of good ideas if he thinks that somebody else is about to use them as well."

One day on Broadway, Rowland experienced a style epiphany. "I spotted a guy wearing a check shirt, parallel trousers like Sta-Prest and a pair of GIs or Royals, plain cap shoes," he says. "He was drunk, staggering around the streets, but the clothes intrigued me because that look had disappeared by then. At least, you would never see it in England.

"Then, in January 1983 I was walking down Madison Avenue dressed in a heavy overcoat with my beret with a feather sticking out of it. I stopped outside Brooks Brothers and saw the clothes we had worn years ago: raised stitching on the seams, hook or off-centre vents in the jackets, patch pockets. The jackets were so subtle it was untrue, because at first glance they looked very square.

"I kept on looking at the clothes people were wearing. In Texas, outside a restaurant, I saw these two guys. They had parallel trousers on, with plain cap shoes and button-down shirts with their hands in their pockets, standing around. To me they looked like a couple of hard cases from Harrow in 1969."

When the Dexys look was unveiled for the release of Don't Stand Me Down, it was reviled by the UK music press, which ignored the strengths of the album, misinterpreted the new direction and slated the record. These days it is difficult to find a music journalist who does not proclaim its quality.

This incarnation of Dexys collapsed the following year and Rowland followed the solo path, which included the Riviera playboy look of his 1988 album The Wanderer and led him to the misunderstood imagery of My Beauty. Within a couple of years of being bottled offstage by indie kids at the Reading festival, celebrities such as comedian Eddie Izzard were touring in dresses and make-up, while Rowland was included in the New York Met's Men In Skirts exhibition of 2003.

When Dexys reformed that year, they displayed inspiring and drilled showmanship on their tour, which showcased the new look concocted by Rowland, based in part on Parisian pimps of the '30s and '40s. Realised by Soho tailor Mark Powell, the image was mature, raffish – pinstripe and linen suits, with two-tone brogues, waistcoats, Oxford bags, exaggerated one-button jackets and caps.

Rowland plans to unveil Dexys once again in 2006, and has been working on a new album. It is anybody's guess where this un-pindownable figure's spirit will take him next, but rest assured the look to accompany the next incarnation will be as remarkable and individual as the man who has carved out a niche for himself at pop's visual cutting edge over three decades.

27

“NEVER THINK YOU’RE A STAR”

Paul Smith became deeply associated with the smarter end of style in the 1980s, yet has endured into the twenty-first century as Britain’s greatest fashion export, drawing on a deep well of experience going back to his mid-’60s Nottingham boutique Birdcage.

He opened his own outlet in Nottingham in 1970, nearly a decade ahead of the launch of his first London store in Floral Street, Covent Garden. Here he cemented a solid reputation for innovation, building on his traditional English eccentric mix with classically designed shirts and suits matched with outrageous linings. Clothing stock was – and still is – complemented by a range of accessories and artefacts, and Smith was responsible for the rise to prominence of one of the era-defining products, the Filofax, which he discovered after a visit to tiny East End company Norman & Hill.

Smith pioneered the sale by fashion outlets of such ancillary “lifestyle” goods, including clocks (by Braun), furniture by the likes of Tom Dixon, James Dyson’s G-Force vacuum cleaners, Swiss Army penknives, Marc Newson watches, fountain pens and even works of art.

His trade took off in the ’80s, front-ended by the patronage of performers such as David Bowie, Mick Jagger and Bryan Ferry but based on the firm bedrock of business professionals, the legal beagles and media crowd that populate Covent Garden to this day.

Smith’s father was a credit draper – a representative for a clothing warehouse who sold linen, clothes and made-to-measure suits to customers in Nottingham – and when he left school in the early ’60s Smith worked as “a runaround guy” in one of these warehouses. Yet he recalls no interest in music or fashion until a life-changing episode when, aged 17, he emerged from hospital months after a cycling accident. “With hindsight, when I look at family photographs I realise I was very smartly turned out,” he says. “It was obviously in the blood and I see now that I was in some way conscious about how I looked, but I didn’t realise it at the time.”

During his spell in hospital, Smith became acquainted with “some guys who had suffered bike accidents. When we came out one of them suggested we meet up at the Bell Inn in Nottingham”. The reunion set Smith on a new path. “The Bell was where all the art students hung out,” he says. “There were graphic designers, painters, architecture and fashion people. It was great! I started going to college parties and student union gigs and suddenly a whole new world opened up to me.”

With £21 as an 18th birthday present from his parents, Smith bought a 1948 Morris Minor, transporting his friends to London every Saturday. “I used to sleep on a mate’s floor in Powis Terrace, Notting Hill, going to see the Graham Bond Organisation, Zoot Money, the Ram Jam Band and the Mojos.” Aynsley Dunbar, the Mojos’ drummer and later to work with David Bowie and Frank Zappa, became a firm friend.

Smith eventually took to London a selection of narrow ties he had run up on his mother’s sewing machine, selling them to his expanding coterie. “That’s how I got to know people like Rod Stewart and Eric Clapton,” he says. “A mate of mine from the college, David Humby, was a silk-screen printer so I also did a range of T-shirts with things like Union Jacks, Che Guevara and the newspaper photograph of James Dean’s car crash.” Just last year Smith spotted the last on a T-shirt for sale in the Levi’s shop in Soho.

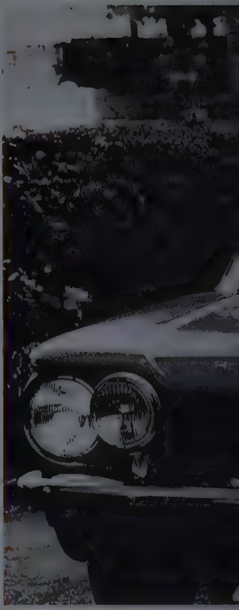
One of Smith’s Nottingham mates was Janet Campbell, a women’s fashion student with her heart set on opening the city’s first boutique. In 1965, Smith left his warehouse job and found Campbell a tailor’s shop at 24 Bridlesmith Gate. He painted the interior bright purple and handled the window dressing. The atmosphere was deliberately pop, with line drawings of dandified figures and *faux*-’20s and ’30s imagery.

“Everyone from the pub was into pop art, from Peter Blake to people like Robert Rauschenberg and Jim Dine, and we called it Birdcage, since it was for women and the shops in London had names like Guys ’n’ Dolls and For Him,” says Smith.

Campbell made the clothes while Smith managed the shop. On trips to London, Smith became acquainted with other young designers and wholesalers, and gradually Birdcage’s stock expanded into menswear. “I bought from cash-and-carry places in the East End,” says Smith, who also acquired some of the first shoes made by future King’s Road retailer Terry de Havilland.

It was during this period that Smith met his wife,

OPPOSITE **Paul Smith: “Suddenly a whole new world opened up for me”**



ABOVE Paul Smith aged 12

RIGHT An accident put paid to Smith's cycling ambitions

FAR RIGHT Smith and Hillman Imp, 1966

Royal College Of Art graduate designer Pauline Denyer. She had arrived in Nottingham to teach fashion, having worked for the likes of Marion Foale & Sally Tuffin and Woollands 21. "Pauline was very much on the scene, and knew people like Peter Blake, David Hockney, Zandra Rhodes and Peter Phillips," says Smith. "At the age of 21, I inherited two cats, two dogs, two kids and a very sophisticated and amazing-looking lady from London!"

As his interest in music diversified, so did Smith's own look. "In the beginning I had neat, long hair, black cashmere polo necks, 501s and desert boots but by the time I was going to see Captain Beefheart, the Mothers Of Invention, Hendrix and The Doors I was in flowery shirts, multiple scarves and velvet trousers, looking like an absolute idiot for quite a long time!"

On his days off, Smith started to spread his wings, repping for a local tailoring concern and working as a colourist for the International Wool Secretariat. He was also buying in clothes from such London outlets as Carrot On Wheels and The Universal Witness.

By 1970, his interest in re-energising traditional menswear had driven him back to his personal style roots and propelled him into opening his own shop. Even though he was hot-wired into the capital's fashion scene, he delayed entry into London retailing by investing £600 savings in Paul Smith Vêtement Pour Homme, which started at a rent of 50p a week on October 9 1970 in Nottingham backwater Byard Street.

Opening on Fridays and Saturdays, the shop gave Smith time to act as a freelance window dresser, tailor and stylist, and was for many years the only shop outside London stocking sought-after labels like Kenzo. The night-class fashion course he undertook around this period paid dividends when pieces of his own design were produced by local manufacturers and started to sell through his own outlet and other retailers around the country.

"This was the late hippy era, so I'd fly standby to New York and come back with as many 501s as I could carry, and be the only person in the provinces selling this gear," says Smith. "I bought in Shetlands and cashmeres from Scotland, but in teenage kids' sizes, and people like Led Zeppelin and Free would wear these size 32 boys' jumpers from Lerwick with skinny velvet trousers."

Meanwhile, Denyer contributed Liberty print shirts with spaniel collars to be sold in their own shop, which also provided a made-to-measure service tied into a Leeds-based tailoring company with which Smith's father had worked. "It was a coming together, because we were supplying three-ply mohair suits for the guys who were still hardcore mods from places like Leicester and Grantham, these unusual clothes like the kids' jumpers for rock fans and cotton drill bags and vintage Hawaiian shirts to the guys from the Wigan all-nighters," says Smith.

The shop featured rock posters on its walls. "There was a coolness about it which had something to do with my links to London and music," he says. "We'd get Cortinas packed full of people who would travel down from Lancashire because they'd heard about us. I've always had this odd thing where I've been able to sell to regular business people and also to people into fashion. A lot of the mates I'd grown up with were now solicitors, or in the case of Richard Williams (*Melody Maker* writer and now chief sportswriter at *The Guardian*), journalists, so they started coming in for suits, shirts and work clothes.

"I remember one time two customers emerged from the changing rooms at the same time, one in a grey flannel suit and the other in a Hawaiian shirt. They both looked in the mirror, and while the older guy was asking his wife what she thought of the suit, the kid suddenly did two back-flips, checking the shirt out for his moves later that night. The other guy's wife was flabbergasted but that summed the shop up to me."

By this time Smith's design consultancy at suit company Lincroft had resulted in him selling to such outlets as Village Gate, though it was a couple more years before he made the leap into London. "I think in some ways I'm a slow starter,"

ABOVE **"Flying carpet", taken by Smith's father, Harold**

he explains. "My star sign is Cancer and in a sense I was clinging on to the security of my home town, a bit of a provincial boy. If I hadn't met Pauline, I think I would still be living in the provinces."

In 1974, the Paul Smith shop shifted to a larger outlet in Nottingham's main thoroughfare and two years later he and his family upped sticks. "Pauline is a Hammersmith girl born and bred and was really missing home," he says. "I was starting to become the bees' knees in Nottingham, so it was good not to be allowed to rest on my laurels."

Smith's crisp white shirts were given a boost in 1976, when Bowie wore them with the black waistcoats and trousers that formed his ensemble during his starkly-staged Thin White Duke tour. "I don't think those shirts even featured our label," says Smith. "He picked them up at one of the outlets selling them in London I think, and loved them because they went with the classic monochrome look of that tour."

Bowie has been a dedicated Paul Smith customer for decades. "My favourite shots of him in our clothes were for a *GQ* photo-shoot about five years ago," says Smith. "We ended up giving him the fake crocodile jacket from that spread, though David has always usually paid for his clothes; once he bought all the shirts in his size from my store in New York!

"Beneath his celebrity he's actually a Bromley boy who's interested in lots of different stuff. David probably thinks that Paul Smith is a down-to-earth bloke who makes nice things – that's why he wears my stuff so well. It's almost not about the clothes, but the spirit of the label."

In October 1976, Smith launched Paul Smith Clothes with a tiny collection in Paris. "Originally we couldn't even afford to have a label, but then the Paul Smith name started appearing on them," he says. "I took over the design from Pauline, keeping it simple. Two-, three-button suits with nice lapels in English or Irish fabrics with washed-out colours in, say, lavender. I did two pants, two sweaters, two shirts, two jackets and started to build from there."

These early Smith designs were sold through the Nottingham outlet and UK menswear shops such as Stanley Adams and Woodhouse, as well as Parisian retailer Marcel De Sens, who had been in partnership at one time with Lloyd Johnson.

Smith, on the lookout for London premises, came across a bakery in Floral Street, which he acquired for £25,000 and then expanded into the shop next door, retaining its wood panelling and offering first-edition books and vintage comic annuals when the outlet opened in 1979.

Then, after his first trip to Japan in 1982, toys and gadgets from that country started to appear among the merchandise, and the success of the Filofax over the next few years helped attract attention.

In 1982 he opened his second London shop in Avery Row, close to Bond Street, and a couple of years later struck a licensing deal with Japanese trading house Itochu.

Japan was to be the making of Smith's international reputation. By the mid-'80s, he had launched his first stores there and was turning over £2 million a year, though his pragmatism refused to allow him to be swayed. "Never think you're a star," he told *The Face* at the time. "In the fashion game, you're only as good as today or tomorrow. As soon as you think you've made it, *whoosh!* Everybody passes you by."

The first American Paul Smith store opened in New York's West Village in 1987 and within a few years his fascia was everywhere from Paris to Hong Kong, with women's wear coming on board and watches and fragrances following.

Among his notable outlets is the Notting Hill villa in Westbourne Grove renovated by architect Sophie Hicks, and establishment honours in the form of Queen's Export Awards and a Design Museum exhibition were capped by a knighthood in 2001. He married Denyer on the day he was knighted.

Smith believes part of his success has been predicated on "the return of the suit. You can wear a suit for any number of occasions, from a funeral to a wedding to an interview with

RIGHT Pauline Denyer and Paul Smith, 1973

FAR RIGHT Interiors and exterior of Paul Smith LA

BELOW Paul Smith: "In the fashion game, you're only as good as today"

the bank manager. Because I wanted to stick with the principle of simplicity, I made the suit softer and easier to wear, by doing things like extending the shoulder. At the time, the suit was very formal, when everyone had got used to wearing jeans, and to get people back into suits I had to think of ways of making them more comfortable. That's why the suit of mine which is in the V&A is a pinstripe but with a matched white T-shirt and plimsolls, as worn by John Bonham of Led Zeppelin."

Smith applies his design ethic across a range of goods: the Paul Smith multi-striped pattern appeared on a limited edition label for HP brown sauce in 2003, and he has even customised Triumph Bonneville motorbikes and provided snowboarding apparel for American outdoor-wear specialist Burton. In recent months the store-opening programme has included a new outlet in Los Angeles, a 5,000 sq ft outlet at the western end of the Melrose fashion strip. With a four-storey flagship Paul Smith Space store due to open in Tokyo's Aoyama district in April 2006 (to add to the 250-plus outlets already in Japan), Smith believes that diversity, without betraying the intrinsic Britishness of his brand, has been key.

In October 2005 he opened his first furniture-only shop in London's Mayfair. "I've still got these juxtapositions going on, not only among my customers but also through what I sell," he says. "There's this beautiful '30s desk that's £12,500 with six very kitsch and cheap things sitting on top of it for £30 or so each. That contrast seems to be my way, what I like to do."

Smith believes that, by never being in fashion, he has never gone out of fashion, which is why, today, the likes of Kaiser Chiefs, The Hives, Franz Ferdinand and Supergrass favour his apparel just as much as his pop customers of 30 years' standing. "I've always done my own thing," he says. "During punk or, say, the power of Commes des Garçons in the '80s and the rule of Gucci in the '90s, I stuck by my guns. What you can do is nod at it; during punk I did these little T-shirts with a strap and buckle on the shoulder just to show that I knew what was going on.

"But I've never been today's flavour, which is why the guy in the grey flannel suit and the Wigan kid in the Hawaiian shirt both got it way back when and different types of people still get it today. That's really why I'm still around."

"SEE THE PERSON"

Alongside Paul Smith, Katharine Hamnett's name bestrode pop fashion in the 1980s, though her overtly radical spirit and campaigning zeal brought her into confrontation with the establishment in all its forms, from Margaret Thatcher to the multinational textile business.

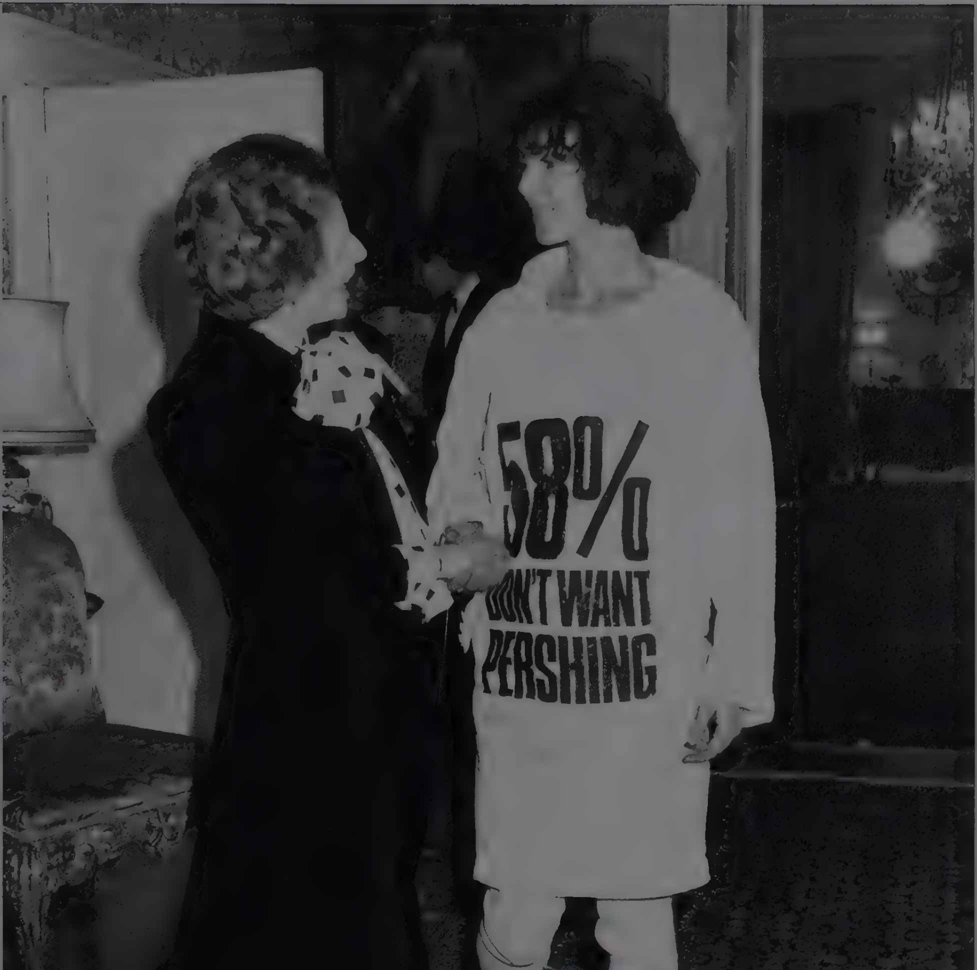
Born in Gravesend, Kent, Hamnett experienced a peripatetic upbringing due to her father's military background. "I wasn't as fanatical as some people but I listened to all types of music and even saw The Yardbirds in Stockholm," says Hamnett at the coffee shop near her new studios in north London. "I've always had a list of dislikes though: Queen, Leonard Cohen, Neil Young. I preferred black music on the whole."

In 1969 she launched her career in conjunction with Anne Buck after leaving Central St Martins. "We thought people like Foale & Tuffin and Zandra Rhodes were wonderful," she says. "There was this couple, Pablo & Delia, who we loved. They made beautiful South American stuff and seemed to monopolise British *Vogue* at the time."

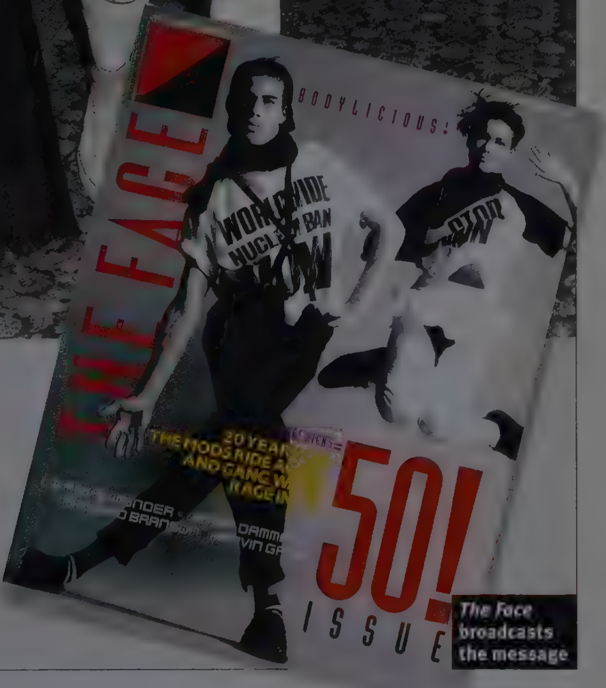
Pablo & Delia's exotica came at a price: in 1973 their sheath dresses with marabou trim silk chiffon sold for £170 apiece. Hamnett and Buck set their sights a little lower, starting their company in the dining room of Hamnett's abode in Longford Street, Regents Park, with just £50.

"I had a kiddies' electric sewing machine and the £50 bought us enough material to cut a pattern and bang the samples out," she says. "Then we'd find out who the shop buyers were and persuade them to take a chance. It was sometimes a bit hairy, particularly when it came to getting paid, but it worked after about three years of seven-days-a-week, 15-hours-a-day grind. By then you realise you have to make something that will sell, that people want to wear, without compromising your principles. For clothes to work, you have to see the person, not the clothes; that's always been my philosophy."

Hamnett and Buck sold via a variety of outlets under the label Tuttabankem, with her tie-neck blouses (£20), wide trousers (£19), seamed skirts (£14.95) and fitted silk shirts (£17) being matched with Dior, YSL and Biba separates in a *Nova* fashion spread by 1974. Commissions came in from the likes of *Hair* star Marsha Hunt, but Hamnett split not only from Buck but also her husband in the mid-'70s, after having a child.



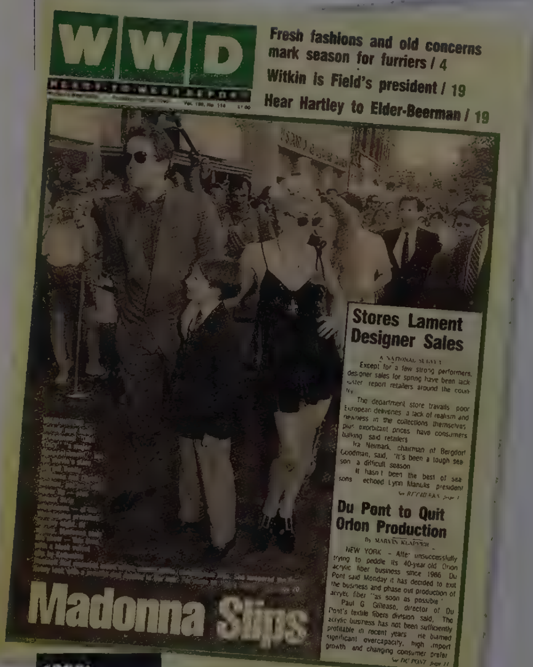
1984: Hamnett takes on Maggie



The Face broadcasts the message

1982: Sportswear in *Boys Own* magazine

1974: Hamnett for Tuttabankem in *Nova*



WWD

READY-TO-WEAR REPORT

Fresh fashions and old concerns mark season for furriers / 4

Witkin is Field's president / 19

Hear Hartley to Elder-Beerman / 19

Stores Lament Designer Sales

A NATIONAL SURVEY

Except for a few strong performers, designer sales for spring have been lackluster, report retailers around the country.

The department store travails: poor European deliveries, a lack of realism and newness in the collections themselves, plus exorbitant prices have consumers balking, said retailers.

Ira Neimark, chairman of Bergdorf Goodman, said, "It's been a tough season, a difficult season."

"It hasn't been the best of seasons," echoed Lynn Manulis, president

See RETAILERS, page [illegible]

Du Pont to Quit Orlon Production

By MARVIN KLAPPER

NEW YORK — After unsuccessfully trying to peddle its 40-year-old Orlon acrylic fiber business since 1986, Du Pont said Monday it has decided to exit the business and phase out production of acrylic fiber "as soon as possible."

Paul G. Gillease, director of Du Pont's textile fibers division, said, "The acrylic business has not been sufficiently profitable in recent years." He blamed significant overcapacity, high import growth and changing consumer prefer-

See DU PONT, page 11

Madonna Slips

1990: Madonna chooses Hamnett

"I woke up one morning with a mortgage and a baby but no one to support me," she says. "But I did have some black leather so made samples of a kind of haute couture jacket. I went to the Paris shows without the money to even get back and put on a real attitude about showing the samples to anybody. It was: 'Are you good enough?' I also insisted that they pay 50 per cent up front if they were interested, and, sure enough, it took off."

Hamnett immediately reinvested the advances into a range of materials and came up with a series of collections which "went stratospheric" as she freelanced for Italian, French and Hong Kong companies and gained support from publications such as David Bailey's *Ritz*, popularising the use of such fabrics as Habotai silk and basing designs on functional workwear from around the world. Hamnett also became pre-eminent in revitalising denim, and during the onset of AIDS produced boxer shorts with condom pockets.

By the mid-'80s, Hamnett's outlets in Sloane Street and Brompton Cross (the latter designed by modernist architect supreme Norman Foster) helped stamp her reputation for wearable innovation on the decade, credited as she was with having created the so-called "crumpled look".

Soon her clothing was favoured by artists such as Mick Jagger, Madonna, David Bowie and Bob Geldof. "I operated in a different way from most people these days," she says. "I made them buy the clothes, never gave them away. But people like Mick and Bob have got lots of style; Bob always says mine are the only clothes he never throws away."

Ever the political and spiritual activist, in 1984 Hamnett struck on the idea of using the blank canvas of over-large white T-shirts to make simplistic political statements, such as "Choose Life!" and "No Nukes". In that same year, her contribution to the Venice Carnivale was a model dressed as an industrial smokestack labelled "Pollution".

"The T-shirts came about after an argument I had with Jeff Banks and Lynne Franks at this Buddhist exhibition at the Commonwealth Institute," she guffaws. "They were trying to teach people about Buddhism in this elaborate way and I said, 'This is crap! If you want to get the message out there just do T-shirts with large slogans like "Choose Life".' They said, 'No, that's crap,' so I said, 'Right, I'll show you'."

And she did, though at a cost when her idea was ripped off around the world. "It was annoying when the anti-abortion crowd copied it, because that defaced the meaning," she says. "When, say, an entire batch was sold through Joseph we wondered whether any customers had a chance to buy them or whether they were snatched up by clothing manufacturers. I'm a fanatic for fit so our shirts were durable and stylish, unlike the copies."

Hamnett gained tabloid notoriety in 1984 by wearing a T-shirt bearing the anti-nuclear message "58% Don't Want Pershing!" to a reception at 10 Downing Street, where she was photographed confronting Margaret Thatcher over the issue of Europe's hosting of American nuclear weapons.

"I went in clutching my jacket around me while everybody else was there in their little black dresses," she recalls. "When she came to me I had taken off my coat she said, 'Oh, you seem to be wearing rather a strong message on your T-shirt'. She put her head down to read it and then reeled back and said, 'We haven't got Pershing here, we've got Cruise. I think you may be at the wrong party'. I thought that was rather rude because, after all, I had been invited, and later tackled her on acid rain. She said, 'I'm a scientist. We don't know what causes it', and promptly left. But there was this gorgeous moment when these pictures were being taken and she thought everyone was laughing at her.

"Afterwards, Jasper Conran had a party at his place in Gloucester Terrace and we watched it on *News At Ten*, cheering and laughing. That night I got phone calls from friends from all over the world. It got a bit out of control.

"At the time there was terrific censorship in the

"Bob never throws my clothes away"

"Right, I'll show you!"

media, so it was important to get messages like that and 'Worldwide Nuclear Ban Now' out there," she says. "One week there was one person dancing around in that shirt in the audience of *Top Of The Pops*. The following week the studio was teeming with them."

Hamnett's pop profile was raised further when her slogan T-shirts were emulated by the music business. Working with Frankie Goes To Hollywood, music journalist Paul Morley came up with shirts bearing the phrases Frankie Say Relax and Frankie Say No to promote the group's singles Relax and Two Tribes. When these were bootlegged around the world, Frankie's name was made. Similarly, Hamnett did not come up with the T-shirt designs for the Wham! single Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go or the official Live Aid slogan, Feed The World. "Wham! asked us but we told them that we don't do T-shirt slogans for commercial reasons, but for human, civil, social and environmental causes," she says. "But we weren't even asked to do Feed The World; Bob simply knocked it off, which is fair enough."

Hamnett's inimitable approach to advertising also provided a platform for such fashion photography luminaries as Ellen von Unwerth, Juergen Teller and Terry Richardson.

Using her skills to update such traditional brands as John Smedley, she became a worldwide fashion phenomenon, with markets such as Japan devouring her designs and helping to create a business worth at one stage an estimated $200 million as she expanded into accessories such as shoes, underwear, ties, knitwear, spectacles, sunglasses and kids' clothes.

Spurred on by her interest in Buddhism and attempting to encourage the use of organic cotton, in the early '90s she began to investigate the ethics of suppliers and manufacturers, encountering exploitation and wastage of Third World resources and labour on a massive scale. Hamnett agrees with estimates that 20,000 people die each year through pesticide poisoning in cotton agriculture, and says the industry causes irreparable damage by using chemicals that poison soil and water supplies.

"I searched for somebody who could meet our needs and ended up with one of the world's largest suppliers – who I won't name – and even they couldn't guarantee that they wouldn't substitute environmentally sound fabrics with ones which have been produced in a harmful way," she says. "The main guy said to me: 'If you carry on with this environmental shit you can take your collection and stuff it up your arse.' I went to another big supplier and, when I had a query over the production of the leather, was told: 'We don't know why you're so worried – the customers are re-ordering.' So I knew I had to source myself, even though it cost me a fortune."

In recent years she has launched the Katharine E Hamnett label (the E stands for Eleanor) with clothes manufactured in organic cotton and sustainable fibres produced without forced labour, and poured her energies into campaigning, producing a Channel 4 documentary on the subject and a short film shown at her spring/summer show entitled *Green Cotton By The Year 2000*, directed by Ellen von Unwerth and featuring Naomi Campbell.

By 1997 Hamnett was calling her collections Save Tibet and Worldwide Nuclear Ban Now and, as recently as 2003, her autumn/winter women's wear collection featured "Stop The War" T-shirts. The UK's Stop The War Coalition claimed this T-shirt was instrumental in inspiring the huge anti-war demonstrations a few months later, while George Michael used his first appearance on *Top Of The Pops* in 17 years to clad his backing singers in Hamnett's "No War, Blair Out" T-shirts.

Thus Hamnett re-emerged onto the international scene, no longer a lone voice in the wilderness of fashion apathy, and the following spring went a step further in highlighting the AIDS crisis in Africa when Naomi Campbell appeared at her show wearing a T-shirt with "Use A Condom" emblazoned on it in rhinestones.

28

“ ADVENTUROUS TAILORING AND WITTY FABRICS ”

The growing power look of the mid-’80s supplanted a neat, almost modern jazz take on style that had bloomed in the post-New Romantic period and is showcased in Julien Temple’s 1985 cinematic debacle *Absolute Beginners*. Based on Colin MacInnes’ Soho teen novel of the ’50s, the movie starred Patsy Kensit (then leading wannabe pop act Eighth Wonder) and featured David Bowie, Sade and many other mid-’80s fashion and music players. However, poor writing and editing, combined with the lack of a charismatic male lead, resulted in an expensive flop.

At this distance, it isn’t without its charms, according to Mark Powell, who provided some of the clothes. “Although it’s not put together that well, there are certain elements which sum up London at the time,” he points out.

By the time of the film’s release, Powell was at 11 Archer Street in Soho operating Powell & Co, an outlet at the vanguard of reasserting traditional tailoring values with a contemporary twist. “I can remember when Perry Haines brought Duran Duran in when I was working at Robot. I’d never seen such a naff bunch of guys in my life,” grins Powell, still in Soho but now in the headquarters of his bespoke tailoring business, high above Brewer Street, surrounded by books and prints of classic suits. “They’re not the only ones, though. George Michael must cringe when he looks at some of his pictures from the ’80s. He looked so bad. But, mind you, most people did.”

The ebullient Powell’s career as a menswear obsessive started when he acquired his first pair of Levi’s as a six-year-old in Romford, Essex, and developed as he moved through various youth tribes, from pre-pubescent suedehead to rockabilly via soul boy. He worked at Italian import shop Washington Tremlett and ’50s shoe and suit specialist Robot before opening Powell & Co in 1984, after coming across a warehouse full of ’40s and ’50s clothes in Stoke Newington.

“By that time, I was into the original 1952 Teddy Boy look, very neo-Edwardian. I started to develop it by research and made it more purist, with a four-button suit; shirt with starched, detachable, high, rounded collar; big knotted tie with pearl stick pin; waistcoat; and Balmoral boots, or spats when I could find them. That later became Vic Reeves’ look. It wasn’t authentic, more what you might see on Peter Cushing in a Hammer film.”

Among Powell’s customers in Archer Street were Bryan Ferry, David Bowie and the male members of Sade’s group, as well as friends such as Chris Sullivan. Powell soon started to play around with images from the past, including a Regency dandy look in velvet and what he describes as “the Ronnie and Reggie gangster thing”.

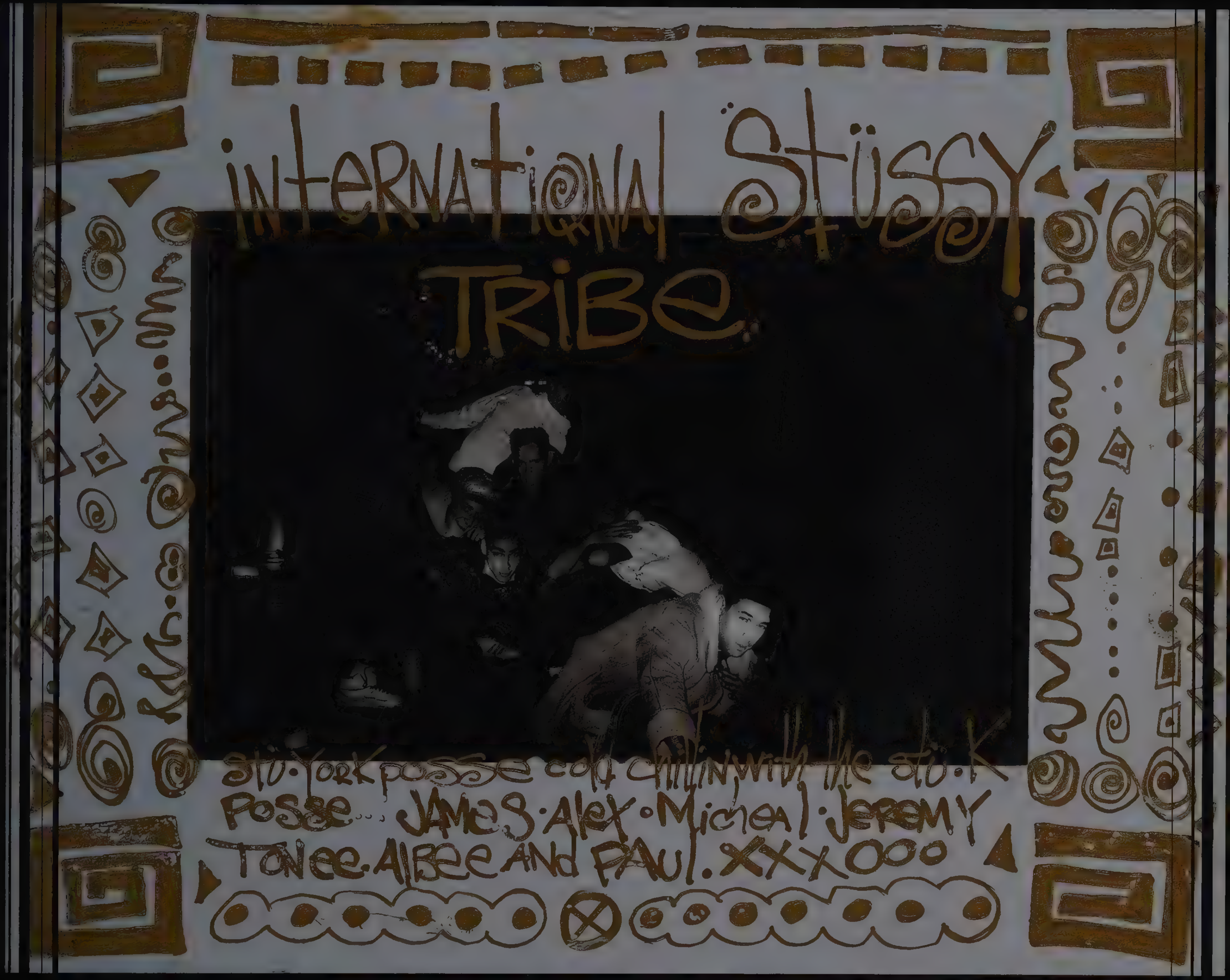
All of these elements can be found in *Absolute Beginners* which also detailed the pseudo-beatnik and jazz style still being sported by the first wave of ’80s club movers and shakers. This emerging club culture clashed with the prevailing image being projected by the ruling rock elite. “For the best demonstration of how naff rock ’n’ roll people were, look at tapes of Live Aid from 1985,” says Powell. “All that long hair chopped off at the sides. Look at Bono! Now he’s this cool guy with the shades and the nice suits.”

Equally instructive are tapes of Live Aid’s successor, Fashion Aid, a charity gala event held at the Albert Hall in November 1985, which provided an unsteady bridge between the worlds of music and fashion in support of Bob Geldof’s campaign to end world famine. The old guard was represented by Jean Muir, Bruce Oldfield and Zandra Rhodes, with some great touches from the likes of Joseph Ettedgui and Issey Miyake.

Some, such as Calvin Klein, revealed themselves woefully out of touch by relying on hackneyed versions of the clothes worn by ’30s and ’40s movie icons. Giorgio Armani’s sedate collection was introduced by the unusual combination of actress Angelica Huston and soon-to-be-ex-member of Wham! Andrew Ridgeley.

Two very different designers were given prominence at Fashion Aid, underlining the contribution they were making to musical style at the time. Scott Crolla was known for his

OPPOSITE **Stüssy tribe featuring Michael Kopelman**


international Stüssy
TRiBe
stü·York posse cold chillin with the stü·K
Posse... JAMES·Alex·Micheal·JEREMY
TONee·ALBee AND PAUL. XXXOOO

Gents Outfitters

ABOVE Mark Powell at Powell & Co and (left) with Johnny Rocker in Crolla

luxurious clothes – tapestry waistcoats and printed Nehru jackets – at his store at 35 Dover Street, and clients such as Kensit, Spandau Ballet's Martin Kemp, Richard Jobson, Steve Strange and even veteran DJ Alan Freeman took to the stage modelling for him. As early as 1983, designer Stephen Linard had hailed Crolla's as being "the only menswear shop in London offering something new ... a perfect blend of adventurous tailoring and witty fabrics".

Very much in the Crolla vein was Jean Paul Gaultier when he emerged onto the London scene via Bazaar with a range including striped silk smoking jackets, brightly checked waistcoats and gabardine trousers, as worn by Frankie Goes To Hollywood's Paul Rutherford and Holly Johnson.

Gaultier's emergence had been a long time coming: having entered the fashion business in 1970 as an 18-year-old assistant at Pierre Cardin, he had also worked at such houses as Jacques Esterel and Patou before launching his first Paris collection in 1976 with a range including dresses made out of tablemats. Influenced by punk, flea markets, Portobello Road and found objects, his Dadaist show of 1983 established his mixture of eclecticism and lush tradition. Underpinned by substantial backing from Japanese clothing manufacturer Kashiyama, Gaultier's mix of eccentricity and formality carved out a unique niche on the street and the catwalk, providing outrageous clothing for the likes of Grace Jones, Neneh Cherry and, of course, Madonna.

At Fashion Aid, other emerging talents such as Jasper Conran utilised the cartoonesque qualities of Madness to model his range of clothes in startling primary colours, while Eurythmics' Dave Stewart and Annie Lennox introduced designer Katharine Hamnett with the claim that she was "the woman who had changed everyone's view of the relationship between fashion and causes by putting her heart on her sleeve and her views on everyone's chests".

Meanwhile, the intricate knitwear and patterned clubwear of Body Map's Stevie Stewart and David Holah drew a performance from vocalist Helen Terry, and among the models cavorting to the electro dance track After The Rainbow was her startlingly quiffed Culture Club colleague Boy George.

Body Map had won the Most Innovative Designer Of The Year award in 1983, making its mark with a collection entitled Querelle Meets Olive Oyl, which mixed homo-eroticism with swirls and sportswear, drawing £100,000 in orders. With a coterie that included dancer Michael Clarke and film-maker John Maybury, Stewart and Holah soon outgrew their Camden Market beginnings and by 1985 were employing a staff of 20. They hedged their bets, however, by maintaining a utility range at Kensington Market, attracting such stars as Chrissie Hynde while they courted the international fashion business. At Live Aid and in such videos as The Pretenders' Don't Get Me Wrong, Hynde was dressed head-to-toe in Body Map.

In the middle of the decade, American trade magazine *The Daily News Record* wondered whether Body Map was "an outrageous pretension or a pretentious outrage", underscoring a turning point in the hitherto enthusiastic support for the so-called British Invasion. While the company's catwalk shows challenged convention by using elderly people and babies, bad business dealings and the lack of faith demonstrated by the mainstream industry in Body Map's more avant-garde leanings were to prove its undoing. The company eventually collapsed in financial ruin.

Body Map and the rest of the new wave of designers at Fashion Aid developed in parallel to a younger, more streetwise and black music-influenced set of kids. One such, Tony Farsides, was by 1985 travelling into the West End from the north London suburb of Mill Hill, drawn to the clubs of Soho.

"We were a new lot coming into the West End, a bit younger than that first set of Soho clubbers in the '80s," says Farsides, these days a writer, producer and DJ who creates the soundtracks for Stella McCartney's catwalk shows. "We were 18 and 19, whereas they were probably 24-plus. Clothes-wise it was still the butt end of the Hard Times look and that jazz/'50s thing of black polo-necks, the '40s-style leather jackets, loafers, pegs, the Demop butcher boy-style haircut or flat-tops."

By the end of 1985, this new racially mixed crowd had created a new clubland style. The black polo-neck was retained, but it was now worn with a black MA1 flight jacket, Dr Martens shoes (sometimes brogues or loafers), hooped socks and the new black jeans marketed that year by Levi's or vintage red tag 501s. These were accessorised with small rucksacks, Filofaxes, Russian military and naval badges and even safety pins. This look was taken to an extreme by illustrator Wigan, who added massive amounts of badges to his jacket, as befitting his Northern Soul roots.

"It was a definable Soho look, and very much of its era," says Farsides. "You'd swan around Old Compton Street on Friday night with your polo-neck and flight jacket on, standing outside the French or the Soho Brasserie with a bottle of Grolsch feeling very chic and metropolitan."

It was around this time that the music in clubs changed. "When I first started going out, you'd hear '70s funk in the clubs," says Farsides, "but it was always the same records: Funkin' For Jamaica by Tom Browne, Sex Machine or Get Up Offa That Thing by James Brown, Wicky Wacky by The Fatback Band, One Nation Under A Groove by Funkadelic. Us younger lot wanted something a bit rawer, and we picked up on DJs and clubs who were prepared to dig deeper. That's basically where rare groove came from, a mix of young kids and the older, first generation West End soul boys who had that old music."

Farsides claims a fashion first, a haircut to match the new style. "I didn't want a flat-top or the butcher-boy cut, and started going to Charles Worthington, who's famous now but who was then a stylist at Stage Door in Victoria. I asked him to give me a girl's haircut which was really popular at the time: a club crop, a short and graded crop with a blunt, slightly asymmetric fringe high on the forehead. I had that in late 1985 and it didn't really become widespread for men until about 1989. Then, in its bastardised form, it became that horrible haircut George Michael had in the '90s."

By 1986, the West End was thriving, with clubs such as Raw, Delirium, the Wag, the Mud Club, and The Cat In The Hat on the scene, while warehouse parties happened on a grander scale. The soundtrack was US hip-hop, go-go and a new music out of Chicago called house, as well as rare groove.

On Friday nights, amongst the DJs at The Cat In The Hat at Leicester Square's Comedy Store were Lascelles Gordon and Barrie Sharpe, the latter a partner in an important and enduring clothes outlet, The "Duffer" Of St George. This had been launched in 1983 by Sharpe, Eddie Prendergast and two partners at a stall in Camden Market, which sold post-Hard Times chic. In 1985, a branch of Duffer opened in the Portobello Road. "It was a great little shop," enthuses Farsides. "They had old stock, bits and pieces of other people's ranges and their own gear. They had things like Liberto jeans, which were hard to find, those Muslim prayer caps, Sta-Prests, their own Duffer jumpers. I remember in the summer of 1986 I bought this replica '60s-style Brazilian football kit they'd made, shorts and top, which I wore to this big Shake And Fingerpop/Family Funktion warehouse party at Bear Wharf."

The stylistic sensibilities of Duffer's owners also extended to their club, The Cat In The Hat. "It was quite a heavy place," remembers Farsides. "There were some nasty fights down there, which is why I think it was eventually closed down. But it was definitely the first place you'd go and hear the more obscure James Brown stuff back to back all night. Also, they'd have slides projected; you'd get the sleeve of Miles Davis' On The Corner, then a picture of a suedehead, then the 1970 Brazilian World Cup team. They had the late-'60s/early-'70s aesthetic down before anyone else, but not in a silly, kitsch way. It was far more understated, and very cool."

Farsides later worked at Black Market records in Soho's D'Arblay Street, just two doors down from where Duffer found new premises at the end of 1987.

At the same time as rare groove, there was a burgeoning interest in hip-hop style, at first in bowdlerised form via The Beastie Boys' controversial American and UK concerts in the summer of 1985, which sparked a trend for raiding Volkswagen cars for their VW symbols to be worn as giant pendants.

"There was also a lot of sportswear coming in – Willie Smart tracksuits, the gear worn by [hairdresser] James Lebon and that whole Notting Hill trustafarian look," says Jay Strongman. By then a fully-fledged DJ, Strongman was soon to become a regular on pirate station Kiss FM and a founder, with Martin Heath and James Horrocks, of Rhythm King Records, a label whose early acts included one of the first rap acts to cross over, Schooly D.

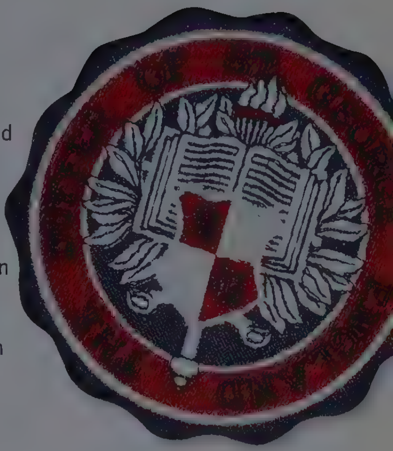
James Lebon had lived in New York and brought back news of the rap scene, which had been utilised in the opening of the first UK hip-hop club, the Language Lab. His friend Michael Kopelman was an early attendee. "I'd been going to clubs since I was 13, and when my family went to New York, I started getting into wearing high-top sneakers and DJing," says Kopelman, arguably the UK's most significant player in streetwear over the past 15 years, having championed labels such as Stüssy.

In the early to mid-'80s, Kopelman was venturing from the north London suburb of Southgate to black music shops such as Contempo in Greek Street, run by a woman of indeterminate years called Jean who acted as an unlikely advisor to customers on the latest sounds from across the Atlantic. "My local club was the Royalty," says Kopelman, "so I could see The Gladiators or Steel Pulse or Tapper Zukie on the reggae nights and then go to Countdown to hear good-quality soul music. I just couldn't get enough of it."

Kopelman took a job as a commodity trader in the City of London, where a healthy wage packet provided him with an opportunity to switch to a more central location. "When I moved to the West End, I met a lot of people into the same things as me, and a lot madder than me." Among those who became firm friends were Haysi Fantayzee founder and DJ Jeremy Healy, James Lebon and his photographer brother Marc, and Jamie Morgan and Ray Petri, the photographer and stylist who formed part of the so-called International Stüssy Tribe when Kopelman began a working relationship with beachwear designer Sean Stussy. They, and others such as Simon Foxton and jeweller Judy Blame, paved the way for the creation of the stylist as the "profession of the '80s", according to *i-D*'s Caryn Franklin in 1987.

"I was going to work at seven or eight in the morning and coming home at six or seven, going to sleep and then going out all night," says Kopelman. "Sometimes, when it got hectic in the City, they were really disapproving because I was DJing at The Wag, doing parties and really getting into early house music. But even at the office, I was into Antony Price or Comme des Garçons suits. It was great money, so I kept it going."

Kopelman says clubwear changed very little over the middle part of the decade. "You'd wear a leather jacket or an MA1, Levi's and boots. The only difference was that a lot of sneakers started creeping in. You could get different



ABOVE The "Duffer" Of St George: "A great little shop"

ABOVE Body Map: "Outrageous pretension?"

accessories and different little brands, but they were just variations on a theme." However, B-Boy style was on the rise, promoted by such American quasi-exploitation movies as *Wild Style*, *Breakdance*, *The Delivery Boys* and the Harry Belafonte-backed *Beat Street*.

With Radio Invicta broadcasting the latest imported sounds, breakdance nights were soon held at venues such as Camden's Electric Ballroom, confirming how the moves had developed from such earlier styles as body-popping and robot dancing. The independent record business latched on early, with companies like Streetwave releasing a series of Electro compilations, and when rap trio Run DMC – whose early classics include the trainer paean My Adidas – came to the UK, Kopelman and Jeremy Healy bought matching leather tracksuits from the band's collection to wear to their first London performance. "We went to see them at Busby's, and as we walked in these people came up and started escorting us through," says Kopelman. "They took us all the way to the dressing room and then we realised – they thought we were Run DMC!"

Once, in New York, Kopelman repeatedly accompanied James Lebon to Harlem to pick up a white leather tracksuit ordered at Dapper Dan's, the crucible of '80s rap fashion on 125th Street. On every occasion they would find that the article of clothing had been sold, after other customers had seen it on display and persuaded the owner to sell it to them rather than hold on to it for Lebon.

The reputation of Dapper Dan's had been minted by the patronage of boxer Mike Tyson, and "refined a hardcore urban style which celebrates aggression, brand-name materialism and the larger-than-life aspirations of LL Cool J, Eric B and Rakim and the like", according to Nelson George in Superfly, one of the essays in his book *Buppies, B-Boys, Baps And Bohos*, in which he nails Run DMC as "the hippest rap fashion statement of the mid-'80s".

Fraser Cooke, another DJ who became a leading streetwear dealer and has worked with Kopelman on such brands as Stüssy, says he got into hip-hop through listening to electro at his home in Ilford, Essex. "That and the skate thing – two American elements – were really important. I was always into trainers, first Adidas, and then Nike came in. You'd wear them with the lowest jeans and a Fila DJ tracksuit top or a waterproof hooded one like the Rocksteady Crew wore on their record covers. I got a pair of Converse, because they're wearing them on [Malcolm McLaren's album] Duck Rock."

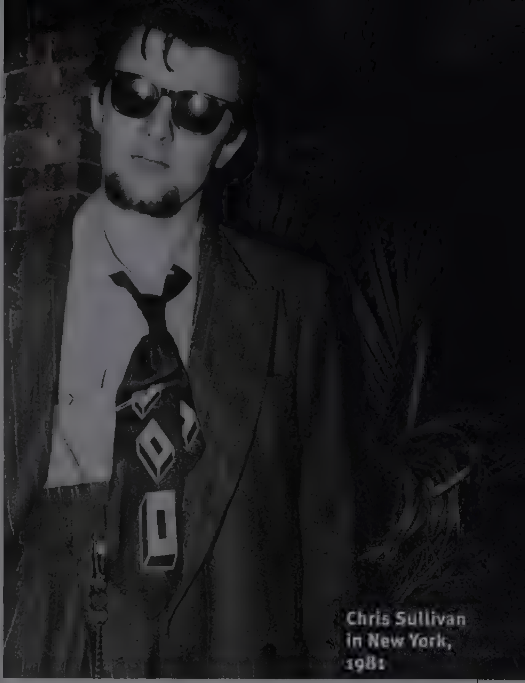
One of the contributory factors to the rising streetwear phenomenon was the fascination among so-called casuals for leisurewear labels. This had started on the football terraces and had boomed around the UK, from Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester to towns on the south coast – in fact, anywhere where there existed a healthy contingent of soccer fans. They wore Pringle or Slazenger jumpers, Sergio Tacchini tracksuits, LaCoste tops, Lois and Fiorucci jeans and jumbo cords and Burberry raincoats. For one fleeting moment the movement even had its own bands. They included Accent, whose frontman, Bryan Rydell, proclaimed mistakenly in 1984, "This summer belongs to us".

The casuals were part of the mod lineage, insisting as they did on clean and neat lines. In turn, they were to influence the football-obsessed baggy and Britpop looks of the next decade, and their interest in trainers such as the much-sought-after Nike and Ace brands crossed over to fans of nascent hip-hop and rap.

In the mid-'80s, Fraser Cooke was working as a hairdresser, first at Vidal Sassoon in South Moulton Street and then at Demop in Soho, the outlet opened by the fashion shop Demob. "Between 1985 and 1988, the coolest thing to do was be a hairdresser or a shop assistant," he says. "I was going to warehouse parties and then going to Demop. Norman Jay was really strong and Soul II Soul were playing those nights at the Africa Centre, and there were places like Family Funktion and Shake And Fingerpop. It all mixed over into the house thing.

"Then, at the other end, there was acid jazz, which personally I never got into. I just wasn't into those DJs like Gilles Peterson. I'm sure there were good elements, but I didn't want to know. It was just house, house, house, and the clubs like Solaris on a Sunday were really good initially."

That "house, house, house" was soon to break out of the few tiny venues in which it was celebrated by the cognoscenti and become the dominant mainstream musical genre, creating along the way an international club business that endures to this day and paving the way for what some consider to be the last vital youth movement to combine fashion and music.


Chris Sullivan in New York, 1981

"BOYS' WEEKLY ROCKERS"

Chris Sullivan represented a particularly masculine aspect of the '80s look, one that drew on jazz and beatnik imagery, zoot suits and rockabilly, Chicano culture and British dandyism from the first half of the twentieth century.

By mid-decade, Sullivan was everywhere, a suit designer, club-runner, frontman of Latin/funk band Blue Rondo À La Turk and actor, appearing in films such as Julien Temple's promo based around David Bowie's single Jazzing For Blue Jean. These days he is a journalist and style commentator, and the look he promulgated has never gone away. In fact, it is back with a vengeance in London clubland in 2006. As he says here, the look has its roots in hipster dissatisfaction with second wave punk.

David Bowie's Earl's Court show in May 1978 sparked off a movement that would open another chapter in UK culture. The cream were out in force and after the performance a good chunk went to a gay and lesbian night in Billy's. Situated in Soho's Meard Street, Billy's was run by Vince, a 25-stone Jamaican with a penchant for pimping.

Seizing the spirit of the evening, über-Bowie fan David Claridge (later Roland Rat) approached Vince, acquired the Tuesday spot and called it Bowie Night, with Rusty Egan helping as warm-up DJ and my old mucker from Wales, Steve Strange né Harrington, on the door. Soon it was the place to go and Bowie tracks were augmented by Kraftwerk, Eno and The Sweet. I pulled out my old Acme Attractions pink, blue and lime green peg trousers I'd bought in the mid-'70s and sported them with striped T-shirts and gymnast pumps.

In December 1978, Bob Elms, Graham Smith, Melissa Caplan and I held London's first warehouse parties in Toyah Willcox's Mayhem Studios in Battersea. We played dub, electro, funk and northern soul, we showed '50s porno movies backwards, all drinks were free and it cost £3.50 to get in.

I planned my jumble sale assaults meticulously. I picked up a monocle, a pinstripe suit, spats, Oxfords, waistcoats and bowlers; I became a New, New Edwardian. In '30s plus-fours, black and white co-respondent shoes, a flat seven-panelled cap and dickie bow I became DW Griffith, and in a drape coat with pinstripes, a frill-fronted shirt and cowboy boots and hat I was Doc Holliday. I called the look "Boys' Weekly Rockers" – a succession of characters from the pages of *The Hotspur*.

The infatuation with themes coincided with our next move. The Blitz had become tired, so Elms, Smith and an old friend from Wales, Steve Mahoney, opened the famed Monday nights at the St Moritz, where we played Latin, lounge, Dietrich, crooners, James White & The Blacks and tango. Since the Blitz was electro, we were retro in deliberate rebuttal.

Using films such as *Cabaret* and silents for inspiration, it became very filmic: one night Marilyn was Marilyn Monroe, Boy George was Anna Mae Wong, Pinkie Braithwaite was Scarlett O'Hara and I was Harold Lloyd. After we quit the club, Elms and I decided to play nothing but funk at our next party and, at the next do at the 500-capacity Mayhem, over 2,000 tried to get in. I followed this with more of the same at Hell, a club I ran with Egan and Strange in which funk and kitsch Latin serenaded the hordes.

We leant heavily on Latin and jazz. I sported a goatee, tailor-made zoot suits, hand-painted ties and pork pie hats, and listened to cubop-period Dizzy Gillespie. To begin with, my zoot suits were made in Bob The Tailor's of Aldgate. The cutter was a 60-year-old Mexican guy who had worn a zoot in the '40s. I threw in a few ideas: the jacket reached the knee and had four-and-a-half inch wide lapels and double or even quadruple padded shoulders; the trousers were 17in at the bottom, 30in at the knee, with a fishtail back, dropped belt loops and two deep reverse pleats. They also reached up to one's nipples.

Our casual wear included zip-up Eisenhower jackets with pleated front flap pockets and belted mid-length Ricardo jackets with long floppy collars. Jeans were Lee work pants and vintage Levi's capital Es, and we had Loco Jackets. We wore chambray prison shirts and Perfecto Bronx-style leather jackets, or belted three-quarter-length leather Canadians with detachable fur collars. The lot was bought from the Thrift Store in Battersea, American Classics and Flip. Just as the music was the antithesis of electro, the clothes were the opposite of effeminate: big-shouldered suits and facial hair.

When the time came for me to stand up and be counted, I turned the clock back to the period that attracted me to London in the first place: 1975, when gangs of guys and gals dressed in '40s and '50s clothes and danced to funk in clubs such as Crackers.

I regarded punk as an interruption to a great scene which I wanted to recreate. I succeeded, mainly because *The Face* and *i-D* were behind it but also because the style and the music were fresh.

I formed Blue Rondo À La Turk and we signed to Virgin for a fortune. Having recorded two albums and enjoyed a modicum of success, we were pushed towards pop by a manager and a record company who only wanted hits, and jacked it in. But, lest anybody forget, we were the first group to play this hitherto-underground dance music. We changed the way people dressed and influenced what they listened to.

What a busy boy I was. I had my own label, Sullivan Suits, in partnership with Alan Jones of Bristol's Paradise Garage, and knocked out zoots that sold the world over. I designed suits with Chris Ruocco of Kentish Town for the likes of Spandau Ballet, Visage and Wham! and also designed for Demob, owned by old mates from my home town, Merthyr Tydfil – Harry Cook and Chris and Sue Brick.

I started off designing big suits, but then went for silk mohairs, à la James Brown 1963: bum-freezer jackets with skinny Jetson lapels, two four-inch vents and covered buttons. The narrow trousers were worn at half mast with super-shiny pointed shoes.

When I opened the Wag Club, I supped at the cup of '40s and '50s music as well as funk, all the while pursuing my own bent with the Monday Jazz Rooms, which showcased jazz heroes like Slim Gaillard.

And, apart from a few diversions – one a nineteenth century look involving pointed beard and waxed moustache – that is how I've remained: suits, ties and jazz, jazz, ties and suits.

Now it is happening all over again at clubs like Lady Luck, where the style is '40s and '50s and the music is, as DJ Nino attests, "Race music, the stuff that was banned from the '20s till the '60s." It would be perfect if my original gear still fitted me, but what the moths ain't fed on I'm too fat to wear. C'est la vie.

29

“A MENTAL EXPLOSION”

At one end of the musical spectrum, the Live Aid look had given rise to an obsession with labels, whether cutting-edge (Jean Paul Gaultier) or mainstream (Versace, whose jacket sleeves were rolled back insouciantly by the likes of Phil Collins and Eric Clapton). In the clubs, there was a street-level response: clothes became looser and wilder as a new drug and a new musical genre hit town, and in late 1987 DJs opted for a matching musical policy. The combination of MDMA and Detroit house provided the basis of what was arguably to become the last potent teen cult: acid house.

“Up to that point, clubbing had been quite elitist,” says Boy George. “It was all about who you knew or whether you'd got your look right. I can remember taking the piss out of kids who had got it wrong, and looking back now I feel a bit ashamed. There was a tendency during that period to be a bit 'Bad pants, dick!' It was also a reaction against people like Steve Strange running the London club scene. It was really odd that just one person could wield so much power and control, and I think people eventually resented it.”

The roots of acid house can be traced back to the decision to bring the hedonism enjoyed by tourists at giant clubs such as Ku and Amnesia in Ibiza back home to rainy England. DJs such as Trevor Fung, Paul Oakenfold (who had worked at menswear outlet Woodhouse), Danny Rampling and Nicky Holloway returned with a series of near-coincidental club nights, principally Spectrum at Heaven, which started in November 1987; Shoom, in a disused space in Clink Street, SE1; and others, such as Confusion, the Trip, Future and Love at the Wag. Here, they premièred to UK audiences the unusual mix of sounds played in the Balearics, versions of indie group hits such as Why Why Why by The Woodentops and Jesus On The Payroll by Thrashing Doves, mixed with Afro sounds and even a track by wild child Mandy Smith. Combined with Detroit house, this proved a heady mixture.

As the months passed, the movement took shape, with psychedelic references to the first Summer Of Love on clothing rather than the pure revivalism of such outlets as Portobello Road's Planet Alice, which sold repro brocade jackets, op-art dresses and bell-bottoms.

“In 1988, baggy jeans and psychedelic T-shirts were as resolutely anti-fashion as tight jeans and slashed T-shirts in 1976,” writes Jane Bussman in *Once In A Lifetime*, her hilarious and terrifying account of the rise and fall of the genre. “What was the opposite of an urban trendy? A rural peasant. Spurning the Gaultier, the cognoscenti could be spotted in straw farmer's boy hats and Mexican peasant ponchos. What was the opposite of cold, dressed-up fashion? Beachwear.”

The ponchos worn by the rapidly expanding tribes of ravers were taken from surfers, who originally wore them, while shoe brands such as Wallabies and Kickers were revived in a wide range of colours and rapidly sold out. Long, unkempt hair rebelled against the carefully coiffed mullets of Bono and George Michael, maybe held in place by bandannas or ethnic hats.

The smiley logo had re-emerged during the short-lived '70s Superbad revival of late 1987, when flares and afro wigs were worn by rare groovers bored of the stripped-down aesthetic of the scene. One of the club culture's leading players, Simon Armitage (known as Barnsley), had made up a set of smiley T-shirts which were sold through the Duffer, whose co-founder Eddie Prendergast boasted, “The whole '70s thing – we're probably responsible for that. We opened three years ago, with velvet flares.” The smiley logo also appeared on the cover of *i-D* in early 1988 with the headline “Get Up! Be Happy!”, while DJs Bomb the Bass used illustrator Alan Moore's subverted version on the sleeve of one of their releases.

By symbolising the perma-grinning face of ecstasy, the smiley face also became a convenient media image when coverage of the acid house scene – and its attendant drug consumption – started to kick in during the latter part of 1988 and early 1989. By the middle of 1988, clubs such as Shoom decided to feature it in their flyers, and soon it was omnipresent, whether appropriated by shops such as Boy or bootlegged on countless market stalls. “I remember around

OPPOSITE **“It became naffness personified”**

cid

IGHTS
WEEK
AT

ABOVE Leigh Bowery among the ravers

that time Boy George had this birthday party in south London with DJing by the Shoom guys and Soul II Soul," says Fraser Cooke. "The invite was printed on a purple smiley T-shirt."

O'Dowd himself points out that not everybody conformed to the media stereotype of an acid house raver: "I was at Spectrum among all these people in jeans, dungarees and T-shirts, and suddenly Leigh Bowery came in," says the singer of the legendary designer and club figure who heightened disfigurement and ugliness and turned every notion of fashion on its head with his bizarre appearance.

Bowery's designs, which had been picked up early on by New York entrepreneur Suzanne Bartsch, had included such elements as velvet robes and velour tops matched with fetishistic adornments such as nose, eyebrow and nipple piercings. His friends and models, Trojan (who died of a drug overdose in 1987) and David, also took to dying their faces and upper torsos in vivid reds and blues. "It's only a small scene at the moment, but other designers like Westwood and Body Map are picking up on it," he boasted in 1984. "I'm certain my look will catch on."

Bowery also ran his own club, the outrageous Taboo, which was backed by entrepreneur Tony Gordon and provided the '80s meeting place for fashionistas and musicians, including Body Map, John Galliano, John Richmond of Richmond Cornejo (who had clothed acts such as ABC and later created an '80s staple with his range of shirts featuring the word "Destroy" printed down the sleeves), Paul Bernstock of Bernstock Spiers and Jasper Conran. Musician regulars included Spandau Ballet, Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Paul Young, ABC, and, inevitably, Boy George, who said at the time, "For me, Leigh Bowery is Taboo. Without him it would be another sweaty, run-down Jewish disco."

By 1988, Bowery had moved on from his trademark ink-spilled egghead look into entirely new territory. "He was wearing this fucking twisted outfit," says O'Dowd. "One of his eyes was plastered down. On his head was this thing with spikes sticking up and his mouth was all to one side. He had these checkered breasts with his arse out, and all these people were on ecstasy. This thing appeared, and it really freaked everyone out. It was so out there people didn't know what to say."

O'Dowd describes the Australian-born Bowery (who went on to become the muse for Lucian Freud and died in 1996) as one of the most important style influences of the last two decades. "I think Leigh had watched from afar, and when he arrived in London he just decided to take things further. One of the things I liked about him was the fact that he didn't have hang-ups about his body. I was at the Fridge one night and he was in this kind of puffball headdress with a push-up bra, a vagina wig and these boots, but nothing else. He was dancing around and I can remember looking at him and thinking, 'That's so fucking brave to come out in public with his arse out – and a big arse at that!' What was unusual about Leigh was that he used clothes and make-up to make a point, whereas we all use them to disguise our defects."

Alex Michon, who was among the seamstresses who realised Bowery's vision, says: "Leigh was a lovely man, an extraordinary talent. He was a great designer and I've never seen anything like his work as a cutter. His technique was amazing."

Bowery was all about driving the made-up finery and shock value of the early New Romantics that he had read about while still in Melbourne in the early '80s to a logical conclusion, although not many followed the trail he blazed. Instead, most clubbers opted for the easy and safe option of streetwear, much of it influenced by the beach lifestyle.

Jane Bussman points out that pioneering beachwear labels such as Gotcha, Quiksilver and Hot Tuna were all eclipsed by Stüssy, founded by self-confessed Californian beach bum Shawn Stussy. His striking T-shirts and small matching ranges of shorts and hats were originally sold through American Classics in the UK before transferring to one of the first streetwear vendors, EndZone, in Newburgh Street. "Stüssy really made sense to me in the way they presented themselves through advertising, using skateboarding and hip-hop imagery," says Fraser Cooke. "It was very B-Boyish. This was the first time that anyone had done those items of clothing properly. There was no such thing as streetwear until they came along."

Michael Kopelman first met Stussy through a mutual friend, and was struck by how the designer's clothes were out of sync with what was going on. "There was this whole scene revolving around places like the Café de Paris and the Criterion, and Shawn was coming up with something different, tracksuits and reggae-style or surf-style T-shirts. His stuff was completely revolutionary."

Eventually, EndZone relinquished the franchise and, following the financial crash of 1988, Kopelman was in a position to start handling distribution. "I got asked to leave my job in the City, basically, and got a year's money," he says. "I already knew

ABOVE **Madonna in Gaultier corset**

Shawn, and he asked me to go with a load of my friends to DJ over there. When I came back, I decided to do fashion stuff."

Kopelman believes that Stüssy's secret is that the brand has maintained credibility, even though its founder has now left the business to concentrate on the beach life in California and Hawaii. "We were and are in love with that company. Because I had been working for big companies, I was very anti-them. I liked the idea of it being a small thing and selling to like-minded people. At that time, if you saw someone wearing that stuff, you just knew they were of a like mind.

"It's difficult to say exactly what is so special about Stüssy. It's a graphics-led company, and there are lots of others who have tried but none have achieved it. The clothes are comfortable, and you can wear them on the beach, in the sports hall, to a club or a wedding. Now it really annoys me when I see high-fashion brands making similar stuff and selling it really expensively and people thinking that's really credible. Stüssy was the first company to make casual American sportswear, and it still has that innocence and purity. It was one of the first clothing brands for home boys and skaters, who have been behind so much innovation and energy in clothing."

Stüssy's success prompted a slew of imitators, providing business for the brand import shops which followed in the wake of shops such as Utopia and EndZone. Just around the corner from EndZone, in Litchfield Street, Keith Haring print T-shirts, and all manner of "one-stop globalism" was supplied by World, owned by the constantly clubbing couple Michael and Gerlinda Kostiff, who were said to turn up at Shoom in full Tibetan national dress, and who were also very close to Vivienne Westwood. They later launched the nightclub Kinky Gerlinky, but at World they sold long-sleeved T-shirts printed with motor-racing sponsors' logos, wool caps with the Playboy bunny, bum bags, dolls, dresses and miniature roller-skates.

World in turn inspired stores such as Bond in Newburgh Street, run by "designer wide boys" Kevin Reid and Adrian Garrett, who stocked lines ranging from John Smedley knitwear to Hanes T-shirts before going all out for streetwear. The streetwear phenomenon took off with Passenger, in Brewer Street, and fishermen's hats, logo T-shirts, pastel-coloured sweatshirts and the clothes and jeans made by such companies such as Manchester's Joe Bloggs became the uniform of the dance-influenced baggy groups, led by the Stone Roses and the Happy Mondays. "You had all these clothes coming through at the same time as people were into dressing down for clubs," says Cooke, who became a buyer for Passenger's owner, Sean Turpin, bringing over such desirable labels as Carrhart and Adidas. "It was perfect, really. I remember Office shoes had just opened, and they steamed in from a trade fair in Atlanta, ordering all these shell-toe trainers from Adidas. It hadn't gone massive then, and we didn't have the faith to think that it would go that big, but it did. Subsequently, that was what every student was wearing."

Cooke later fell out with Turpin, and after a brief return to hairdressing he pitched up at Black Market, working alongside Tony Farsides in 1989. This was the height of orbital raves, when such hip record shops were hives for ticket-buyers eager to find a field within the radius of the M25 in which to take drugs and cavort to house. "We were in the back selling £25 tickets for events like Sunrise, and the shop was making a fortune," says Cooke. "I was a bit of a Soho trendy at the time, going to places like Fred's and the Café de Paris, so I didn't really like the idea of hanging out with a load of E'd-up Millwall supporters.

"Initially, acid house was pretty good – there was this mental explosion like nothing we'd ever seen, mainly because it had nothing to do with the media dictating it – but then the music became really tacky, and it became all about the drugs. I felt like house had ruined clubbing, turning it into this nightmare prospect. It was naffness personified."

However, in *Once In A Lifetime*, DJ Terry Farley is quoted making an important point about the apparent anonymity of acid house style: "I hear people say that it didn't matter what you wore in those days – that's absolute bollocks. You might have been wearing dungarees, but it had to be the right dungarees, and you knew that they were."

Acid house helped break down barriers in that the movement was not so much about superstars and artists but records and DJs. And the fashion industry responded.

By the end of the decade, designers such as Pam Hogg, Jean Paul Gaultier and the duo Bernstock Spiers were all releasing their own records.

Entitled How To Do That?, Gaultier's 1989 album was a collection of house tunes with cut-ups culled from a BBC interview, delivered in his familiar Franglais accent and accompanied by a video made by Jean-Baptiste Mondino.

The following year he made his mark on the public imagination with a number of outfits for Madonna's 1990 Blonde Ambition world tour, including the striking gold corset, the iconic gold conical bra and the male-cut dark suit over a pink corset. In *Elle* magazine Gaultier defined the collection as "power and sensuality combined" and the association with Madonna proved to be longstanding; for his spring/summer collection of 1995, entitled *Fin de siècle*, Madge pushed a battered pram down the catwalk encased in a '30s-style dress in transparent natural Latex with appliquéd gold sequins.

Wayne Hemingway aged four: "I was like this little toy, this music fashion accessory"

"SHOCKING BUT FANTASTIC"

One shop that became associated with acid house and managed to maintain credibility, all the while appealing to hip clubbers and squealing pop fans alike, was Red Or Dead. It had been founded as a market stall in Camden Town in the early '80s by Wayne Hemingway, the son of native American wrestler, Billy Two Rivers.

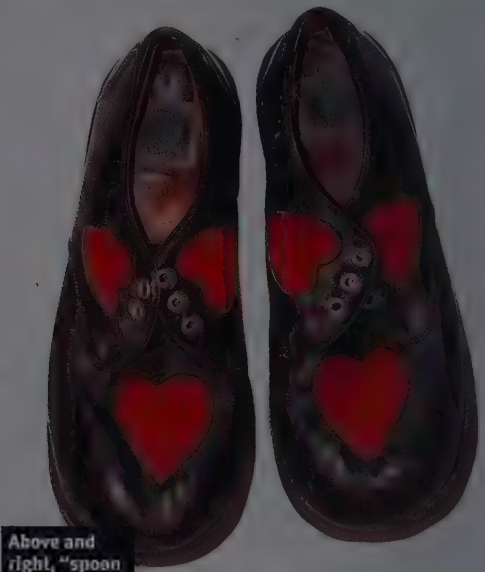
"I was always into music and fashion, like Barry Manilow," snorts the deadpan Hemingway. "My mum had me in her early 20s and she was obsessed with music. She also used to make clothes, and when I was around three or four she used to dress me up, one week as a mod, the next week as a rude boy. She was living out her dress sense through me, and it became a bit of a springboard for me."

Blackburn-raised Hemingway went through all of the musical rites of passage, albeit at an earlier age than many, seeing David Bowie during his Ziggy tour and following northern soul. "When I was 13 years old, I was out at Wigan casino all night. But David Bowie was still a big influence – when I went to see him, he ended up stood there in just a pair of underpants. It was a shocking image but absolutely fantastic, and got me very experimental, turned me into a rebel."

Hemingway's interest in footwear started when he bought winkle-pickers and brothel creepers at local shop Tommy Balls', wearing them with second-hand clothes and army surplus. "As a Bowie fan, you could wear what you wanted and get as weird as you liked," he says. "So I was really into that style, but my first love was dance music. We'd get on a Viscount Central coach to the Blackpool Mecca, where Ian Levene was DJing, and then go to Wigan."

Hemingway witnessed punk when the Sex Pistols played in front of a crowd of eight at local club the Lone Star, and came to London to attend University College at the tail end of the '70s. After a spell as a nouveau mod, he scored a gig as a DJ on a Dexys Midnight Runners tour before becoming a New Romantic and a rockabilly. Then he opened a stall in Camden Market, the original intention of which was to pay the bills for his short-lived band, Diverse.

After the original stock of second-hand clothes sold out rapidly, his wife Geraldine started to come up with equally popular original designs. These, combined with Hemingway's eye for detail and business savvy, served to replace musical ambition with a career in fashion. "We were there at the beginning of the whole long overcoat look," Hemingway claims, "importing them from Germany. We also had sailors' caps from Cornwall, Chinese slippers from Hong Kong, black gym shoes, canvas footwear, all those flat, thin-soled shoes which came back in."



Above and right, "spoon shoes"

With custom from Boy George and Jean Paul Gaultier, Hemingway eventually operated 16 market stalls, and then latched on to Dr Martens, "because I'd worn them as a Slade fan and also as a punk. We decided to sell them as a fashion item, Geraldine started designing a lot of stuff, and Red Or Dead was born".

Red Or Dead reinvented DMs in terms of colour, style and even shape. "We were very lucky, but it was a conscious move against the Azzedine Alaia look," he says. "You see the models in Addicted To Love, and they're wearing thin, black, Italian pointed shoes. That's not a very British youth way of dressing, so we subverted it by putting a big pair of boots on the end. That changed it totally, and was also a big success. We built up a great relationship with DMs, and basically made a fortune out of it."

Red Or Dead opened an outlet in Rupert Street, Soho, in 1986 before moving to Neal Street, in Covent Garden, the following year. The interior of the double-fronted store changed constantly, but it was always striking, shifting colours and designs but always centred on a teetering spiral staircase. And the clothes matched the spirit of the times, particularly the footwear, which included multi-coloured, suede, round-toed shoes with candy-striped platform soles; the "spoon shoe", which had a clownish shape, featuring inset love hearts and stars; and one-inch-heeled, peep-toed slingbacks for men. ("We plan to take over the foot of the Western world," Hemingway informed *Blitz* at the time.)

In keeping with other designers, he also adapted household brands for T-shirts. A particularly popular

Hemingway: "We plan to take over the foot of the Western world"

range was "Groover", based on the Hoover vacuum cleaner's trademark typeface.

Regular customers included the Pet Shop Boys, Jason Donovan and Kylie Minogue, but the act that became most strongly associated with the store was the early boy-pop trio Bros, who were put together by former graphic designer Tom Watkins and sported many of the elements of '80s clubwear: the shredded vintage Levi's, the flat-top and the leather bike jacket. They wore Red Or Dead shoes, notably a round, black design complete with watch and watch-strap where the buckle should be.

"Around that time, we were one of the only trendy shops," says Hemingway. "There were either big designer names or high-street brands and not much in between. When we moved to Neal Street, we were the first streetwear shop there, and all the pop stars used to come in. People like Kylie wore our stuff on her album covers. We didn't care how naff they were.

"And Saturday mornings used to be mad. The staff used to ring us up demanding bouncers because the queues were going around the block, with all the kids wanting to buy shoes with a strap and a bloody broken watch on them! And they went for a lot of money – around £70 a pair. If we were out of stock for a couple of weeks, we'd tell people exactly when they'd be back in, and there'd be queues again. You'd start the day selling 100 pairs and take it all in the first hour. Shops don't take £7,000 in a day now."

Throughout the '90s, Red Or Dead progressed apace, with store openings from Copenhagen to Prague to Tokyo, and design commissions from Marks & Spencer and awards from the British Fashion Council.

The Hemingways relinquished control of their label by selling to Facia in 1995 but, on the collapse of that company the following year, bought Red Or Dead back with investment from the Pentland Group. By the end of the decade the pair had exited the fashion world, though Wayne maintained a spot as a presenter on *The Big Breakfast* TV show. He also became a proselytiser on behalf of second-hand clothing, championing the ethical value of shopping at charity stores.

In 2000 he wrote an article complaining about the "Wimpyfication and Barrettisation of Britain", condemning the lack of community living on modern housing estates produced by the country's largest building combines. The owner of one, George Wimpey, challenged the Hemingways to do better, and within a couple of years they had designed housing developments in Gateshead, Manchester, Skelmersdale and Greater London to some acclaim.

With an extraordinary modernist house in Chichester, which acts as a showcase for the products, such as wallpaper, of their company Hemingway Design, the Hemingways are probably better known these days for their opinions on housing and interior decor than for their peculiar and humorous fashions.

But Hemingway still regards the late-'80s phase of his fashion career with warmth, based on the belief that acid house was the last time that music and dress were inextricably intertwined. "We knew we were part of that movement, and the people who were in that would come to us. I'm sure that's the last real movement in music and fashion. There's been nothing since then, and there's nothing on the horizon."

30

“EVERYTHING KIND OF LOOSENED UP”

While the insistent rhythms of house took over the charts, the radio playlists and the clubs of Europe, influencing rock (for example Primal Scream’s 1991 album Screamadelica) and pop (the big hit of 1990 was Snap’s The Power), the post-acid comedown was reflected in a series of deliberately introverted musical styles. Not for nothing were rock sub-genres named “shoe-gazing”, “fraggle” and “shambling”.

Hip-hop moved away from the colourful, afro-centric but preppy east coast style of Daisy Age founders De La Soul and their fellow “conscious” acts in the Native Tongues movement, the Jungle Brothers and A Tribe Called Quest. In commercial terms, this was replaced by the baggy-pants showbiz of MC Hammer, but the coolest place in rap was now the ultra-violent and misogynistic world of the west coast gangsta-rappers such as Ice Cube, Dr Dre and Snoop Doggy Dogg, who chose blunted beats and nightmarish samples as an accompaniment to their stoned tales of gang warfare and the degradation of “bitches”.

Their clothes were influenced by the Chicano gangs and Latino low riders fighting over the turf in east and south-central LA: bandannas, white T-shirts, plaid shirts buttoned at the top, over-sized grey or khaki trousers, prison-style overalls and jeans and expensive trainers or highly polished black shoes. Gangs such as the Crips emphasised blue in their shirts, hats and bandannas, while the Bloods went for scarlet.

European dance music took decades to make an impact in America. It wasn’t until the spring and summer of 2000, for example, that raves became commonplace and a furore started over ecstasy usage by American teens. In terms of commercial rock, poodle-haired metallists such as Poison and Bon Jovi were replaced by the hard rock of Guns N’ Roses, which in turn was supplanted by the old-school punk attitudes of Seattle’s grunge pack.

Grunge was anti-stadium rock, anti-corporate and anti-style, underlined by the fact that, like metal and most other white American genres before it, it wasn’t tied to individual stores and designers. This was democratic and DIY fashion. The worn and torn flannel shirts, dirty sneakers, moth-eaten cardigans, greasy jeans and lank hair of Nirvana, Mudhoney and Pearl Jam came from thrift and goodwill stores in the Pacific north west, and fans across America followed suit. For the first time in pop history, mainstream American youth embraced second-hand clothing in the same way their British cousins had for decades.

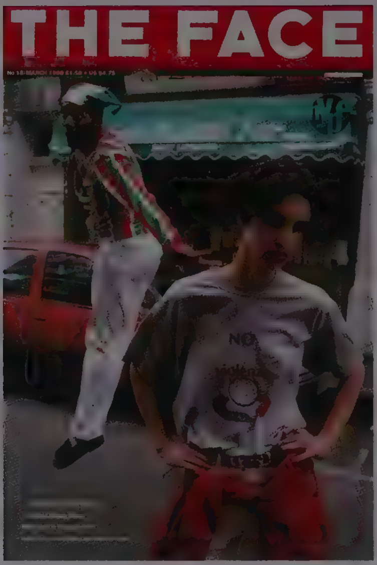
Grunge confirmed that pop and rock had wrung dry every innovatory fashion and style. In the UK, as in America, complete looks were mass-marketed – ravers and baggy enthusiasts could buy their Joe Bloggs jeans and “Cool As Fuck” T-shirts marketed by the Inspiral Carpets in music magazines such as *Select*, which advised readers on the latest sneakers and skatewear available in the high street.

The double whammy of the sportswear revolution and dance culture democratised fashion, making it accessible to all. In business terms, the obsession with labels, from Gucci and Versace to Nike and Adidas, raised the stakes. In music circles, at least, fashion and music had become unfashionable; video and computer games became just as important to teens as record releases, while alternative comedy, according to television executive Janet Street Porter, was “the new rock ’n’ roll”. This title was in fact also applicable to football, whose popularity was assisted by the rise of lad culture.

In 1990, the year of the World Cup in Italy, the links between pop and sport became overt for the first time. Five years after shops such as The “Duffer” Of St George and its associated club The Cat In The Hat celebrated football stars, the old-school shirts they had sold became trendy, and were worn with flat Puma State trainers, which the shop had also been championing for some time. The big hit in the UK that summer was the official World Cup song World In Motion by New Order, with contributions from raffish comic/actor Keith Allen.

Among the most successful lines that summer was a T-shirt bearing the slogan “No Alla Violenza”, a comment on the fact that ecstasy usage had become so widespread that loved-up football hooligans were embracing rather than fighting each other on the terraces. It was produced by a young team

OPPOSITE **Pam Hogg: “More than a designer”**



ABOVE Burro's Tim and Olaf Parker

RIGHT "No Alla Violenza" features in *The Face*

consisting of Olaf Parker, his brother Tim and his wife Sue Denney. "We sold unbelievable amounts," says Olaf. "Everyone had one. Every club you went into there'd be at least half a dozen people wearing them, and bands like The Farm and The Beloved took them up."

No Alla Violenza transformed the team's lives. At the time, Olaf Parker and Denney were producing textile designs for fashion houses including Chanel, while Tim was funding their "little" T-shirt business with a day job. "When I was at college, I'd done a T-shirt for the previous World Cup, about 30 of which Tim sold to a few mates," says Olaf. "We thought we'd do it again with about 40 of each design and did our little costings. They didn't take off for about three months. Then *The Face* carried an article about the World Cup fashion and ours was the coolest thing there, and it just went crazy."

Tim believes such designs tapped a new market: "It wasn't '80s designer, but it was music-related with all the cool club people wearing them. Although rave was massive at the time, it wasn't what we were into. Our thing was still funk and rare groove."

By the time World Cup fever died down, the team had banked £10,000 and decided to plough it into a full-time business, which they called Burro. "We had a tiny lock-up in Deptford and were doing mini-collections of no more than about 10 pieces: a couple of pairs of trousers, two or three jackets and some shirts and T-shirts," says Olaf. "All this was selling on the season, and it was still part of the clubs. Dance culture really had an effect on fashion, particularly menswear. Everything kind of loosened up."

One of their accounts was the '60s revival shop Sign Of The Times, frequented by the likes of Paul Weller, who commissioned Burro to create a look for his 1992 UK tour. They came up with dressy, patterned, big-collared shirts with French cuffs and mod-influenced suits in pencil-thin cuts to complement Weller's angular looks and the late '60s/early '70s style of his music. "It was contemporary mod, late mod," says Olaf. "Not The Jam. We didn't go about it by saying, 'Let's look at a picture of the Small Faces and copy the clothes.' It was just a move in that direction."

The following year, the Parkers opened the Burro store in Floral Street, Covent Garden, with clothes that verged on flash, such as jeans-cut trousers in heavy two-toned Tonik, while Tim asserts that the knitwear was "always different and interesting, particularly the colours – we were into fabrics, because people weren't using them and because of our background in textiles. Now technology has caught up, but then the manufacturers weren't up to speed. We ended up buying lots of old and semi-vintage fabrics".

At the time, many clubs were going through the "fluffy bra" stage – in other words, the emphasis was on glitz and sexiness, with considerable exposure of flesh for women and high fashion for men. "Everyone was dressing up in all that spangly stuff," says Tim. "Through the clubs, men had become less and less self-conscious."

"There was suddenly a market for the stuff we were making," adds Olaf. "By that time, we had a reputation for doing what people broadly speaking would have called retro clothes, although we never saw it as that. We didn't want to recreate pieces from the past. It's just that was our look."

Burro's custom was by no means restricted to clubbers. After a very flat period for British rock, when Suede appeared to offer the only defence against the grunge invasion, several bands were reworking sounds from the past. Blur had chosen the '60s social observation of artists such as The Kinks' leader Ray Davies, Oasis merged garage rock with Beatles-like melodies and Pulp championed '70s tank-top geekiness. These and many other acts were to become keen Burro customers as Britpop came to the fore.

In Pulp's case, frontman Jarvis Cocker epitomised the Burro look of the mid-'90s, and the band's clothes in the video for Disco 2000 were all from the store. "At that time, there wasn't much scope if you were into that style," says Olaf. "There weren't that many people doing it. Within a couple of years you could get that look in Top Man. Then it was a bit more groundbreaking."

Burro maintained its musical connections. In 1997, the store put out a compilation of Latin music under the title Burro Presents. "It was an unusual move for a clothes shop," admits Tim. "We had a friend who was starting a record company who had heard us DJing, and we just felt it was a natural move."

Although the commercial stakes were raised by the opening of its first outlet in Japan a few years back, Burro recognises such initiatives do not square with realising purely commercial objectives. "To some extent, things like the record have been our downfall," says Olaf, "because if you were completely 100 per cent serious you wouldn't piss around with things like that. Maybe we could have made the whole thing much bigger and been in every high street, but we would have been completely bored."

The early Noughties' blight on independent retailers driven mainly by hair-raising hikes in rents in inner-city shopping areas, not least Covent Garden, saw Burro take the decision in 2004 to shut their outlets and concentrate on wholesaling and online retail.

Stores such as Burro had to operate in an entirely different environment from that of their predecessors. Since the early '90s, potential customers have been bombarded with imported and domestic brands of sportswear, particularly those homing in on the worldwide skate scene.

At the beginning of that decade, Fraser Cooke's visits to

America resulted in contacts with newcomers such as Pervert in Miami and Fresh Jive in Los Angeles. "Suddenly there were some young companies who had been inspired by Stüssy," he says. "I got a mention of Pervert in *The Face*, which also included my number, and people started ringing me up. Working on my own, I started to sell through stores like Bond and Fly in London and Dr Jive in Scotland."

With performers such as Robbie Williams and Janet Jackson wearing Pervert hats and shirts and stirrings of media outrage over the name, the brand became established, but Cooke points to the inbuilt obsolescence in this market. "I did quite well for a while, but all these things have about a five-year shelf life," he says. "The guy that did Pervert joined a religious cult and fucked the business off. It was downhill from there. Distribution is really hard these days. Brands used to be so popular that they would send me 120 T-shirts and I'd sell them immediately, but it's changed. People became more picky, and the general shape has been copied everywhere. The Gap stuff looks so similar."

Cooke believes there were two developments: quality improved and Japanese firms took the creative initiative within a few years. "Companies such as Good Enough absorbed the American influence, perfected it, and took it to another level," he told me in 2000. "And it's not only in streetwear. I'm not personally into it, but look at what Evisu did with denim. They took a collectors' market and managed to flog it to everyone."

By 2001, Cooke was working with Michael Koppelman, managing the Hideout shop in Upper James Street, Soho, and maintaining contacts all over the world. "We're not interested in world domination," said Cooke at the time. "Because we don't oversell, it keeps the brands constantly desirable. That means they're cool for a long time. For example, Good Enough stopped producing any clothes for six months. They could see that if they carried on at the rate they were going it would be over, so they blew their accounts. Now they're back but making the lines out of mad spec materials so nobody can copy them."

Koppelman saw his representation of Good Enough, Hysteric Glamour, Sarcastic, Bathing Ape and Gimme Five as part of a global network of individuals who are DJs, musicians and designers – sometimes all three at once. One such was Hiroshi Fujiwara, the man behind a number of brands, including Good Enough, who also recorded an album with Eric Clapton. "He's a really big influence, a multi-talented guy," says Koppelman, "Just one of those people who's at the centre of everything. These are all people involved in underground sub-culture, in supermarket trash culture. We're putting together all these different threads from around the world."

One of the leading outlets for Hysteric Glamour in the late '90s was Shop, a tiny but fascinating store nestling among the strip joints and restaurants of Soho's Brewer Street. Rebranded in 2005 as The World According To and run by Pippa Brooks and Max Karie, it has musical connections running through its 10-year history. Brooks, the singer/songwriter with synth-pop band Posh, completed a solo album early in 2006.

Among the brands sold by Shop were X-Girl (the label run by Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon) and the Beastie Boys' Grand Royal T-shirts, as well as their X-Large label. They also stocked Malcolm McLaren's Dead In England label and for a short period sold classic ranges from Fiorucci. One of its regular designers is Stevie Stewart, co-founder of Body Map, and The World According To maintains hand-picked lines from Vivienne Westwood's latest collections.

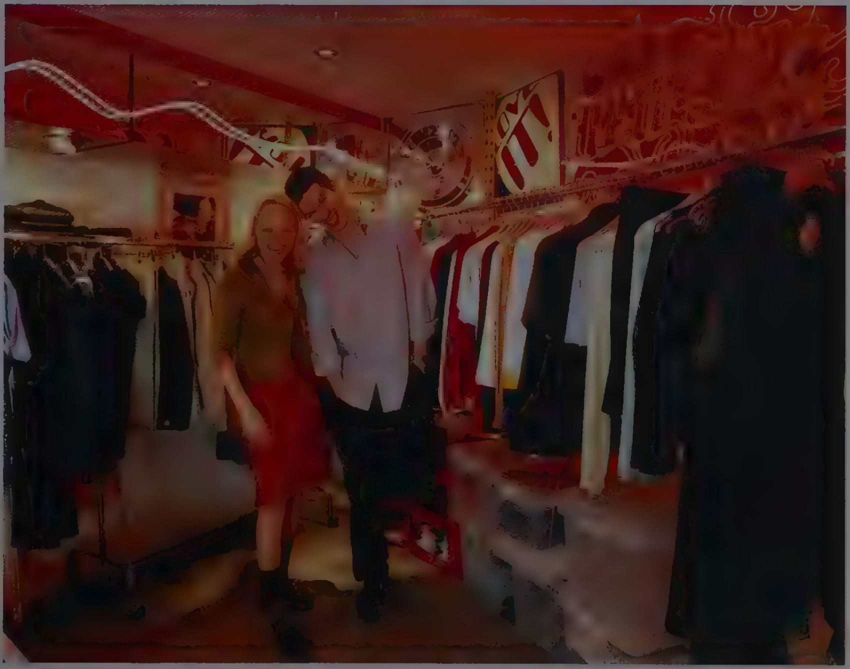
Karie first encountered Brooks in Soho media haunt Fred's, where he was DJing while she was performing her songs. "We've always had a musical bond," says Karie in their offices overlooking the rooftops and neon signs of Soho. The pair opened Shop in 1995 after operating an outlet within The Laundry, where they sold the "Rock Star" T-shirt produced by Keith Richards' former partner Anita Pallenberg, as well as clothes designed by pre-eminent stylist Judy Blame.

"We set up along the lines of the rock business in that we viewed clothes as artists," says Karie. "You'd look at each collection as an album, and there needed to be a hit single. You need the single to market the album, and vice versa. And the label, whether it's X-Large or Tocca, Silas or Sonia Rykiel, has to be a bit of a pop star, at least enough to attract the magazines, because then you get a name. Everything we sell has kind of a feeling of being marketed; that's why we're less a fashion shop than a fashionable shop."

Brooks admits she and Karie have often been swayed by the characters behind the labels rather than by the clothes themselves. "You become a bit fascinated by a personality, as opposed to whether or not what they're doing is particularly fashionable," she says. "Like Kim Gordon doing X-Girl – we loved that whole thing. We decided that we were going to love the clothes before we'd even seen them."

The launch of the Shopgirl brand in 2000 was musically informed. "The name was kind of a homage to X-Girl," says Karie, "but it also had a derogatory feel to it, labelling someone as merely a sales assistant. But [Garbage singer] Shirley Manson was a sales assistant in Miss Selfridge, and she always thought, 'I'm going to make it'. It's a bit of the underdog, a bit 'Poor cow, you're going to make it after all, despite what people think'."

He says the duo have never had qualms about exploiting



BELOW Hysteric Glamour: Brooks and Karie at Shop

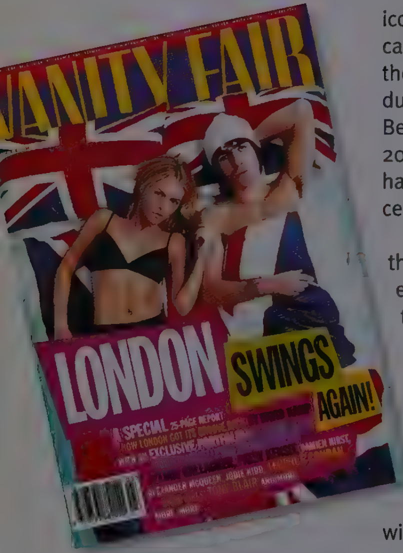
ABOVE Spice Girls: "Something genius about them"

the collision between pop and fashion. "If you get it right on that level, it's free advertising," he points out. "And why shouldn't we? Madonna's an artist respected for her determination, but she will still model for Donatella Versace."

A 2001 hook-up with traditional undergarment manufacturer Damart produced a line of clothing under the Shopgirl brand that featured skimpy lace-edged tops and knickers eagerly snapped up by performers such as Geri Halliwell. Around the same time, her erstwhile Spice Girls colleague Melanie B acquired a Dead In England Too Fast To Live Too Young To Die T-shirt via her stylist from Shop. "There were pictures of her wearing it in *Hello*," gasps Karie. "She cropped it to show her belly-button piercing. It's so weird that she'd be wearing that anyway, because she's so not punk. It was really inappropriate and really wrong, but it just shows the power of stylists."

The fact that the Spice Girls straddled the late '90s as style icons speaks volumes about pop fashion at that time, from the calculated outrage of Halliwell's revealing Union Jack dress at the 1996 Brit Awards to Mel B's appearances on the catwalks during London Fashion Week a few years later. Victoria Beckham appeared for Roberto Cavalli in Milan in January 2006, though any musical career she may have laid claim to had been evaporated by this stage by the overpowering celebrity of herself and husband David.

"There was something genius about the Spice Girls, though," says Boy George. "They had the cheap, council-estate appeal that worked well for the times." That was at the launch, however, when their images produced branded clothes to identify with each member – tracksuits for Sporty and junglist wear for Scary. By the time of their last album, Forever, in autumn 2000, the links with high fashion were firmly established: in mass-market lads' mags such as British *Esquire*, the quartet were dressed to the nines in Missoni, DKNY, Ralph Lauren, Helmut Lang and Gucci.



ABOVE Liam Gallagher and first wife Patsy Kensit: "Undeniable cool"

The Spice Girls went for out-and-out glamour, at odds with the more understated, though nevertheless stylish, presentation of the huge male British act of the '90s, Oasis. Frontman Liam Gallagher commands an undeniable rock cool, though the group's legions of fans were happy to settle for the new lad uniform of expensive if anonymous-looking jeans, checked, button-down Ben Sherman shirts (a nod to the casual/mod roots of Britpop but always worn outside the jeans), anoraks and brand-name trainers, desert boots or Gucci loafers.

When their outlet was still called Shop, Brooks and Karie developed a pre-bling licensing deal with Playboy Inc. The first fruits of this partnership appeared when the familiar logo was presented in sparkling form on T-shirts and as pendants and earrings. Soon Playboy became a familiar and bootlegged brand across the Western world, adorning porn stars and rock chicks alike. Shop got out of the market swiftly. "If it's something you can get anywhere, we don't really see much of a point in having it," says Karie. "Not that we want to stock weird shit that doesn't sell – there's a fine line between being artsy and arsey – but, put it this way, we wouldn't sell Diesel. You can get Diesel and Levi's in Selfridges. Why would we want to sell it?"

This exclusive approach extended to companies such as X-Large, controlled by the Beastie Boys, which supplied particular lines to Brooks and Karie in the '90s on a one-off basis. X-Large has outlets itself in America, with stores which used to run adjacent with X-Girl until Gordon took the decision to wind down the company in 1999. "She originally wanted to do cheap, affordable clothes which girls can get into," says Brooks. "That was a fantastic premise, but she decided to shut it rather than have it continue as a commercial venture without her input."

Among The World According To's heroines is Courtney Love, who has worn many of the outlet's clothes. "She's so great because people don't understand her," claims Karie. "When she had that reputation [of being] a heroin addict, the most punk thing she could do was to go glamorous and be on the cover of *Harper's Bazaar.*"

As the '90s progressed, hip-hop style was wrested from the control of dressed-down gangstas by rising and confrontationally sexy east coast female stars Lil' Kim, Mary J Blige and Foxy Brown, as well as players such as Biggie Smalls and his producer, Sean "Diddy" Combes. They projected a lifestyle of Cristal champagne, Cuban cigars and couture which came to fruition with the massive success of artists such as Jay Z, 50 Cent and Usher.

As *Vibe* writer Emil Wilbekin points out in his hip-hop fashion overview *Great Aspirations*, rappers had long been name-checking fashion brands; way back in the '80s, Slick Rick talked about putting on "my brand new Gucci underwear". Wilbekin also stresses how designers from Isaac Mizrahi to Todd Oldham and Karl Lagerfeld appropriated elements of black style in their work, while another breakthrough came in 1994 when Ralph Lauren chose Jamaican model Tyson Beckford to promote his preppy Polo brand. Polo, David Chu's Nautica and in particular Tommy Hilfiger became the sportswear brands of choice, along with black-targeted labels such as FUBU (For Us By Us), backed by Samsung.

Many acts opted to produce their own street wear designs. The Wu-Tang Clan were on the case early with Wu-Wear, Pras of The Fugees had Refugee Gear, and hip-hop moguls got in on the act. Russell Simmons operated the Phat Farm brand and Master P had his own clothes company.

After years spent behind the scenes building his own empire, Bad Boy Entertainment, and amassing a personal fortune estimated at $120 million, the man now known as Diddy first launched a recording career as a solo artist and then as a self-

Mark Powell
M
P
Bespoke Tailor

proclaimed "ghetto fabulous" fashionista. He had modelled for Hilfiger (along with Raekwon, Jodeci and the late Tupac Shakur's girlfriend, Kidada Jones), and witnessed the power wielded by fashion first hand. Wilbekin points out that Hilfiger sweatshirts sold out in New York the day after Snoop Doggy Dogg had appeared on *Saturday Night Live* wearing one.

Such power drew Diddy, as did associations with American *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour and Donatella Versace. In 1998 he launched his range of hip-hop jeans for the Sean John brand and joined in New York fashion shows in the winter of 2000 with his first fashion collection, for which models wore white fur coats, black leather trousers and millions of dollars' worth of diamonds. "Hey, I'm like a real designer," he told the *Daily Telegraph Magazine*'s Catherine Wilson in April 2000. "I feel like a lot of men's fashion is boring. Sean John is sexy, hip-hop and rock 'n' roll. A lot of times, people just try to say the ghetto is negative. I am talking about the positive things. The soulfulness mixed with the fabulousness. A lot of men feel they have to be so reserved, so cool, it becomes boring."

It is true that traditionalism crept back in during the '90s as the suit made a major comeback, propelled by bespoke operators such as Ozwald Boateng, Timothy Everest, Richard James, Mark Powell and William Hunt. Powell produced clothes for the likes of Bryan Ferry, Wet Wet Wet, Take That and The Cranberries. "I really got stuck back into it and did tons of stuff: Madness for a Sekonda advert, the Black Watch tartan suit George Michael wore at the Wembley AIDS concert, jackets and trousers for Dinah Carroll, Siobhan Fahey, even Mel B. She was wearing an orange suit I made for her when she met Prince Charles."

In 1992, Powell started to develop a look that was taken up by Take That, then by Boyzone, and later became the '90s boy-band staple: suits with full-length coats, usually in darker hues and usually in velvet. "I was keeping a strong element of tradition, the Savile Row thing, in such a way that it becomes fashion," he claims. "Once people have done all that designer gear, they can't really do anywhere else, so where do they go? There's only one place: a tailor."

Come the new millennium, Powell switched gear, and retained his individual edge by drawing on a new set of influences. In the process, he believes, the refusal to cross over enabled him to maintain an avant-garde edge.

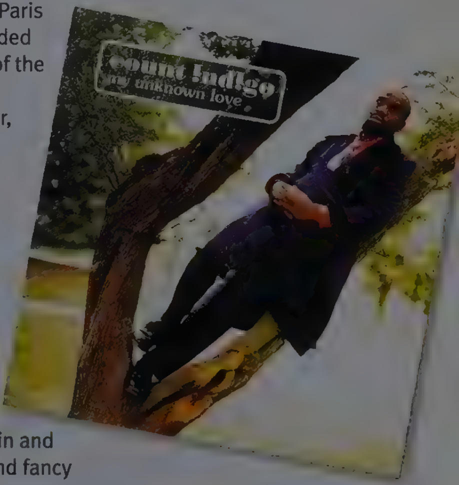
"I got away from the Edwardian/'60s look and developed a style inspired by the '20s, '30s and '70s," he says. These included Oxford bag trousers and short-length jackets with sharp, pointed lapels and panel backs. Powell describes this hybrid look as equal parts "androgyny, Yves Saint Laurent, Helmut Newton and '30s gangster".

With shows at such London venues as the Café de Paris and the Savile Row restaurant Sartoria, Powell extended his client base to socialite political scion and owner of the Zoltar The Magnificent brand Dan Macmillan (named British *GQ*'s best-dressed man of 2001), Bianca Jagger, Naomi Campbell, Goldie, Huey from Fun Lovin' Criminals, Kevin Rowland (nominated for British *GQ*'s Best Dressed Man in 2004 on the basis of Powell's designs) and Usher (who wore a Powell outfit in the video for 2005 single Caught Up).

Back in the early '90s Powell – whose clothes featured in the 2003/5 world tour of the British Fashion Council's 21st Century Dandy exhibition – ran a tongue-in-cheek easy-listening night in Soho called Violet's, after the mother of London gangsters the Kray twins. He gave up after a couple of years, but in 1994, as London started to swing again and the British economy boomed, a number of dandies and fancy dressers coalesced around a new easy listening movement. Clubs such as Cheese, Smashing and Blow-Up celebrated the new financial vigour by playing the smooth sounds of Burt

ABOVE Mark Powell in Soho

LEFT Christos Tolera models Powell



ABOVE Bruce Marcus: "Conservative/radical chic"

ABOVE 1998: Johnson and Strongman go Tiki

Bacharach and Tony Bennett alongside foreign-movie soundtracks and '60s and '70s library-music albums. The key venue was Indigo, at Soho drag bar Madame Jo Jo's.

"Around that time, there was nowhere really to go because house music had this grip on the body politic," says Bruce Marcus, who styles himself as Count Indigo. "I'd never been an out-and-out night-clubbing person because I like talking to people, so I decided to set up my own cabaret club, a place where you could dance, eat, watch an act and chat as well. In the first six weeks, the DJs were playing soundtracks and library music between the acts, and then it took off very, very quickly. All these people came out of the woodwork, and there was this media-invented, easy-listening scene."

Marcus was brought up in Northampton and attended a boarding school as a day boy, the only black kid among 400 pupils. Having flirted with two-tone, he developed a mid-century gentleman's look while working at the town's premier second-hand clothing emporium, Scrooge. "There were a lot of goths there, because it was the home of Bauhaus, but I couldn't get into that look. I was into electro groups like DAF and the Gang Of Four, street political music and agit-pop, but I suppose I didn't look like most people listening to that music."

Certainly not. Marcus would wear plus-fours and a herringbone jacket to gigs and clubs. "I've always had this conservative/radical chic thing going on," he says. "There was an element of 'know thine enemy'. At school, I had a good education in the dos and don'ts of the landed gentry, and I guess I've always had a love/hate thing about it which was expressed in those clothes, though of course you can go into self-parody, like [dandy boxer] Chris Eubank."

Indigo's first night set the mood for an alternative to Britpop and dance. "We had a string quartet playing Astor Piazzolla and obscure film music in a classical vein," says Marcus. "The DJs were playing soundtracks and easy stuff because it's the best music for dancing to and talking through and it doesn't jar with live performance." Marcus was by this time wearing '60s Italian suits and starting to pick up on '70s style – larger collars, wider ties and flared suits.

New acquaintances included performers such as Jackie Clunes, DJs James and Martin Karminsky and club-runners Martin Green and Paul Tonkin. With attendees including the singer Björk and Pulp, Indigo also attracted a more mature set, among them actress Barbara Windsor and Virgin boss Sir Richard Branson.

There were live performances at Indigo by easy gods such as Bennett and Bacharach, as well as new lounge exponents like Combustible Edison. In America, the growth of interest in the genre prompted Capitol Records to release its exhaustive 18-part Ultra Lounge series of albums, while acts such as Japan's Pizzicato Five found an international audience. Marcus also signed a record deal, and during Christmas 1995 the scene scored a surprise hit when the Mike Flowers Pops' version of the Oasis song Wonderwall went to number two in the charts.

In fashion terms, the lounge look was developed by designers such as Gucci, who produced '70s-style clothing in gaudy synthetics. Although easy's novelty value was confirmed by the flash-in-the-pan success of Flowers, the influence of the movement endured in the late '90s French disco of acts such as Air and Etienne de Crécy.

One of the influences in the easy/lounge melting pot was Tiki, the '50s appreciation of South Seas and Polynesian culture in America, notably manifested in Hawaiian shirts and cocktail bars such as the Hilton chain Trader Vic's. Retailer Lloyd Johnson launched a brave attempt to shift Tiki into the mainstream in the late '90s, inspired by repeated trips to the west coast. "I went over to LA and walked into the Lava Lounge," he recalls, referring to the stunningly designed retro bar that opened on the west coast in 1995. "The Blue Hawaiians [a hip instrumental act] were playing the theme from *Beat Girl*, and I thought I'd died and gone to heaven!"

In response to the hegemony of the personality-free '90s dressed-down look (which constituted multi-pocketed and voluminous combat trousers and zippered fleece jackets), Johnson had already started to produce a range of Rat Pack wear: shiny sharkskin suits, fancy shirts, patent leather shoes, rhinestone tie-clips and cufflinks and short-sleeved, flyaway-collared shirts adorned with dragons and oriental imagery. Bands such as the Fun Lovin' Criminals adopted the look wholesale. "I did the Vegas stuff because I was sick to death of seeing people dressed like they just walked off a campsite," he says, referring to the look that was dominated by the anorak. "It looked like Millets with a Stüssy label on it."

In 1998, Johnson opened a shop on London's Portobello Road as a showcase for the Vegas and Tiki looks. Complete with bamboo bars and raffia work, the shop stocked exotica albums by the likes of Arthur Lyman, Les Baxter and Yma Sumac as well as South Seas-style shirts, dresses and shorts. "I wanted to ensure it wasn't a fashion thing," he says.

Many performers agree. Fatboy Slim picked up many items to add to his collection of loud shirts, while Noel Gallagher opted for the more muted, dragon style.

Yet Johnson's Tikified outlet in Notting Hill failed to hit commercially. The crowds around Portobello Road maintained a preference for combat trousers, and were soon buying knock-off dragon shirts in inferior fabrics from market stalls a few yards down the road. "Sportswear is so dull," says Johnson mournfully. "There's a lot to be done with it, but people don't bother. You could make it more space-age and less like Candice-Marie and Keith from *Nuts In May*."

Having closed his outlet in Kensington Market after 25 years in mid-1999, Johnson was also forced to shut the Tiki shop in the autumn of that year. Outrageous rent increases then squeezed him out of his King's Road outlet at the beginning of 2000. Since then he, like many others forced out of physical retailing, have embraced the internet, operating licensing deals based on LaRocka designs for T-shirts and other separates for America and Japan as well as via London outlets including Liberty.

Johnson's ability to operate without a physical outlet is indicative of the changed circumstances of pop fashion in the final decade of the last century. Some are glad the period of transition is complete. "The '90s was a nightmare, the most dreary time in fashion history," says designer Antony Price, who was absent from the scene for much of the period. "Thank God it came to an end!

"All we had were people walking around in black shifts with two straps and hugely expensive labels. There was no work in those garments at all. All the money that was paid for those clothes went on the advertising, because companies are so desperate to be successful and don't want to get up people's noses."

Hogg and Harry: "You want this, don't you?"

Hogg couture

Style magazine coverage raised Hogg's profile

"EVERYONE WENT MENTAL"

One designer who all but obliterated the distinctions between rock 'n' roll and fashion is the Glaswegian blonde bombshell Pam Hogg; in the early '90s she was described by the *Sunday Times* as "more than a designer – one of the catalysts behind Alternative London".

Having taught herself to make clothes in her teens, Hogg studied fine art and printed textiles at Glasgow School Of Art – which had no fashion department at the time – and arrived in the capital in the mid-'70s for further textiles studies at the Royal College Of Art.

But she says the two years at the RCA were only fruitful in that they established her in London. On completion of the course she remained in the city and focused on making clothes again. Coming through punk and becoming part of the Blitz scene, she emerged with a collection and wangled her way on to a Fashion Council-funded show in Paris.

"I'd printed my own fabrics with metallic gold and made garments by using eyelets to lace them all up and hold them together," says Hogg at her east London abode, which is dominated by a huge portrait of Iggy Pop. "Everyone kept asking where I bought my clothes, and through that I heard that the Fashion Council were giving out grants, so I presented my mini collection and all they wanted to know was what college I'd studied at. On hearing the magic words Royal College Of Art, they wrongly assumed I'd been at the fashion department."

As a result of the Paris show, Hogg received an order from South Molton Street retailer Chatters and in 1984 was approached to share a small stand at the Kensington Olympia fashion fair. "I put together a new collection based on the clothes I'd made for myself, and everyone went mental fighting over it. I wasn't equipped to produce large quantities so could only take on and fulfil parts of orders from people like Harvey Nichols, Harrods and Joseph."

Over subsequent seasons, Hogg established herself with studded silver leather biker jackets and printed Lycra separates presented in a series of themed shows.

Hogg's profile was raised higher when she became a leading light within Kensington's Hyper Hyper fashion market and then with her own outlet in Newburgh Street, parallel to moribund Carnaby Street.

Along the way she made connections with such performers as tragic fellow Scot and vocalist extraordinare Billy Mackenzie, as well as female icons such as Siouxsie Sioux and Blondie singer Debbie Harry, and later on Courtney Love (who told Hogg when they first met, "I've been looking for you for years").

Hogg first met Harry at a London party in the '80s, at a time when she was working hard preparing a show. "I had only gone for an hour's break and was just about to head back to the studio when Alannah Currie [of the Thompson Twins] said, 'You can't leave. Debbie's coming'," recalls Hogg. "At that moment she walked into the room, and up until that point I hadn't realised that I had a heroine. All I could say was, 'I love you,' again and again like some awestruck kid."

A couple of days later the two bumped into each other again at another gathering, "but this time the show was done and dusted and I was my own cool self again and not that spaced-out dork", says Hogg. "I was lounging on a sofa sipping cocktails, dressed up in my own gear – a black wet-look catsuit with mesh panels giving a suspenders-and-stockings effect. Debbie was looking me up and down and I said to her, 'You want this, don't you?'" Within 24 hours Harry had jokingly locked Hogg out of her own shop while buying the outfit for herself, starting a friendship that continues to this day.

By the time of 1989's collection Warrior Queen, Hogg's vocals had featured on dance hit The Garden Of Eden and within a couple of years she made a brief appearance on stage in Nashville with industrialists Pig Face. Subsequently she hooked up with musician/songwriter Rob Courtney. "We share the same influences: Suicide, the Dolls, the Stooges, Joy Division, The Saints," says Hogg. "None of that was particularly fashionable at the time, but I've always hated fashion. I love dressing up and making clothes but the word 'trendy' makes me want to vomit."

Late in 1993, Hogg received a call from Harry asking her to support Blondie on the final dates of their UK reunion tour. "It was a last-minute thing," explains Hogg. "She said the support band wasn't working, but she hadn't realised that I'd quit the band she came to see me sing with a year previously, and had no idea that I'd only five songs newly written with Rob Courtney."

In five days she formed Doll, a band that included club-runner/label owner Sean McLuskey, to play the final dates of the tour. "The reception was incredible," she says. "We'd put this set together in a mad rush and kids were coming backstage asking where they could buy our records. We had to say, 'Er ... we haven't actually released any records, we don't have a manager or a record company'."

She closed the Newburgh Street outlet in 1993. "I'd had enough of the treadmill by then," she says, "and didn't want to live to regret anything." Since then, Hogg has concentrated on a variety of extramural projects, including shooting a film that features a disparate cast including Daryl Hannah, David Soul and Primal Scream.

Hogg still designs one-offs, including the remarkable Japanese-style costumes for Siouxsie Sioux's Dreamshow world tour of 2004. "Siouxsie really knows what she wants," says Hogg. "She drew me rough ideas and showed me pictures for a Kabuki-style outfit with strict instructions as to the versatility of the fabrics for travelling and washing. It was quite a challenge but I solved the practical problems by making each part of the garment detachable."

These days Hogg is an in-demand DJ – opening such events as Selfridges' month-long celebration of punk and British streetwear in March 2006. Recently one of her tracks appeared on the Chicks On Speed compilation Girl Monster. Hogg is also a regular performer of torch songs at London night-spots. Yet she hasn't turned her back on clothing design. Early in 2006 she was designing a small collection for a show in Spain.

"I will always design in an unorthodox fashion. That's my way and it puts the Hogg Couture stamp on my work."

31

“THE ONLY REALLY INTERESTING IDEAS ARE THOSE WHICH ARE UNFASHIONABLE”

In the twenty-first century the lines between popular music and fashion have been not so much blurred as annihilated by global marketing, advertising and promotion. The biggest-selling sneaker in America is 50 Cent's GXII for Reebok, demonstrating the commercial value brought to street style by the urban performers who dominate American pop.

The genre's greatest dandy, Andre 3000 of Outkast, has been proclaimed the world's best-dressed man by *Esquire*, whose fashion director Nick Sullivan said: “He's a complete individual. But that's really the point.”

The singer, real name Andre Benjamin, made his mark by mixing traditional, even quaint, elements – tweed caps, plus-fours, Oxford bags, colourful waistcoats, spats, cravats – with post-bling style, wearing a lime green jacket at the 2004 Grammy Awards, an apple red fur coat for the VH1 Big In 2003 ceremony and a pink-on-pink ensemble for the 2003 MTV Video Music Awards.

In the fashion shoot accompanying the *Esquire* award, - Benjamin wore items by Michael Kors and Ralph Lauren but also cord trousers from his own label, Andre Benjamin, which is inspired, he says, by “the old men” in his neighbourhood and period films such as *The Great Gatsby*. “To me, that's real style – anything that feels comfortable and expresses your personality and makes you stand a little taller,” he told *Esquire*.

Benjamin represents the interest in dressing up that has supplanted the more casual approach of Tommy Hilfiger, the brand that ruled the early Noughties but suffered a depressing revenue slide, resulting in a takeover at the beginning of 2006.

A couple of years earlier, bling had been supplanted by the “gentleman's revolution” pioneered by Sean “Diddy” Combes' stylist and manservant Mr Fonzworth Bentley, who drove the move from sneakers and tracksuits into tailored suits. Boasting his own line of umbrellas, Bentley became the face of Courvoisier advertising and hosted the BET fashion awards.

While the labels had switched to Savile Row, the “gentleman's up” was yet another version of the Cristal and bling lifestyle of those who have escaped the ghetto.

While it is satisfying to witness the social mobility of rap players running with the highest echelons of the fashion world – for example, the powerful former Chanel model Kimora Lee Simmons (whose mogul husband Russell sold his Phat Farm brand for $140m) these days chairs posh charity committees featuring the likes of Diane Von Furstenberg, Oscar de la Renta, Zac Posen and American *Vogue* editor André Leon Talley – many find the concentration on worldly goods unpalatable, particularly when it's presented in a mix with violence and misogyny.

“There's a celebration of vulgarity everywhere these days, but particularly in the rap community,” says Gene Krell, a director of Condé Nast fashion titles across Asia and the former owner of Granny Takes A Trip. “When did it become socially acceptable for your sisters, your daughters, your mothers and your wives to become 'whores' and 'bitches'? When the number one song is Pimpin' Around The World and Jay Z can get away with singing 'you're my favourite whore' all respect has gone.

“What me and the giants like Michael Rainey at Hung On You and Westwood and McLaren did was left-of-centre and anti-bourgeois. You watch the MTV Awards and Li'l Bow Wow is comparing the price of his records with Paris Hilton. Is this what it's come to? The rebellious nature has died and all the talk is about wealth and bitches. These people have become the very thing they despised.”

At the diametric opposite to thug life, Hedi Slimane at Dior Homme bases entire collections on the personal style of skinny white rockers Pete Doherty, Paul Weller and Paul Simonon, working with such contemporary acts as Franz Ferdinand, The Rakes, and Razorlight.

As never before, musicians play a central role in the creation of new fashions. British *Vogue* fashion editor-turned-designer Luella Bartley had Sweden's Raveonettes perform at

OPPOSITE Alex Kapranos of Franz Ferdinand in Dior Homme, 2005

Fender

RIGHT Andre 3000, Fashion Rocks, 2004: "A complete individual"

her New York show in the spring of 2005 and has proclaimed the group's beauty Sharin Foo as her muse for her spring 2006 collection.

At VH1's 2005 Fashion Rocks show, sponsored by glitzy label Swarovski, teenage soul singer Joss Stone, who has become the featured presence in Gap Jeans ads, wore gold jewellery designed by Di Modola to publicise her promotional deal with the World Gold Council, while the more indie-credible Alison Mosshart of The Kills was winner of *Elle* magazine's 2005 Hot Look.

More recently, Louis Vuitton designer Marc Jacobs chose the distinctive looks of White Stripes drummer Meg White as the public face of his own brand Marc; previously, Jacobs selected musicians such as Thurston Moore of Sonic Youth and Stephen Malkmus of Pavement and Sebadoh to model for him.

Meanwhile, in gold bikini, tank top and track pants, Gwen Stefani interrupted the catwalk debut of her label L.A.M.B. during New York Fashion Week in September 2005 to kiss *Vogue* editor-in-chief Anna Wintour. Stefani's fashion sensibilities came to the fore late in 2005 on the release of the debut solo album that gave her brand its name: Love, Angel, Music, Baby. When carrying out promotional duties, the No Doubt singer was invariably decked out head-to-toe in Westwood and accompanied by her four Harajuku girls, the giggling Japanese fashionistas named after the area in Tokyo where the latest street styles are paraded every weekend.

The L.A.M.B. label appears on tracksuits and so-called "rasta gowns" in red, green and gold, reflecting the reggae that is at the base of much of the performer's music. *Glamour* editor-in-chief Cindi Leive summed it all up as "Gwen chic!". In the audience for the L.A.M.B. show were such performers as fashion brand operator Diddy Combes, as well as Ashanti, Lenny Kravitz and Faith Hill. Stefani's selection of Wintour for that kiss expressed the true nature of the event, one where the multinationals that control both industries can draw on their impressive resources across the media to exploit sales in both areas of pop culture.

Today it is not only expected but demanded of our pop performers that they have an innate understanding of fashion, and they are invariably obliging, as brands are exploited via all manner of goods: cosmetics and fragrances (J Lo's Glow), knickers (Kylie Minogue's LoveKylie range), jeans and sportswear (Diddy's Sean John label, Jay Z and Damon Dash's Rocawear), glamorous separates (Beyoncé Knowles' House Of Dereon, named after her seamstress grandmother).

"Everything is pre-packaged, there's no guesswork," says Krell. "I have nothing against these guys personally and have to work with them, but from Hedi Slimane and Marc Jacobs to Dolce e Gabbana and Paul Smith, the dimension of spontaneity has gone.

"I like to tell this story about a guy who took down the drapes in his house and came into my shop and asked us to make a suit out of them. I said, 'Yes. But you gotta have them dry-cleaned first.' Another time another guy came in and asked us to make a pair of boots with flying cocks on them. Our only response was, 'What colour?'"

Today's co-mingling of fashion and music is a far cry from the days when Bryan Ferry's insistence that designer Antony Price's contribution to Roxy Music receive as much recognition as that of the musicians prompted howls of derision in the media, echoes of which can still be traced in sections of the music press to this day.

Price himself says that, at the sharpest end of the couture business, Alexander McQueen at Givenchy and John Galliano at Dior have led the way. "Miss McQueen and Galliano's obsession with detail has finally kiboshed those boring black frocks," he exclaims. "Now you see craftwork, because we Brits have an obsession with history and costumes, but it's taken 15 fucking years of catwalk shows to do it! That kind of detail and fabulous embroidery was probably last seen in 1900. They are influenced by Westwood, but only in the way that she was the first one to successfully knock off history by looking at paintings and saying, 'This is gorgeous! I'll nick a bit of that,' and she did it very well. Then along came John, who was in the vein of Westwood, and McQueen is in the vein of the vein of."

While McQueen's outré sensibilities have been harnessed by performers such as David Bowie and Björk, Galliano's relationship with music goes right back to his St Martins graduate show in 1983, and his credibility is assisted by the fact that he uses the DJ talents of Jeremy Healy in his shows. One of these, in spring 2000, annoyed Madonna's record company when her single American Pie was previewed well ahead of its release date. "I'm a personal friend of Madonna, and she often sends me tunes to play," Healy responded calmly.

Having exited Chloe for her own label backed by Gucci in 2002, Stella McCartney causes as much excitement on the high street as a megastore signing by the latest boyband. When her one-off collection appeared in H&M stores in November 2005 there were near-riot scenes as customers snapped up the entire range, with items appearing as instant collectibles on eBay within hours.

McCartney has never shrunk from exploiting her familial links; when she was design head at Chloe, she and Liv Tyler (daughter of Aerosmith singer Steve Tyler) attended an event at New York's Metropolitan Fashion Institute in specially made one-shouldered tops emblazoned with the phrase "Rock Royalty".

There are those who believe the promotion of figureheads at labels is stifling creativity. "Modern designers are now more into putting things together and drawing on the work of others," says Price. "It's all become a bit of a profession now. A lot of them couldn't cut their way out of a paper bag. Instead they choose things that other people have done and can afford to pay the pattern-cutters for their work. Then they say, 'That's mine'. Everyone does it. These places are like government buildings where people have been for 20 years and, although heads roll if things go wrong, the machine churns on. Of course, they can be heavily influenced by the guy in power, as John has shown us at Dior."

In the high street, it is entirely natural for the chains to use pop to sell trousers; witness the Gap advertising campaign which placed its simple khaki trousers in a variety of musical contexts, from hip-hop to swing. Meanwhile, multiple retailers such as Urban Outfitters offer a one-stop shop for fashion and music with "alternative" connotations. "It's all too easy," says sportswear expert Fraser Cooke of Nike. "You can go there and buy your skatewear, your subway art book and records on vaguely underground labels. This is a corporate presentation for people who can't be bothered to investigate what's out there and, it has to be said, it's done very well."

Others believe the high stakes have robbed the field of a lot of innovation. "I think fashion finished with the twentieth century," says Johnny Moke, who closed his King's Road outlet in 2002, ending four decades of association with style. "Now it's all about big businesses marketing product. Fashion is controlled by a very few big people, maybe 10 giant corporations, not even design houses. The high street has been wiped out and is full of coffee chains, internet cafés, mobile phone shops. Soon shopping malls will sell all the labels out of town. And you talk to anyone in the music business and they'll tell you that the hardest thing is to get a deal, because it costs $250,000 to release the first record."

The rag trade's co-option of credibility from the music scene is not always successful. In 2000, jeans brand Diesel took a media hiding for a flop campaign revolving around the creation of a fictional pop star, Joanna, to promote the brand. Signed to EMI Italy, Joanna released a single and toured Europe with her band to promote the latest range of Diesel clothing, with no discernible impact on sales.

Yet the fashion business has become more savvy in its dealings with the music industry, though the constant harking back to punk – particularly in 2006, the 30th anniversary of the genre's breakthrough – tends to grate.

For Burro's Olaf Parker, the influence need not be as plainly demonstrated as it has been by some designers. "Because of the age we're at, punk was very important, not in style but in the way you think about things," he says. "It was less of a musical than a broader cultural movement, and it still informs us. We have used little references in a very tongue-in-cheek way, such as shirts with a safety pin embroidered on them like the Ralph Lauren logo. Although it was smart and unpunky, it carried some baggage; it had a meaning for us, whether the customer ultimately knew it or not."

In the spring of 2006, London department store Selfridges celebrated the anniversary with a month-long series of events, with exhibitions, readings and Malcolm McLaren booked to discuss his role in the movement. A major element of the promotion was The Pop Shop, a retail outlet focusing on original T-shirt designs and those by contemporary designers, overseen by *Pop* magazine supremo Katie Grand, the St Martins alumnus who made her name as the stylist for *Dazed & Confused* before becoming a fashion business player. Grand, whose partner is Pulp guitarist Steve Mackey, has styled for such titles as *The Face* and *Arena Homme* and consulted for the likes of Prada, Miu Miu and Louis Vuitton on their seasonal shows.

Launched in 2001, *Pop* is where the music and fashion interface is defined, with such cover stars as Madonna, Minogue and Beyoncé. London's *Evening Standard* has said:

BELOW **Alexander McQueen's jacket for David Bowie**

BOTTOM **Pucker up: Gwen Stefani and her Harajuku girls at the launch of her L.A.M.B. label, 2005**

Music Baby
Love Angel
原宿
LOVERS
Lovers
5
Lovers
5

ABOVE Alison Goldfrapp: "I am my own stylist, OK?"

"What Katie does and Katie says is as influential as it gets."

Grand's ascendancy confirms the power of stylists, those who provide the bridge between pop and fashion. The first to come to prominence internationally included Patricia Field, who was described back in 1990 as the "US answer to Vivienne Westwood" and has long been a power in New York's downtown scene; her Venus outlet moved in 2006 from West Broadway to a location in the Bowery, where it stocks everything from Jay Z's Rocawear to Boy George's new label, B-Rude. Field became a celebrity on the back of her work with actress Sarah Jessica Parker on TV series *Sex & The City*, while British-born and LA-based Arianne Phillips directed the look of such pop stars as Madonna, Courtney Love and Stefani, providing them with clothes from her favourite designers: McCartney, McQueen, Olivier Theskyens and Viktor & Rolf. Meanwhile, April Napier hooked up Macy Gray, Radiohead and (naturally) Madonna with Prada and Helmut Lang. In their wake are battalions of stylists ready to serve the needs of the media, the music business and performers.

"I don't like the idea of a stylist who turns up with a pile of clothes and says, 'Wear this'," insists Alison Goldfrapp, whose visual appeal – from giant horse tails to militarywear to glam sequins, frizzed out hair and platforms – has enraptured audiences in recent years. "It's just someone dressing you, which is bizarre. I am my own stylist, OK?"

Such was Goldfrapp's impact during the live promotion of the 2005 album Ooh La La that the press dubbed Madonna "Oldfrapp" for looking outdated by comparison.

The singer's confident grasp of presentation stems from her period as a mature art student at London's Middlesex University. "The visual thing runs parallel to the music and it always has for me; they're part of the same thing, so I like playing with different images and what they mean," she told *Time Out*.

Although she has worked in partnership with designers such as Tracey Boyd, Goldfrapp utilises her collection of vintage fashions when putting looks together for the erotic-edged glam disco she produces with collaborator Will Gregory. As a result, *The Guardian* has applauded her "vintage sauciness".

It is inconceivable to consider certain performers' careers without their stylists. One such is Kylie Minogue who met William Baker when he was working as an assistant at Vivienne Westwood's Mayfair outlet. Baker's collaboration with Minogue resulted in her transformation from ex-soap star ingénue into disco diva, with eye-catching and ultra-mode combinations, from the gold vintage hot pants and Stella McCartney gold jersey top from the 2000 video Spinning Around to the Gucci-style lavender halter-neck dress designed by Stevie Stewart and Sandy Gordon for 2001's Can't Get You Out Of My Head. Dolce e Gabbana have designed costumes for the singer's tours and Baker and Minogue themselves came up with a pistachio satin fringe dress for the 1998 Intimate And Live tour. These and other creations were unveiled in the 2006 exhibition Kylie, which toured major Australian cities. Comedian Barry Humphries joked that Minogue is "the natural successor to Dame Nellie Melba and Dame Edna Everage", though Baker was more accurate. "She's an international brand," he said.

Grand, Field and Baker are not alone; many more stylists have helped enliven the look of pop, although the fear is that their power has led to an increasingly slick and considered approach to pop presentation in magazines and pop videos, the results of which are often unsatisfactory: AOR singer Andrea Corr, say, in a New York Dolls T-shirt or the prevalence of the logo from seedy New York punk club CBGB's appearing on many a clean-cut youth in MTV videos.

Such lackadaisical appropriation depresses street-style guru Michael Kopelman. "It's really a shame people don't research things any more," he says. "When I first started going out, that's what I loved and how I met most of my friends, through passion for music and attention to detail. Now magazine readers are being skilfully manipulated by manufactured pop culture. There are some Western fashion companies who are avoiding the process – Comme des Garçons are just great – but I think Japan is where it's at now. It's a shame because the English are famed for being specialists and eccentrics, but there are very few experts now."

Kopelman and his colleague Fraser Cooke invented a name for the dying breed: studymasters. "It's those people who stand down by the decks and write down what DJs are playing, or read the obscure magazines to find out where to get the rarest sneaker," he says. "In a way we're taking the piss out of ourselves, because that's what we're like, but studymasters are really becoming few and far between.

"I think we've lost the way, and it's something to do with the figures we choose to represent fashion. I prefer individuals like Chris Sullivan and Tommy Roberts. They're both mental but good examples of English eccentrics who are passionate about what they are doing."

According to Max Karie of Soho shop The World According To, "the stylists are very clever. They've marketed themselves, like everybody else, and a lot of them have become famous on the back of dressing Madonna. If you're her stylist, you get in everywhere. You just go, 'I'm here for Madonna,' and they drop their pants because they know A, she's going to buy it, or B, she's going to wear it. If she buys it you're making full retail, and if she wears it you're going to get free publicity".

Karie and partner Pippa Brooks' 2005 decision to change direction at their outlet by instituting an image overhaul and a new name, in place of Shop, was a deliberate statement against the corporate nature of the fashion business.

"When we operated as Shop, we were inspired by the '80s, Fiorucci and a kind of New-York-club-scene-meets-East-Village-chic," says Karie. "For The World According To we wanted to go back to the '70s and were inspired by the strong sense of independence represented by the likes of Granny Takes A Trip and Biba. The reference to Granny's is kind of mirrored in the four-word title. The other big inspiration was to keep the location but change the name: see Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood."

With lines by Silas, Eley Kishimoto, Westwood and Sonia Rykiel, Karie says the new incarnation's Biba inspiration is expressed "in the buying and the decor". The shop's beauty area pays homage to Barbara Hulanicki with '30s designs and black-packaged make-up by Anna Sui, and the mannequin is also from Anna Sui. "It's a lilac, Biba-looking Dolly Girl, who perfectly sums up the femininity with an edge which we crave," says Karie.

But independent stores like The World According To are increasingly rare, as fashion chains such as H&M, Zara and Top Shop swallow up the high street, often aided by big name designers offering diffusion lines. There is another side effect to the virtual disappearance of the boutique: musicians are now less likely to shop for themselves. This fact is mourned by celebrity snapper Richard Young, who served many a pop star during his time in retail in the '60s. "I remember going to Hung On You, and you'd see The Beatles and the Stones buying their own clothes," he says. "No one was too shy to go shopping in those days, but maybe that's because there was no such thing as the paparazzi!"

An element of the malaise may be that modern pop fans are not as interested in dressing up as their forebears. "When I opened in Kensington Market in 1967, you couldn't tell who was a pop star and who wasn't," says Lloyd Johnson, who lectures occasionally at the Royal College Of Art. "Now everyone looks the same. The students are all keyed up to the financial aspects, but in the '60s it wasn't like that. There were no rules, and the price of entry was very low. Now you have to look at it in exactly the same way as the music business: there is a rack for everything in the record stores, and if you have something that doesn't fit, it doesn't get racked. Same for the fashion business."

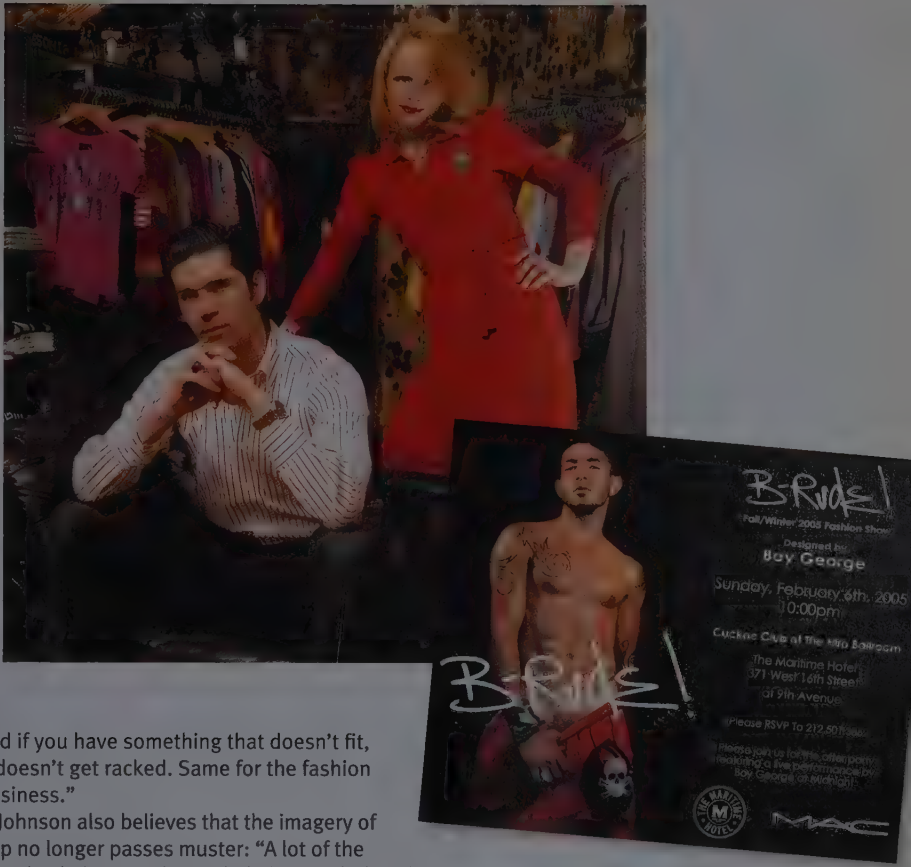
Johnson also believes that the imagery of pop no longer passes muster: "A lot of the stars back then used to pick their own clothes, because they had an idea about what they wanted. Now there's so much money riding on it that the record company thinks through how the band looks."

However, in the five years since the publication of the first edition of this book, there have been signs of a renaissance in outrageous street-level style, provoked in part by club culture. Regular nights such as Nag Nag Nag and The Cock, both at Ghetto in London, and Jackie 60 in New York, gave rise to a new generation of club kids prepared, in McLaren's words, to "dress up and mess up", choosing adornment from second-wave punk to Wigstock transexualism, matching the sleazy sounds pumped out by electro artists such as Brooklyn's finest, girl duo Avenue D.

At the same time as this scene emerged, New York's the Strokes revived the skinny-tie noo wave look and Detroit duo White Stripes responded with a staggering series of outfits using only their trademark colours of black, white and red. By the release of their album Get Behind Me Satan, mainman Jack White – who married British model Karen Elson in a ceremony in the Amazon in November 2005 – was coming on like a punk/blues gaucho.

"I love the White Stripes – their music is so raw yet it shows in their look that they think everything through," says Paul Smith. "Recording on 30-year-old equipment and using the simple colour schemes to keep developing their image is very smart and calculated but doesn't look forced."

In America, the fashion collective Heatherette has spread the club-kid look nationwide, championed by Patricia Field. In



B-Rude!
Fall/Winter 2005 Fashion Show
Designed by
Boy George
Sunday, February 6th, 2005
10:00pm
Cuckoo Club at The Hiro Ballroom
The Maritime Hotel
371 West 16th Street
at 9th Avenue
Please RSVP To 212.50[illegible]
Please join us for the after party featuring a live performance by Boy George at Midnight

TOP Karie and Brooks, 2006: "Femininity with an edge"

ABOVE Invite to 2005 B-Rude fashion show

ABOVE Heatherette promotional T-shirt, 2005

1999, one of Field's buyers spotted Heatherette founder Richie Rich at a party in a leather top he had customised, and ordered 20 on the spot. With co-founder Traver Rains, Rich then designed a costume for Foxy Brown to wear at the MTV Video Music Awards, and, as word spread, Heatherette clad Stefani for the cover of *Entertainment Weekly*, and provided stage costumes for Aerosmith and a "Carrie" shirt for Sarah Jessica Parker.

Heatherette's standing was confirmed when Paris Hilton wore the company's clothes in a 2004 cover shoot for *Rolling Stone*. The collective has also regularly supplied designs for superstar photographer David LaChapelle.

Among those who wear Heatherette are Mariah Carey, Kelly Osbourne, Mary J Blige, Christina Aguilera, Missy Elliott, Shirley Manson and Peaches. Heatherette's own list of heroes is topped by Boy George, who, during a two-year stopover in New York, created a new career for himself as a designer with his label B-Rude, which was controversially booked to close London Fashion Week in February 2006.

B-Rude brings a cutting critique to couture, mixing homoerotic content, glam imagery and punk graphics. Among the early T-shirts was one bearing the phrase "Now Is The Anna Wintour Of Our Discontent". On another was scrawled "She said she had never heard of Anna Wintour ... and never worked in fashion again."

To go up against the very person who dominates American, if not Western, fashion is very punk in attitude, which is where B-Rude sprang from. "We used to sequin, bead, stitch, dye, print and alter Oxfam clothes back in the day, and then a few years back I started doing that again," says O'Dowd. "Friends of mine started wearing shirts and ties and jackets and everywhere they went people asked where they got them."

Along with O'Dowd, B-Rude's principal designer is Mike Nicholls, who previously worked with Rachel Auburn. The seamstress/make-up designer is Christine Bateman, sister-in-law to the late Leigh Bowery who has made ornate garments for designers such as Mr Pearl and Thierry Mugler.

"At B-Rude we use punk symbols, slogans and imagery, and it has the DIY ethic, but the safety pins are sequinned and look glamorous," says O'Dowd. "We draw on things like bondage clothes but merge them with sportswear – sweatpants, hoodies, stuff like that. I think Vivienne Westwood is still the queen of fashion but these days it's not enough to just look unusual. MTV and stylists are on the rampage and you can fool people more and more. Put enough eyeliner on a boil-in-the-bag pop starlet, add a CBGB's T-shirt and there it is: fake cool. That's not punk. My clothes are for people whose reputation precedes them."

As are those produced by another New York-based Englishman, Keanan Duffty. When asked "Who will be the next Marc Jacobs?", Bloomingdales major-domo Kal Ruttenstein said: "Keanan Duffty shows enormous promise," in response to the punk/casual designs that have been worn as stagewear by David Bowie, Aerosmith and, most notably, by the Sex Pistols on their last reunion tour.

"It was a total shock when, on June 2 2003, the phone rang at my design studio and an infamous voice was on the line," says Duffty, a St Martins graduate who cut his teeth at Jeff Banks. "My wife Nancy answered it and heard a whiny British accent asking for me.

"With her hand covering the mouthpiece she said, 'It's one of your daft British mates pretending to be John Lydon'. So I picked up and a very recognisable Rotten voice said, 'This is John Lydon! What's all this about your clothes then, eh?'."

Using the DayGlo colours of punk – yellow, green and pink – and mixing them with British imagery such as St George crosses and flags, Duffty came up with a range that reflected rather than ripped off classic Seditionaries designs.

"I've kept in fairly close contact with Steve Jones and appeared on his LA radio show *Jonesy's Jukebox*. I even collaborated with him on a T-shirt design which features George Bush, Osama Bin Laden, a baby Hitler and the Queen replacing the American presidents' faces on Mount Rushmore," says Duffty, who also worked on a range with the Pistols' graphic designer, Jamie Reid. "To me the punk movement would not have had the same impact without the graphic style of Jamie Reid: he is the English equivalent of Andy Warhol. He took everyday images and redefined them."

Having designed footwear for Reebok – including the Pistols tribute "The Filth & The Fury" sneaker – and worked on regenerating the Dr Martens brand, the prolific Duffty has also created a toy called Bearbrick for Japanese company Medicom and established his name in American TV, supplying clothes for the American *Queer Eye For The Straight Guy* and appearing as a "mentor" (along with wife Nancy Garcia) on the TLC show *Faking It*. He also has his own KD perfume with Aveda and the toy and clothing line Kid Robot.

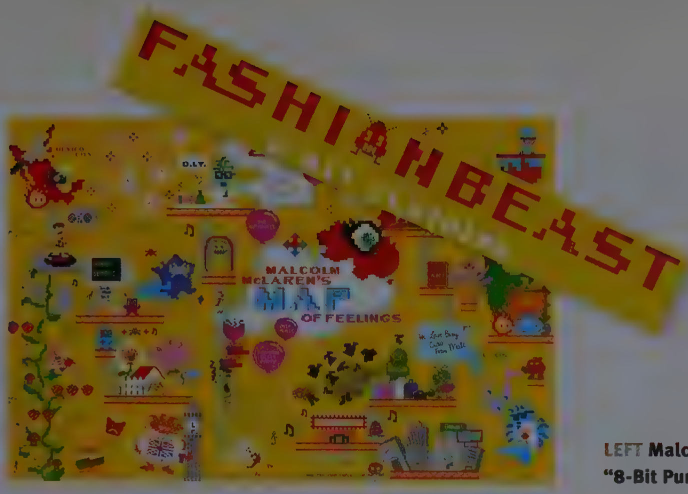
Duffty, who released a single, I Am An Alien, in 1998, writes the music for his fashion shows and in 2003 focused on embellishing key "vintage" items such as Levi and Lee Storm Rider jackets, Christian Dior shirts, military clothing and leather biker jackets. Among the items he came up with were a nylon flying jacket adorned with the Anarchy symbol and a camouflage image of Sid Vicious, as well as over-dyed Dior and Calvin Klein shirts with images of the Queen and the words "upstart" and "bored" applied to the front.

Duffty's principal inspiration, Vivienne Westwood, returned to direct protest in 2005 with a T-shirt openly attacking anti-terror legislation. The limited-edition top featured a red heart and the scrawled words "I am not a terrorist. Please don't

BELOW LEFT Keanan Duffty with Pistol Steve Jones

KD
KEANAN DUFFTY
DESTROY
MICKEY MOUSE

BELOW MIDDLE AND RIGHT Duffty reinvents punk



LEFT **Malcolm McLaren's "8-Bit Punk"**

arrest me". The profits from shirts (£50) and babywear (£20), go to human rights group Liberty. Westwood told the media her message to prime minister Tony Blair was: "Stop, stop, stop. He is not the world controller yet, but he is trying to do an awful lot of damage to this country."

The message of Westwood's latest line is more direct than those of the punk heyday, where outsider cultures and sexual and social provocation provided more complex commentary on contemporary culture. These days, knock-off Cowboys T-shirts, Destroy muslins and tartan bondage trousers are for sale all over the world, from Trash & Vaudeville on St Marks Place, New York, to Rellik in London's Golborne Road, though neither Westwood or McLaren has ever shown the slightest interest in claiming copyright infringement of what is now a worldwide, multi-million pound trade in their designs.

Rellik is not just a knock-off emporium but has made a name for itself as *the* source of prime vintage items, not just punk but Ossie Clark, Zandra Rhodes, Terry de Havilland and many '80s designers. Steven Phillip, one of the founders with designers Claire Stansfield and Fiona Carenza, was placed by *The Times* in a list of the most influential figures in fashion, between McQueen and Tom Ford.

As a result, Rellik attracts not only stylists such as Grand and Baker but also performers, from Primal Scream's Bobby Gillespie and Texas' Sharleen Spiteri to Björk and Pete Burns, who purchased a huge white fur coat for his arrival at the 2006 edition of Channel 4's *Celebrity Big Brother*.

Dundee-born Phillip funded '80s trips to London by working at the city's Michelin factory. With his boyfriend, singer Billy Mackenzie, formerly of the Associates, he moved to London, assisted on fashion shoots and launched a Portobello Road market stall with Levi's seconds bought from the brand's factory outlet in his home town.

Investing the income in classic vintage fashion proved timely, as the '90s witnessed a renewed appreciation of the work of Clark, Rhodes and Westwood boosted by the arrival of Japanese collectors keen on acquiring original items.

A single purchase made at Rellik by model Kate Moss a couple of years ago is illuminating. Moss bought a second-hand pair of Westwood pirate boots, probably dating from 1981, and, when she was photographed wearing them, sparked a fashion frenzy. Phillip sold all 14 pairs in his possession in a week, at £250 each. Soon Chanel and Galliano, swiftly followed by high-street chains such as Bally, came up with their own versions.

The speed with which the industry picks up on new designs – or more likely revives old ones – has taken much of the mystery out of the process, according to Boy George. "Things aren't allowed to develop because people just jump all over them," he says.

O'Dowd also believes the ability of pop stars to shock has been undercut by the loosening of Western society's sexual strictures. "In the early '70s, it was all tied in with sexual repression. Families didn't discuss sex, so those things – men in make-up, androgynous clothes – were much more powerful. When I was a kid, standing outside Bowie's house, you imagined what it would be like in there, how it was decorated, what they would be wearing and even doing! Nowadays parents drive kids to pop concerts, and they may even go with them. Bowie said recently that the whole rock 'n' roll process has been demystified, and it's the same with fashion."

For O'Dowd, the culprit is technology. "MTV has played a massive part. If you go back to 1972, when Bowie came to Lewisham, it was such a big thing for six months before and six months after. It consumed the whole of your waking life: sending off for the tickets, waiting for them to come back, working out what to wear, borrowing clothes from your older brother. There were the odd snippets you saw of him on the news or on *The Old Grey Whistle Test*, but not too much. It kind of allowed you to fantasise.

"So when MTV came along, it was all stripped away. Suddenly, rock 'n' roll was reduced to the level of selling a soft drink. It has taken the romance, mystery and danger out of it. I think Marilyn Manson is great, but look at how far he has to go to freak people out."

In fact, Manson is very much a fashion beast these days: for his 2005 wedding to burlesque performer Dita von Teese, he wore Galliano while the bride wore Westwood.

"Nowadays it's probably more about what you have to say and what you think than what you wear," says O'Dowd. "I'm not into fashion snobbery but, the thing is, you can make any old boring person look interesting now."

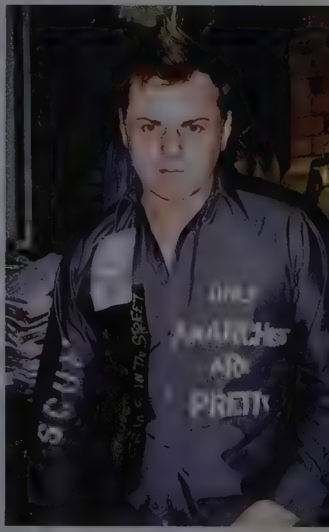
As a result, operators such as McLaren have scoured the very perimeters of pop culture for inspiration. With his new label, Fashionbeast, he wants to promulgate "8-Bit Punk", aimed at the generation of computer-literate children aged between four and 12. "This is part of the rumbling new phenomenon happening across the web," he says. "It's a great connection from the past to the future."

In a 1996 BBC interview, Westwood said: "The only really interesting ideas are those which are unfashionable. Unfashionable ideas go up against doctrinaire thinking and received opinion."

Here is the ironic key to the potency of both pop and fashion. From Bernard Lansky in Memphis in the early '50s through John Stephen in Carnaby Street a decade later and on to McLaren, Westwood and countless other individuals have dared to be "unfashionable", either to make a buck or to make a statement, and sometimes both at the same time.

In the process, they came up with a striking series of visual identities that struck a chord around the world. But in the new millennium, with design accessible to all, moving from catwalks to market stalls in the blink of an eye, is it possible to be "unfashionable" again, or has the action/reaction cycle of pop and fashion turned for the last time?

BELOW **Steven Phillip: Fashion power-broker**



Bowie boy: Slimane aged 14

With Pete Doherty

“THIS IS WHAT SOME CALL STREET CULTURE”

As rock and pop influences pervade and dominate the world of fashion, one designer in particular has been overt in proclaiming the influence of classic and contemporary musicians: Hedi Slimane, director of Dior Homme.

“I don’t think there is a stronger connection with men’s fashion than music,” he says in an exclusive interview for this book. “This is what some call street culture, and fashion and music are key elements of it.”

Slimane has attracted the loyalty of rockers old and new, from warhorses such as David Bowie and Mick Jagger to new performers Alex Kapranos of Franz Ferdinand, Beck, Jake Shears of Scissor Sisters, French outfit Phoenix and, in particular, Pete Doherty, the often less than elegantly wasted ex-partner of uber-model Kate Moss.

Slimane has worked the ex-Libertines singer, collaborating with Doherty on the book *London: Birth Of A Cult*, published in January 2006.

Of Italian, Tunisian and Brazilian extraction, Slimane was born in Paris in 1968 and studied art history at the Ecole de Louvre. Having trained as a tailor he spent three years at YSL before taking the Dior post in 2001, announcing that his androgynous, tightly-tailored look would not only “recreate the culture of the Dior label” but also “completely re-define men’s fashion”.

Jagger is particularly keen on Slimane, wearing the designer’s blue metallic jeans, silver satin jacket and black T-shirt with red crystal embroidery on the Rolling Stones’ A Bigger Bang tour of 2005, and American group Keys To The Streets Of Fear has even recorded a song named after the French designer.

According to Slimane, many labels have failed to tap into rock’s potential effectively. “I just don’t like to see brands using rock as a seasonal story – it’s so dumb,” he says. “Although a lot of the new rock music is artificial, it is great to see the new generation of kids who are turning totally indie and showing great style at the age of 14. I really feel this is so positive considering the soup we have been listening to for so many years, combined with the worst and cheapest sense of style.”

Slimane’s knowledge of and love for rock ’n’ roll and its heritage runs deep. “I was born with a David Bowie album in my hand; there can’t be any stronger influence on how I grew up,” he says. “I saw him in concert at the age of 13 or 14 and needed six months to recover!”

Several years earlier the image of Bowie from the 1974 Diamond Dogs American tour – which appears on the cover of David Live – made a strong impression on the six-year-old Slimane; he would sit in his bedroom, listening to the live version of Changes and obsessively examine the sleeve. “I must have stared at the cover of him in that light blue suit with braces at least five million times,” says Slimane. “The sense of transformation you get with Bowie is amazing.”

Other icons from his musical youth can also be detected in his designs; the young Slimane was also a fan of Paul Simonon of The Clash and Paul Weller; two-tone “Jam shoes” were worn by models at Dior Homme shows in 2005.

Inspired by these and also by Serge Gainsbourg and writers such as Rimbaud and William Burroughs, Slimane started making clothes for himself at the age of 16, and also developed his interest in photography as he rose through the ranks of the fashion business. This flowered with such projects as the 2002 book *Stage*, which featured shots of live performances by a variety of groups, including the Stones, Bowie, White Stripes, Franz Ferdinand, the Libertines and Blondie.

“Most of my rock music photography is from a fan’s perspective, not my own, but describing and relating to the process of identification,” says Slimane. “*Stage* was about the specific semiotic signs and conventions of live performance.”

Among those shot by Slimane was Phoenix, who subsequently composed music for a Dior Homme catwalk show (Slimane insists on original music as the soundtracks for his collections). Meanwhile, he shot and designed the cover for Phoenix’s 2004 album Alphabetical. “They are really good friends of mine, so it just happened naturally, just like it always does with bands,” says Slimane. “I need to feel for the person before I do something.”

Among others featured in *Stage* were Doherty’s former group The Libertines, and, after witnessing a 2003 performance by Babyshambles at a tiny London venue, Slimane decided to embark on a photographic venture with Doherty as his group moved to the vanguard of a new grassroots musical movement that has more recently crossed over with the likes of Arctic Monkeys.

“The performance was so different, it had

Razorlight get dolled up for Hedi

Slimane, far right, with The Rakes

incredible tension and honesty," says Slimane. "I decided to focus on the birth of Babyshambles, which was chaotic. I was also interested by the free spirit of this new scene, because he was at the origins of it."

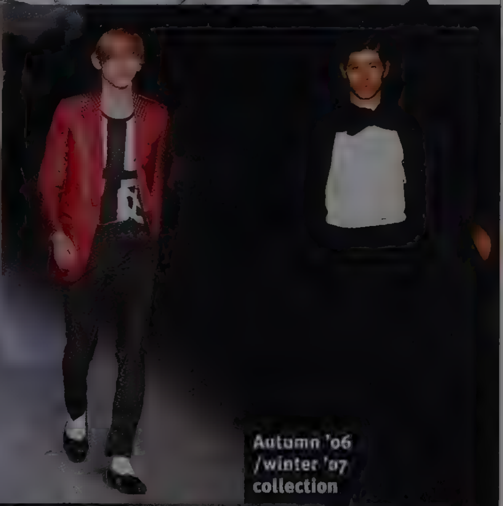
Slimane describes their relationship as "a really nice friendship – there was never a question of trust", and says his interest in Doherty's personal style resulted in "a natural connection". He is also close to Bowie and Jagger. "They are both really great and kind people," Slimane enthuses. "Mick has this thing of being the natural rock star, every moment of his life."

Among the new generation of male rock performers, Slimane favours Jack White, Franz Ferdinand and Doherty "if in good shape". He adds: "They have a really strong sense of image. They are totally aware that music is part of a bigger commitment, like a holistic project. I believe this makes a difference. Great performers have an amazing sense of imagery."

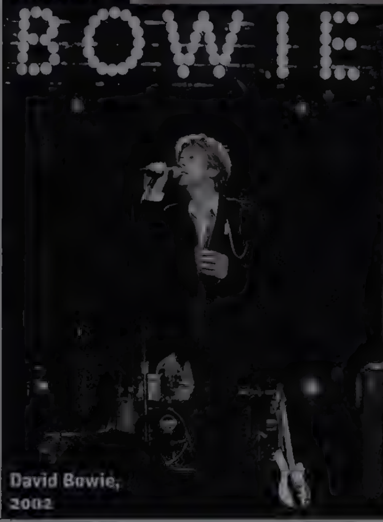
Meanwhile, Slimane stresses that the increasing globalisation of the fashion business need not affect creativity, emphasising that he receives no direction from above in terms of concepts and style. "I can only work freely, in every field, from design to ad campaigns to store design," he says.

"Houses are not the only way to go, but if you go this way there is no reason why you should give up on your integrity. That's a bit of a cliché. Houses don't know the way to go in terms of style; that's why they hire designers. I would leave in a second any place where I lose that freedom."

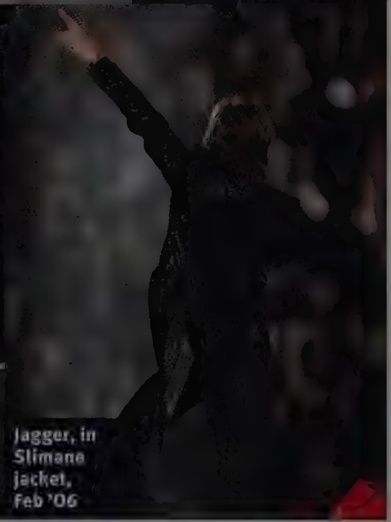
Spring/summer '06 collection



Autumn '06 /winter '07 collection



David Bowie, 2002



Jagger, in Slimane jacket, Feb '06

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Hugh Adams Art Of The Sixties (Peerage 1984)

Jonathan Aitken The Young Meteors (Atheaneum 1967)

Richard Allen Suedehead (New English Library 1971)

Nina Antonia Too Much Too Soon (Omnibus 1998)

Rex Balfour The Bryan Ferry Story (Michael Dempsey 1976)

Richard Balls Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll: The Life Of Ian Dury (Omnibus 2000)

Victor Bockris Lou Reed, The Biography (Vintage 1995)

Victor Bockris & Gerard Malanga Up–Tight – The Velvet Underground Story (Omnibus 1983)

Andrew Bolton Bravehearts: Men In Skirts (V&A 2003)

Boy George with Spencer Bright Take It Like A Man (Sidgwick & Jackson 1995)

Boy George with Paul Gorman Straight (Century 2004)

Craig Bromberg The Wicked Ways Of Malcolm McLaren (Omnibus 1989)

Antony Burgess You've Had Your Time (Heinemann 1990)

Jane Bussman Once In A Lifetime – The Crazy Days Of Acid House And Afterwards (Virgin 1998)

John Cale & Victor Bockris What's Welsh For Zen? (Bloomsbury 1999)

Roy Carr, Brian Case & Fred Dellar The Hip (Faber & Faber 1986)

Nigel Cawthorne Sixties Source Book (Virgin 1989)

Farid Chenoune Jean Paul Gaultier (Thames & Hudson 1996)

Nik Cohn Ball The Wall (Picador 1989)

Stephen Colegrave & Chris Sullivan Punk. (Cassell Illustrated 2001)

Nicholas Coleridge & Stephen Quinn (editors) The 60s In Queen (Ebury Press 1987)

Richard DeLillo The Longest Cocktail Party (Mojo Books 2000)

Hermine Demoriane The Tightrope Walker (Secker & Warburg 1989)

Jane Dorner Fashion (Octopus 1974)

Adam Faith Poor Me – A Candid Self Portrait (Four Square 1961)

Ben Fong–Torres Hickory Wind: The Life & Times Of Gram Parsons (Pocket Books 1991)

Peter Fryer The Flower Power Structure & London Scene (Encounter, 1967)

TB Fyvel The Insecure Offenders: Rebellious Youth In The Welfare State (1961)

Juliet Gardiner From The Bomb To The Beatles (Collins & Brown 1999)

Pat Gilbert Passion Is A Fashion (Aurum 2004)

Nelson George Buppies B–Boys Bas & Bohos (HarperCollins 1992)

Cristina Georgetti Brioni: 50 Years Of Style (Octavo 1995)

John Gordon/Alice Hiller The T–Shirt Book (Ebury Press 1988)

John Green/David Tree Birds Of Britain (Macmillan 1967)

Jonathon Green Days In the Life: Voices From The English Underground 1961–71 (Pimlico 1998)

Michael Gross Model: The Ugly Business Of Beautiful Women (Morrow 2000)

Peter Guralnick Last Train To Memphis: The Rise Of Elvis Presley (Little, Brown & Co 1994)

Dick Hebdige Subculture: The Meaning Of Style (Methuen 1979)

Val Hennessy In The Gutter (Quartet Diversions 1978)

Jacqueline Herald Fashions Of A Decade: The 1970s (Batsford 1992)

Robert Hewison Art And Society In the Sixties (Methuen 1986)

Bevis Hillier The Style Of The Century 1900–1980 (EP Dutton 1983)

David Hillman, Harry Peccinotti & David Gibbs Nova: The Style Bible Of The 60s & 70s (Pavilion 1993)

Michael Hollingshead The Man Who Turned On The World (Blond & Briggs 1973)

Barney Hoskyns Glam! Bowie, Bolan & The Glitter Rock Revolution (Faber & Faber 1998)

Barbara Hulanicki From A To Biba (Hutchinson 1983)

Ian Hunter Diary Of A Rock'n'Roll Star (Panther 1974)

The i–D Bible: Every Ultimate Victim's Handbook (Levelprint 1987)

The i–D Bible Part Two: Genesis, Old & New Testaments Plus Revelations (Levelprint 1989)

Mablen Jones Getting It On: The Clothing Of Rock'n'Roll (Abbeville Press 1987)

Tamsin Kingswell Red Or Dead: The Good, the Bad & the Ugly (Thames & Hudson 1998)

Gene Krell Vivienne Westwood (Universe Vendome 1998)

Colin Larkin (editor) The Virgin Encyclopaedia Of Popular Music (Virgin 2004)

Jay B Leviton & Ger Rijff Elvis Close Up (Century 1988)

Alan Light The Vibe History Of Hip Hop (1999)

Joel Lobenthal Radical Rags: Fashions Of the Sixties (Abbeville Press 1991)

Humphrey Lyttelton Take It From The Top (Robson Books 1975)

Colin MacInnes Absolute Beginners (Alison & Busby 1985)

Dave Marsh Before I Get Old – The Story Of The Who (St Martin's Press 1983)

Glen Matlock with Pete Silverton I Was A Teenage Sex Pistol (Omnibus 1990)

Ian McLagan All The Rage (Sidgwick & Jackson 1998)

Cliff McLenehan Marc Bolan 1947–1977: A Chronology (Zinc Alloy Books 1999)

Diana Melly Take A Girl Like Me (Chatto & Windus 2005)

George Melly Owning Up (Weidenfeld & Nicholson 1965)

George Melly Revolt Into Style: The Pop Arts In Britain (Allen Lane 1970)

Jane Mulvagh Vivienne Westwood An Unfashionable Life (HarperCollins 1998)

Valerie Mendes & Amy de la Haye 20th Century Fashion (Thames & Hudson 2000)

Bob Merlis & Davin Seay Heart & Soul: A Celebration Of Black Music Style In America 1930–75 (Billboard Books 2002)

Andrew Loog Oldham Stoned (Secker & Warburg 2000)

Ted Owen & Denise Dickson High Art (Sanctuary 1999)

Mark Paytress Siouxsie & The Banshees, The Authorised Biography (Sanctuary 2003)

John Peacock (Foreword by Mary Quant) Fashion Sketchbook 1920–1960 (Thames & Hudson 1977)

Mary Quant Quant By Quant (Pan 1967)

Alice Rawsthorn Yves Saint Laurent: A Biography (Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group 1997)

Cynthia Rose Design After Dark: The Story Of Dance Floor Style (Thames & Hudson 1991)

Lady Henrietta Rous (editor) The Ossie Clark Diaries (Bloomsbury 1998)

Nicholas Saunders Alternative London Survival Guide For Strangers (Nicholas Saunders 1972)

Jon Savage England's Dreaming (Faber & Faber 1991)

Mim Scala Diary Of A Teddy Boy (Review 2000)

Yvonne Sewell–Ruskin High On Rebellion – Inside The Underground At Max's Kansas City (Thunder's Mouth 1998)

Sandie Shaw The World At My Feet (HarperCollins 1991)

Chris Steele–Perkins & Richard Smith The Teds (Travelling Light/Exit 1979)

Tony Stewart (editor) Cool Cats (Eel Pie Publishing 1981)

Helen Storey Fighting Fashion (Faber & Faber 1976)

Steve Strange Blitzed (Orion 2002)

Derek Taylor As Time Goes By (Abacus 1973)

George Tremlett The David Bowie Story (Futura 1974)

Twiggy Twiggy (Granada Publishing 1975)

Fred & Judy Vermorel The Sex Pistols (Universal 1978)

Fred Vermorel Fashion & Perversity: A Life Of Vivienne Westwood & The Sixties Laid Bare (Bloomsbury 1997)

Harriet Vyner Groovy Bob: The Life & Times Of Robert Fraser (Faber & Faber 1999)

Andy Warhol & Pat Hackett Popism – The Warhol 60s (Harvest 1980)

Judith Watt (editor) The Penguin Book Of 20th Century Fashion Writing (Viking 1999)

Judith Watt Ossie Clark 1965/1974 (V&A 2003)

Alfred Wertheimer Elvis '56: In The Beginning (Pimlico 1994)

Thomas Whiteside Twiggy & Justin: The Inside Story Of The Rise To Stardom Of The 90–Pound Beauty (Manor Books 1967)

Tim Willis Madcap: The Half Life Of Syd Barrett (Short Books 2002)

Angus Wilson A Bit Off The Map And Other Stories (Penguin 1968)

Tom Wolfe The Pump House Gang (Farrar Strauss & Giroux 1968; renewed 1996)

Max Wooldridge Rock'n'Roll London (St Martin's Press 2002)

Peter York Style Wars (Sidgwick & Jackson 1980)

Peter York/Charles Jennings Peter York's Eighties (BBC Books 1995)

Richard Young Shooting Stars (Metro 2004)

WEBSITES

(All URLs correct at press time)

3am – www.3ammagazine.com
60s Counterculture – www.beatbooks.com
Alan Jones – alanjones.uk.com
Alternative Miss World/Andrew Logan – www.alternativemissworld.com
Andy Warhol/Factory – www.factorymade.org
B-Rude Clothes by Boy George – www.b-rude.com
Blitz Kids – www.geocities.com/theblitzkids
Leigh Bowery – www.leighbowery.com
David Bowie – www.davidbowie.com
– www.bowiewonderworld.com
Boy – www.geocities.com/euro_beat_80/boy.html
Boy George – www.boy.george.net
– www.iamboygeorge.com
– www.boygeorgeuk.com
Burro – www.burro.co.uk
Roger Burton/The Horse Hospital – www.thehorsehospital.com
Carnaby Street 1965 – brandy_and.tripod.com/00/carnaby00.html
Che Guevara – www.aceofwands.net/archive/fashion.html
Ossie Clark – www.c20vintagefashion.co.uk/ossie-section.html
The Clash – groups.msn.com/ClashCityRocker/storyoftheclash.msn
– www.geocities.com/thewhiteriot
David Connor – www.davidconnordesign.co.uk/about.htm
Count Indigo – www.ents24.com/web/event/1084328/Workers_Playtime.html
Dedicated Follower Of Fashion – www.fashionfollower.com
Design Museum – www.designmuseum.com
Dexys Midnight Runners – groups.msn.com/dexysmidnightrunners
The Faces – the-faces.com
Fashion History – www.fashion-era.com
Bryan Ferry – www.rocksbackpages.com
Patricia Field – www.patriciafield.com
Bruce Fleming photography – www.brucefleming.com
The Fool – revola.co.uk
Christopher Gibbs – www.christophergibbs.com
God Save The Sex Pistols – www.sex-pistols.net
Peter Golding/Ace – www.petergolding.com
Katharine Hamnett – www.katharinehamnett.com
Hapshash & The Coloured Coat – www.inspirationaltimes.co.uk
Terry de Havilland – www.terrydehavilland.com
Heatherette – www.heatherette.com
Pam Hogg – www.pamhogg.squarespace.com
Johnson's/LaRocka – www.liberty.co.uk
Jonesy's Jukebox – www.indie1031.fm
Kensington Market – bak.spc.org/kensingtonmarket
Gene Krell – www.metropolis.japantoday.com/tokyo/545/faces.asp
Vern Lambert – www.pnc.com.au/~voyager/voyagerfiles/vern.html
Lansky Bros – lansky126.com
John Lydon Army Of One – www.johnlydon.com
Ian Maclagan – www.macspages.com
Glen Matlock – www.glenmatlock.com
Stella McCartney – www.stellamccartney.com
Malcolm McLaren – www.malcolmmclaren.com
– www.wps1.org/include/shows/mclaren.html
Max's Kansas City – www.maxskansascity.com
Alex Michon – www.transitiongallery.co.uk
Dougie Millings & Sons – www.beatwear.co.uk
Mod – www.modculture.co.uk
Only Anarchists Are Pretty – www.only-anarchists.co.uk
Pavilions Of Sun – www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Studio/4730
John Pearse – www.johnpearse.co.uk
Anna Piaggi – www.vam.ac.uk/collections/contemporary/anna_piaggi
Mark Powell – www.markpowellbespoke.co.uk
Pokit – www.pokit.co.uk
Antony Price – www.historyofashion.com/historyofashion/fashionframe.html
Pop Culture (general) – www.nostalgiacentral.com
Psychedelic 60s – www.lib.virginia.edu/small/exhibits/sixties
Punk – www.mital-u.ch/PunkWave/index.html
– www.towerblock.co.uk/index.htm
Punk 77! Punk Rock In the UK – www.punk77.co.uk
Punk A–Z – www.hiljaiset.sci.fi/punknet
Punk Chronology – gimarc.com/PPD.html
Punk A History – www.fastnbulbous.com/punk.htm
Punk Pirate – punkpirate.londonbuzz.co.uk
The Purple Gang – www.thepurplegang.co.uk
Paul Reeves – www.paulreeveslondon.com
Rellik – www.relliklondon.co.uk
Rodney Bingenheimer – www.rodney-b.com
Saffron Vintage – saffronvintage.com
Seditionaries – www.swgm.btinternet.co.uk/seditionaries–1.htm
– groups.yahoo.com/group/seditionaries_viviennewestwood
Seditionaries reproductions – www.dangerouslyclose.co.uk
– 666jp.com/brands/seditionaries
– www.killer-rocks-on.com
Sex Pistols origins – www.geocities.com/kutie_jones
Dave "Che" Shimeld – www.marigotdiveresort.com
John Simons – j.simons.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk
Sixties Central – www.geocities.com/FashionAvenue/Catwalk/1038
Sixties City – www.sixtiescity.com/index.shtm
Skinhead – en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Skinhead
Hedi Slimane – www.dior.com
Paul Smith – www.paulsmith.co.uk
Soulboys – www.soulboys.co.uk/index.htm
Sweet Floral Albion – www.marmalade-skies.co.uk
Teds – www.teddyboy.co.uk
– www.rockabilly.nl
Victoria & Albert Museum – www.vam.ac.uk
Vivienne Westwood – www.viviennewestwood.co.uk/flash.php
– www.metmuseum.org/toah/hd/vivw/hd_vivw.htm
Women Of Punk – www.comnet.ca/~rina
Ziggy Stardust Companion – www.5years.com

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

Eugene Adebari/Rex Features 159; Anello & Davide 35, 39; Stefanno Archetti/Rex Features 79; BPI on behalf of JM International 204; Bernard J Lansky Collection/www.lanskybros.com front cover, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19; Rodney Bingenheimer 93; Celia Birtwell 107, 108; Pippa Brooks/Max Karie 213; Kevin Cann/David Bowie 121; Roger K Burton 160, 164, 170, 172, 173; Chris Clunn © chrisclunn.com 205; Rick Colls/Rex Features 129; David Dagley/Rex Features 133; Bill Davila/Rex Features 210; Max Decharne Collection 29, 54; Vanessa Denza 51; Jeff Dexter 66; Clive Dixon/Rex Features 173; Keanan Duffty 214; Elvis Official Auction Catalogue 19; EMI 59, 151, 100, 119, 143, 178; Everett Collection/Rex Features 155; Bruce Fleming 69; Getty Images 83, 111, 113; Peter Golding 39, 115; Paul Gorman Collection 33, 37, 50, 54, 57, 58, 76, 80, 86, 89, 91, 92, 93, 104, 105, 108, 120, 136, 148, 150, 176, 198, 214; David Graves/Rex Features 71, 83, 103; Katharine Hamnett 185, 186, 187; Wayne Hemingway 198; Dezo Hoffmann/Rex Features front cover, 9, 31, 53, 58, 61; Pam Hogg 207; Pam Hogg/Derek Ridgers 201; Pam Hogg/John Stoddart 207; Hulton Archive/Ron Case 23; Hulton Archive/Charles Hewitt 21; Hulton Archive/Express 24; Hulton Archive/Juliette Lasserre 22; Image Syndicate/Rex Features 197; Betsey Johnson 85, 87, 88; Lloyd Johnson Collection 36, 57, 66, 67, 80, 95, 97, 98, 163, 164, 177; Meri Juntti 80, 97, 148, 150, 151, 176, 177, 199; K&K ULF Kruger OHG/Redferns 31; Kensington Library 49, 78, 81, 82, 104; Ross Kirton/Mute Records 212; Krystyna Kolowksa 154, 156, 157; Michael Kopelman/Marc Lebon 189; Don Letts 142; Rocco Macauley 153; David Magnus/Rex Features 62; Bruce Marcus 205; Malcolm McLaren Collection back cover, 70, 129, 130, 215; Frank Micelotta/Getty Image 217; Gordon Millings 41, 43, 44, 45, 50; Trevor Myles 123; George O'Dowd 151, 165, 166, 167, 213; Terry O'Neill/Rex Features 42; Bill Orchard/Rex Features front cover, 125; Outside Organisation 211; Tim Parker/Olaf Parker 202; John Pearse/Cym Taylor 77, 82; Libby Peder 203; Mark Powell 190; Steven Phillip 217; Antony Price 117, 118, 120, 176; Steph Raynor 143, 144, 149; Mario Rebellato at Austin Reed 73; Paul Reeves/Jimmy Page 126; Paul Reeves Collection 125, 126, 127; Rev-Ola 47; Rex Features 56, 169, 175; Rex/Rex Features 147; Mick Rock © 1972/2006 www.mickrock.com 124; Sheila Rock 141, 145; John Rogers/Getty Images front cover; Jenny Ross Collection 150, 177, 199; Kevin Rowland 101, 179; Kevin Rowland/Kim Knott/Tim Sullivan 99, 100; SNAP/Rex Features 14, 19; Sanctuary Music 65; Brian Shuel 78; John Simons 28, 70; Hedi Slimane 209, 216, 217; Graham Smith 160, 161, 176, 193; Paul Smith 8, 181, 182, 183, 184; Vern Smith/Rex Features 27; Jesus Soler back cover; Sony 30; Jim Smeal/BEI/Rex Features 211; Terence Spencer/Getty 75; Starfile/Bob Gruen 109; Stevie Stewart/Andy Lane 192; Ray Stevenson/Rex Features front cover, 148; Jay Strongman 143, 148, 162; Phil Strongman Archive 149; Chris Taylor 206; Times Newspapers Ltd/Rex Features 199; Topham Picturepoint 30, 39; Universal Music 64, 86, 96, 112, 134; Warner Archives 29; Colin Woodhead 25, 72; Andrew Wade Collection 131, 136, 137, 138, 139; Nigel Waymouth 75, 76; Jim Witts/Rex Features front cover; V&A 171; Richard Young 67; Bill Zygmant/Rex Features 46, 47

INDEX

A
Action, The 62, 63
Adam Ant (& The Ants) 161, 168
Adams, Hugh 51
Aerosmith 211, 214
Aherns, Christine 177
Air 206
Aitken, Jonathan 56
Alaia, Azzedine 176, 198
Aldridge, Alan 72
Alexander, Arthur 62
Allen, Keith 200
Amies, Hardy 25, 29, 67
Anderson, Gillian 88
Andre 3000 (Andre Benjamin) 208, 210
Animals, The 39, 52, 76, 102
Antonia, Nina 134
Antony, Myles 55
Archer, Robin 177
Arctic Monkeys 216
Arden, Don 44, 55
Ariana (Up, The Slits) 145
Arkell, Maggie 51
Armani, Giorgio 188
Armitage, Simon (see Barnsley)
Ashanti 210
Ashbourne, Frank 96
Asher, Jane 45, 83
Asher, Peter 44, 76
Ashley, Bernard 51
Ashley, Laura 51
Aspinall, Neil 78
Associates 215
Astor, Mary 127
Auburn, Rachel 156, 177
Auger, Brian 61
Austin, Louis 26, 40
Austin, Mary 94
Avenue D 213
B
Bacharach, Burt 205-6
Baez, Joan 93
Bailey, David 84
Bailey, Steven 135
Baker, Caroline 145
Baker, Ginger 98
Baker, Jon 161, 177
Baker, LaVern 161
Baker, Simon 146
Baker, William 212
Baldry, Long John 9, 61-2, 96
Balenciaga 48
Ball, Ed 178
Ball, Kenny 23-4, 72
Ballion, Susan (see Siouxsie Sioux)
Bananarama 156, 167
Bandy, Way 167
Bangs, Lester 120
Banks, Jeff 51, 68, 186, 214
Barber, Chris 23-4
Bardot, Brigitte 88
Barker, Simon 120, 136, 172
Barnes, Richard 163
Bamsley (Simon Armitage) 194
Barrett, Syd 76, 106
Bart, Lionel 30
Bartley, Luella 210
Bartsch, Suzanne 196
Bassey, Shirley 26
Bateman, Christine 214
Bates, John 51
Baxter, Les 206
Baxter, Stanley 55
Bay City Rollers 96
Bayley, Roberta 131
Beach Boys, The 17, 90
Beard, Joe 79
Beardsley, Aubrey 74
Beastie Boys, The 191, 203-4
Beat, The 173
Beatles, The 9, 31, 37-8, 40-4, 46-7, 52, 71-2, 76, 78, 84, 98, 106, 213
Beaton, Cecil 25, 109
Beatty, Warren 42, 43
Beck, Jeff 62, 73, 96, 216
Beckham, David 204
Beckham, Victoria 204
Bee Gees 57
Belew, Bill 19
Bell, Patti 165-6
Benjamin, Andre (see Andre 3000)
Bennett, Colin 96-7
Bennett, Tony 206
Berenson, Marisa 86
Bernstock, Paul 196
Berry, Chuck 31, 34, 62, 64
Best, Pete 31, 43
Beyoncé (see Knowles, Beyoncé)
Big Brother & The Holding Company 84, 88
Big Youth 82, 145
Bilk, Acker 23-4, 38, 72
Bingenheimer, Rodney 90, 92-3
Birch, Gina 152
Birds, The 56, 62, 65
Birtwell, Celia 106, 108-9
Björk 206, 211, 215
Black, Bill 19
Black, Cilla 47, 50
Blahnik, Manolo 109
Blake, Peter 9, 80, 182
Blame, Judy 191
Bland, Bobby "Blue" 17
Blondie 207
Blue Cats, The 155
Blue Rondo À La Turk 164, 177, 193
Blues Magoos, The 92
Boateng, Ozwald 47, 67, 205
Bob Wallis & His Storyville Jazz Band 24
Bolan, June 112
Bolan, Marc (Mark Feld) 36, 52, 54, 60, 65, 76, 112, 125-7, 162
Bomb The Bass 194
Bonham Carter, Helena 88
Bonham, John 184
Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band, The 70
Boone, Pat 30
Booth, Pat 78
Boshier, Derek 50
Bow Wow Wow 166, 168, 170, 172
Bowen, Kim 165
Bowery, Leigh 156, 177, 196, 214
Bowie, Angie 97, 121
Bowie, David 37-8, 50, 57, 59, 62, 67, 78, 93, 97, 110, 113, 120-1, 126, 143, 151, 158, 160, 162, 173, 178, 180, 183, 186, 188, 193, 198, 211, 214-6
Boy George (George O'Dowd) 135, 136, 144, 148, 151, 158, 161, 165-7, 176, 190, 193, 194, 196, 198, 204, 211, 214-5, 217
Boyd, Karen 177
Boyd, Patti 46, 50, 79, 108
Boyd, Tracey 212
Boyle, Simon 58
Boyzone 205
Brading, Martin 142
Braithwaite, Pinkie 193
Bramwell, Tony 47
Brando, Marlon 22, 164
Brandon, Kirk 166
Brandy 88
Branson, Richard 94, 206
Brennan, Tim 99
Brent, Sid 55
Breslau, Marty 81
Brian Auger Trinity 62
Brick, Chris 193
Brick, Sue 193
Brinsley Schwarz 144
Bromberg, Craig 122
Brooks, Pippa 203-4, 213,
Bros 199
Brown, Arthur 114
Brown, Bobby 151
Brown, Dennis 145
Brown, Foxy 204, 214
Brown, Helen Gurley 89
Brown, James 19, 137, 191
Brown, Sheila 94
Brown, Willy 176-7
Browne, Tara 77
Browne, Tom 191
Brubeck, Dave 62
Bruce, Jack 92
Buck, Anne 185
Budd, Erica 105
Burgess, Anthony 25
Burgess, Sonny 17
Burning Spear 145
Burns, Pete 132, 215
Burns, Tito 40
Burretti, Freddie (Freddie Burrett) 121
Burton, Roger 63, 66, 71, 140, 142-3, 150, 160-1, 163-4, 172-3
Bussman, Jane 194
Buzzcocks, The 146
Byrds, The 76, 90, 92, 93
Byrne, Kiki 48
C
Calder, Ken 94
Calder, Tony 64
Cale, John 86-7
Calloway, Cab 10, 14, 62
Campbell, Janet 8, 180
Campbell, Naomi 187, 205
Caplan, Melissa 160-1, 193
Captain Beefheart 9, 182
Cardin, Pierre 43, 64, 146, 190
Carenza, Fiona 215
Carey, Mariah 214
Carr, Pearl 20
Carroll, Dinah 205
Carter, Rick 142-3, 150, 160-1, 163-4
Casey, Patrick 124, 130
Cash, Johnny 144
Cassini, Oleg 18
Castelbajac, Jean-Charles de 168
Castle, Cyril 42-3
Cavalli, Roberto 204
Cavendish, Leslie 47
Chamberlain, Richard 38
Chandler, Jeff 25
Channing, Richard 28-30, 33, 51, 70, 84
Chaplin, Geraldine 88
Chaplin, Michael 75
Charles, Caroline 50
Charles, Ray 62
Chelsea 149
Cher 84, 90, 151
Cherry, Neneh 190
Chicks On Speed 207
Chimes, Terry 152
Chocolate Watchband, The 90
Chords, The 163
Christie, Julie 88-9
Christopherson, Peter 150
Chu, David 204
City Gents 24
Clapton, Eric 9, 46, 50, 63, 71, 76, 108, 122, 180
Claridge, David 193
Clark, Ossie 9, 19, 51, 83, 104-9, 116, 120, 168, 215
Clark, Petula 54
Clarke, Michael 190
Clash, The 36, 80, 135, 137, 140, 142, 146, 152, 154, 156-8, 161, 178, 216
Claxton, William 89
Clift, Montgomery 26
Clowes, Sue 166
Cochran, Eddie 137, 162
Cochrane, Kelso 23
Cockell, Patrick 66, 83
Cocker, Jarvis 202
Cocker, Joe 82
Cogan, Alma 30
Cohen, Leonard 185
Cohen, Sheila 71, 74, 76, 79, 80, 81
Cohn, Nik 20, 22, 33, 52, 65, 71, 94, 115
Cohn, Nudie 19
Collins, Grenville 63
Collyer, Ken 24
Combes, Sean "Diddy" 204-5, 208, 210
Combustible Edison 206
Como, Perry 31, 36
Connery, Sean 32-3
Connors, David 146, 172-3
Conran, Jasper 152, 186, 190, 196
Conran, Sebastian 152
Conran, Shirley 50
Conran, Terence 50-1
Cooder, Ry 144
Cook, Harry 193
Cook, Paul 135
Cooke, Fraser 192-7, 202-3, 212
Cooke, Sam 137
Coon, Caroline 155
Cooper, Alice 121, 127, 132
Cooper, Geoff 94, 105, 116
Cooper, Kavan 38
Cooper, Ronald 23
Cooper, Stephanie 177
Corll, Dean 149
Corner, Lindsay 76, 106
Corr, Andrea 212
Costello, Elvis 144, 163
Courrèges, André 50
Courtenay, Tom 50
Courtney, Rob 207
Cranberries, The 205
Cream 46, 65, 96, 106
Creation, The 62, 96
Crittle, John 47
Crolla, Scott 188, 190
Crome, Erica 70
Crosby, John 56
Crosby, Stills & Nash 106
Crudup, Arthur "Big Boy" 16
Cult, The 89
Culture Club 152, 166-7, 190
Currie, Alanna 207
Cushing, Peter 188
Czezowski, Andy 160
D
Dadd, Richard 74
DAF 206
Dagger, Steve 161
Dagworthy, Wendy 105
Daltrey, Roger 56, 64, 125
Damned, The 146
Daniels, Tony 142, 162
Dankworth, John 28
Darnell, August 161
Dash, Damon 210
Davies, Cyril 9, 38
Davies, Nigel 37
Davies, Ray 54, 65, 116, 202
Davis Jnr, Sammy 29, 42-3, 98
Davis, Miles 27, 30, 34, 191
Davison, Brian "Blinky" 94
De La Soul 200
De Sens, Marcel 183
Dead Or Alive 132
Dean, James 22, 30, 57, 76, 132
Dearden, Jenny 106
Dee, Kiki 56
Deep Purple 96
Degville, Martin 159, 165-6
Deighton, Gordon 70
DeLillo, Richard 47
Demoriane, Hermine 144
Denney, Sue 202
Denyer, Pauline 51, 125-6, 181-3
Denza, Vanessa 26, 51
Derry, Carol 83
Devore, Cy 90
Dexter, Jeff 44, 60, 62, 64-6
Dexys Midnight Runners 36, 98, 100, 178-9, 198
Diana, Princess of Wales 151
Diaz, Cameron 88
Diddley, Bo 31, 39, 131
Dietrich, Marlene 48, 58
Dior, Christian 48, 170, 214
Disney, Walt 112
Dixon, Tom 142, 180
Doherty, Pete 208, 210, 216-7
Donegan, Lonnie 31
Donovan, Jason 199
Doors, The 92, 182
Dorsey Brothers 16
Dove, John 122
Dove, Molly 122
Dr Dre 200
Dr Feelgood 131
Drake, Nick 112
Driscoll, Julie 61
Driver, Minnie 88
Duffty, Keanan 214
Dulac, Edmund 74
Dunbar, Aynsley 180
Dunbar, Derek 172
Dunbar, John 76
Duran Duran 161, 166, 174, 176, 188
Dury, Ian 20, 114
Dylan, Bob 17, 40, 67, 89, 125
Dyson, James 180
E
Eager, Vince 30
Echo And The Bunnymen 158
Eckstine, Billy 14
Edwards, Teddy 115
Egan, Rusty 158, 193
Eggar, Samantha 102
Eighth Wonder 188
Ekland, Britt 115
Eley Kishimoto 213
Ellington, Duke 39
Elliott, Missy 214
Elms, Robert 98, 143, 160-1, 179, 193
ELP 97
Elson, Karen 213
Emerson, Keith 97
Emmerton, Adrian 71
English, Jack 160, 163, 172
English, Michael 79
Eno, Brian 118
Entwistle, John 56
Epstein, Brian 31, 40, 43, 46-7, 98
Eric B 192
Essex, David 130, 137
Étienne de Crécy 206
Ettedgui, Joseph 188
Eurythmics 174, 190
Evans, Bill 30
Everest, Timothy 205
Everly Brothers 36
F
Faces, The 96-7, 132, 134
Fahey, Siobhan 205
Fairley, Roma 50, 58
Fairport Convention 92
Faith, Adam 30-1, 42, 43, 45, 94, 134
Faithfull, Marianne 102, 108-9, 137
Falaise, Maxime de la 87
Fame, Georgie 62, 64, 96
Farina, Mimi 93
Farley, Terry 197
Farlow, Chris 65
Farrimond, Jane 166
Farrow, Mia 102
Farsides, Tony 190-1, 197
Fashion 166
Fatback Band, The 191
Fatboy Slim 206
Fath, Jacques 48
Feathers, Charlie 17
Feld, Mark (see Marc Bolan)
Feldman, Marty 98
Feliciano, José 45
Ferry, Bryan 60, 114, 116-7, 119, 120, 137, 174, 176, 180, 188, 205, 210
Field, Patricia 212-4
Finch, Barry 46
Findlay, Chrissie (see Chrissie Wood)
Fiorucci, Elio 177
Fish, Michael 59
Fisk, Ian 71, 112
Fitz-Simon, Stephen 102, 104
Flanders, Annie 87
Fleetwood Mac 98
Fleetwood, Mick 96
Fleming, Bruce 68
Flowers, Mike 206
Flying Burrito Brothers 93
Flying Saucers Rock'n'Roll 130
Foale, Marion 9, 50, 51, 56, 86, 182, 185
Foo, Sharin 210
Fool, The 47
Ford, Tom 215
Fordham, Pauline 50, 56, 137
Four Tops, The 42, 45
Fowley, Kim 93
Foxton, Simon 191
Fraey, Suzanka 177
Frankel, Leslie 77
Frankie Goes To Hollywood 187, 190, 196
Franklin, Caryn 191
Franklyn, Jeannie "The Tailor" 92

Franks, Bill 52, 54, 58
Franks, Lynne 186
Franz Ferdinand 8, 184, 209, 216, 217
Franzen, Ulrich 86
Fraser, Robert 77
Freeman, Alan 190
Freud, Bella 109
Friedland, Carol 86
Fromer, Marty 122, 124, 131
Fryer, Dave 22
Fugees, The 204
Fujiwara, Hiroshi 203
Fun Lovin' Criminals 205-6
Fung, Trevor 194
Funkadelic 191
Furstenberg, Diane Von 208
Fury, Billy 54, 130-1, 134
Fussey, Suzi 121
Fyvel, TB 31

G

Gacy, John Wayne 149
Gaillard, Slim 193
Gainsbourg, Serge 216
Gallagher, Liam 93, 99, 204
Gallagher, Noel 206
Galliano, John 89, 109, 170-1, 196, 210
Gang Of Four 206
Garcia, Nancy 214
Gardner, Ava 48
Gardner, Kim 62
Garrett, Adrian 197
Garrod, Diane 177
Gaultier, Jean Paul 190, 194, 197
Gee, Cecil 25, 26, 28-9, 42
Geldof, Bob 163, 186-7
Generation X 149
George, Nelson 192
Gernreich, Rudi 87, 89-90
Gerry And The Pacemakers 52
Getty, John Paul 76, 134
Gibbons, Steve 165
Gibbs, Christopher 32, 70, 74, 77-8, 94
Gilbert, Pat 157
Gilbey, Tom 67
Gillespie, Bobby 215
Gillespie, Dizzy 193
Gilmore, Gary 150
Gilmour, Dave 108
Giorgetti, Cristina 29
Girls Together Outrageously 93
Giuffre, Jimmy 29
Gladiators, The 191
Glass, Sue 177
Glitter, Gary 93, 96, 112, 131, 165
Glover, Roger 96
Godard, Vic 163
Gold, Johnny 115
Gold, Warren 55, 58
Goldfrapp, Alison 212
Goldie 205
Golding, Peter 38-9, 115
Goldsmith, Harvey 94
Goldstein, Jerry 60, 131, 134, 137
Good, Jack 30
Goodman, Dave 143
Gordon, Helmut 64
Gordon, Kim 203
Gordon, Lascelles 191
Gordon, Sandy 212
Gordon, Tony 196
Gordon-Lazareff, Helen 50
Graham Bond Organisation 180
Grand, Katie 211-2
Grant, Cary 26
Grant, Peter 127
Grateful Dead 84
Gravenites, Linda 92-3
Gray, Macy 212
Greco, Juliet 23
Green, Bill 32-3
Green, Felicity 102
Green, John 50
Green, Martin 206
Green, Sid 131-2
Greene, Benny 30
Gregory, Will 212
Grey, Joel 82
Guest, Val 29
Gunnell, John 34
Gunnell, Rik 34
Guralnick, Peter 15

H

Haines, Perry 158, 176
Haley, Bill 45, 130
Hall, Jerry 120, 176
Halliwell, Geri 204
Hamnett, Katharine 112, 185-7, 190
Hannah, Daryl 207
Hanson, Jack 92
Hanson, Sally 92
Happy Mondays, The 197
Hapshash & The Coloured Coat 79-81
Hardy, Françoise 37
Haring, Keith 197
Harper, Alfred 23
Harpo, Slim 64
Harris, Bobby 67
Harris, Jet 29
Harris, Wee Willie 42
Harris, Wynonie 20
Harrison, George 31, 41-7, 50, 92, 98, 108, 125
Harry, Debbie 167, 176, 207
Harvey, PJ 173
Harwood, John 150
Haslam, Nicky 84
Havilland, Terry de 97, 215
Haye, Amy de la 137
Hayes, Isaac 17
Hayes, Simon 46
Hayworth, Rita 48
Hazelgrove, Charles 12
Healy, Jeremy 165, 191, 211
Heath, Martin 191
Heath, Ted 20
Heaven 17, 173
Hebdige, Dick 36
Heinz 131
Hell, Richard 131, 136
Helvin, Marie 120
Hemingway, Geraldine 198
Hemingway, Wayne 198-9
Hendrix, Jimi 60, 65, 69, 71, 78, 82, 92, 97, 109, 137, 171, 182
Hepburn, Audrey 28
Herman's Hermits 52, 57
Heseltine, Michael 70
Hicks, Thomas (see Tommy Steele)
Hilfiger, Tommy 204-5
Hill, Faith 210
Hillier, Bevis 104
Hilton, Paris 208, 214
Hines, Earl "Fatha" 14
Hinwood, Peter 108
Hives, The 184
Hockney, David 9, 106, 182
Hodes, Barbara 87
Hogg, Pam 197, 201, 207
Holah, David 190
Holliday, Billie 62
Holliday, Michael 20, 26
Hollies, The 56
Hollingshead, Michael 83
Holloway, Nicky 194
Holly, Buddy 42
Holzer, Baby Jane 84
Hooker, John Lee 39
Hopkins, Lightning 9
Hopper, Dennis 50
Hornick, Freddie 81-2
Horrocks, James 191
Howard, Tony 108
Howlin' Wolf 66
Huey 205
Hulanicki, Barbara 50, 102, 104, 113, 213
Human League, The 165
Humby, David 180
Humperdinck, Engelbert 96, 165
Humphries, Barry 212
Hunt, Marsha 185
Hunt, William 205
Hunter, Ray 30
Huston, Angelica 188
Hynde, Chrissie 133, 136, 142, 145, 190

I

Ice Cube 200
Idol, Billy 120, 149, 164
Indiana, Robert 109
Ingram, John Michael 42, 58, 66-7
International Submarine Band 93
Irani brothers 30
Izzard, Eddie 179

J

J Lo 210
Jacobs, Marc 210
Jagger, Bianca 97, 205
Jagger, Chris 108, 50
Jagger, Mick 19, 34, 38-9, 56, 59, 64, 67, 71, 77, 82-4, 89, 108-9, 112, 125, 151, 160, 173, 180, 186, 216-7
Jah Wobble 145
Jake, Shaky 39
Jam, The 158, 162
James, Richard 205
James, Tony 149, 157
James White & The Blacks 193
Japan 174
Jarman, Derek 138
Jay Z 208, 212
Jiminez, Carmen 96
Jimmy Giuffre Trio 29
Jobson, Richard 190
Jodeci 205
Johansen, David 135
John, Elton 110, 112, 120, 137, 151
Johnny Burnette Trio 162
Johnson, Betsey 85, 86-9
Johnson, Holly 190
Johnson, Jill 164
Johnson, Lloyd 33, 37-8, 54, 56, 66-7, 72-3, 83, 94, 96-8, 162-4, 176, 177, 183, 206, 213
Johnson, Lulu 88
Johnson, Teddy 20
Jones, Alan 133, 139
Jones, Alan 193
Jones, Brian 39, 77, 80, 90, 92, 108-9, 125
Jones, Davy 92
Jones, Grace 176, 190
Jones, Kidada 205
Jones, Kutie 137
Jones, Mick 140, 152, 156, 157
Jones, Steve 131, 133, 139, 214
Jones, Terry 177
Jones, Tom 45, 62, 96, 165
Joplin, Janis 84, 88, 92
Jordan, Louis 161
Jordan 133, 136, 146-8
Jordan, Peter 134
Joy Division 207
Jumping Jack Flash 109
Jungle Brothers 200

K

Kahn, Jane 165-6
Kaiser Chiefs 184
Kane, Eden 36, 42
Kane, Virgil 81
Kapranos, Alex 209
Karie, Max 203-4, 213
Karminsky, James 206
Karminsky, Martin 206
Kavanagh, Dale 32
Kawakubo, Rei 174
Kee, Jenny 71
Keeler, Christine 108
Keith, Linda 65, 108
Kelly, Ben 146
Kemp, Gary 161
Kemp, Martin 190
Kennedy, Jackie 88
Kensit, Patsy 188, 190, 204
Kent, Nick 136, 144
Kenzo 168, 182
Kerouac, Jack 22
Keys To The Streets Of Fear 216
Kid Creole And The Coconuts 161
Kilburn & The High Roads 114, 131
Killjoys, The 178
Kills, The 210
King, BB 17
King, Solomon 44
King, Tubby 137
Kingsmen, The 17
Kinks, The 9, 52, 54, 63, 89, 202
Kirchherr, Astrid 31
Klein, Calvin 188, 214
Knowles, Beyoncé 210-1
Koger, Marijke 46
Kohn, Marek 166
Kolowska, Christina 152, 155
Kopelman, Michael 189, 191-2, 196-7, 203, 212-13
Korner, Alexis 9, 24, 38
Korniloff, Natasha 121
Kors, Michael 208
Kostiff, Gerlinda 197
Kostiff, Michael 197
Kraftwerk 193
Kravitz, Lenny 88, 210
Krell, Gene 81-2, 130, 135, 172-3, 208, 210
Krevine, John 140, 142, 144, 149, 150-1
Kronthaler, Andreas 171
Kwintner, Jeff 68, 98

L

L Trains 162
Labovitch, Carey 70
Labovitch, Clive 70
LaChapelle, David 214
Lagerfeld, Karl 204
Laine, Frankie 28
Laing, RD 134
Lambert, Kit 64-5
Lambert, Vernon 71, 82
Lamble, Martin 92
Lane, Kenneth Jay 82, 87, 89
Lane, Ronnie 44, 64, 132
Lang, Helmut 212
Lang, kd 88
Lansky, Bernard 12-18, 215
Lansky, Guy 12, 14, 15
Lansky, Hal 17, 18
Lansky, Samuel Lewis 14
Laroche, Pierre 121
Lauren, Ralph (Ralph Lipschitz) 30, 204, 208
Lawrence, Stephen 23
Lear, Amanda 80, 119
Lebon, James 191
Lebon, Marc 167, 191
Lee, Jeanette 145
Leeger, Josje 46
Leive, Cindi 210
Lennon, John 31, 41, 42-7, 67, 71, 79, 108
Lennox, Annie 190
Lester, Dick 45
Letts, Don 142-5, 148-50
Levene, Ian 198
Lewis, Bob 162
Lewis, Jerry Lee 17, 18, 31, 131, 134
Lewis, John 23
Leyton, John 42
Liberace 42, 54
Libertines, The 216
Linard, Stephen 158, 160, 165, 190
Lincoln, Paul 30
Lipschitz, Ralph (see Ralph Lauren)
Little, Deanna 86
Little Richard 131
Little Steve 63
LL Cool J 192
Lloyd, John 125-7
Logan, Andrew 104, 134
Love, Courtney 88, 93, 204, 207, 212
Lowe, Nick 144
Lower Third, The 62
Lubel, Sarah 177
Lucy & The Lovers 178
Lwn, Annabella 168
Lycett-Green, Rupert 58
Lydon, John (see Johnny Rotten)
Lyman, Arthur 206
Lynden, John 47
Lyttelton, Humphrey 23, 25

M

Mac 54
McCann, Gerald 51
McCarthy, Kevin 30
McCartney, Paul 31, 41-5, 47, 79, 83, 113-14
McCartney, Stella 108, 190, 211-2
McCullin, Don 20, 52
McGhee, Brownie 39
McGowan, Cathy 50, 51, 63, 102
MacGowan, Shane 139
McGrath, Michael 55
Macinnes, Colin 22, 30, 37, 188
McIntosh, Martin 30-1
Mackay, Andy 113
Mackay, Sheena 56
Mackenzie, Billy 207, 215
Mackey, Steve 211
Mackie, Bob 19
McLagan, Ian 24, 44, 62-6,
McLaren, Malcolm 10, 22, 32-4, 60, 82, 96, 114, 124, 128-32, 134-7, 138-9, 143-4, 146, 148, 151, 157-8, 168, 170-3, 192, 203, 208, 211, 213, 215
McLuskey, Sean 207
Macmillan, Dan 205
McNair, Archie 48
McNicol, Carole 119
McQueen, Alexander 171, 210-2, 215
McQueen, Steve 42, 45, 142
McVeigh, Mike 38
Madness 114, 162-3, 190, 205
Madonna 151, 186, 190, 197, 204, 211-3
Mahoney, Steve 193
Mair, Alan 94
Malkmus, Stephen 210
Mankowitz, Wolf 29
Manson, Marilyn 215
Manson, Shirley 203
Marcus, Bruce 205-6
Marilyn 161, 167, 193
Marley, Bob 137, 142, 145, 148
Marriott, Steve 56
Marsden, Gerry 43
Marsh, Dave 62
Martin, Dean 29
Martin, George 45
Marvin, Lee 44
Master P 204
Matchbox 162
Matlock, Glen 32-3, 104, 110, 132, 134-6, 138, 152, 155, 162
May, Phil 55
Maybury, John 190
Mayhew, Michael 78
MC Hammer 200
MC5 131
Meaden, Pete 64, 65
Meades, Jonathan 78
Melanie B 204-5
Melly, Diana 48
Melly, George 23-4, 26, 32, 79, 81
Mendelsohn, Bradley 122, 124
Mendes, Valerie 137
Mercury, Freddie 94, 97
Merseybeats, The 50
Merton Parkas, The 163
Michael, George 151, 177, 188, 191, 205
Michael, John (see Ingram, John Michael)
Michon, Alex 152-6, 196
Mikki & Griff 34
Miles, Barry 76, 79
Millennium, The 92
Millie 44
Milligan, Mick 126
Millings, Dougie 26, 31, 37, 40-7, 50
Millings, Gordon 40, 42, 44-5
Mills, Gordon 45
Mlnaric, David 77, 94
Mineo, Sal 92, 142
Mingus, Charlie 37
Minogue, Kylie 151, 173, 199, 210-2
Miranda, Carmen 165
Miss Mercy 93
Mitchell, Gala 79
Mitchell, Guy 20
Mitchell, Joni 18
Miyake, Issey 114, 174, 188
Mizrahi, Isaac 204
Modern Jazz Quartet 29, 34
Moffitt, Peggy 89-90
Mojos 180
Moke, Johnny (John Rowley) 33, 60, 62-3, 65, 70, 78, 97, 98, 126, 211
Moller, Kari-Ann 50, 105, 108
Momus 171
Mondino, Jean-Baptiste 197
Monkees, The 92
Monochrome Set 162
Moore, Alan 194
Moore, Dudley 98
Moore, Scotty 15, 19
Moore, Thurston 210
Moraes, Henrietta 76, 83
Morgan, Jamie 191
Morley, Paul 187
Morrison, Jim 137
Morrison, Sterling 86
Morrissey, Steven 146
Morse, Joan 87-8
Moss, Freddie 60
Moss, Jon 152
Moss, Kate 215-6
Moss, Martin 51
Mosshart, Alison 210
Mothers of Invention 182
Mott The Hoople 80
Move, The 46, 66
Mr Pearl 214
Mucha, Alfons 74
Mudhoney 200
Mugler, Thierry 214
Muir, Jean 188
Muleskinners, The 64, 66
Mulligan, Gerry 29, 36
Mulligan, Mick 24
Mulvagh, Jane 132, 134, 168
Murcia, Billy 88
Murray, Charles Shaar 120
Murray, Susan 50
Murvin, Junior 145
Myles, Trevor 71, 83, 110, 112-13, 115, 122-4, 131, 134, 170

N

Napier, April 212
Nardelli, Stephen 102
Nash, Gela 176
Nash, John 56
Nelhams, Terence (Adam Faith) 30
Neumann, Alfred E. 30
Neurath, Tom 38
Neville, Richard 83, 102
New York Dolls 86, 94, 131, 134, 207, 212
Newson, Marc 180
Newton, Helmut 205
Nice, The 94
Nicholson, Jack 82
Nico 89
Nino 193
Nirvana 200
Niven, David 36
No Doubt 210
Numan, Gary 161
Nureyev, Rudolf 134
Nutter, Tommy 47

O

Oakenfold, Paul 194
Oasis 202, 204, 206
O'Brien, Pauline 179
Ochs, Phil 92
O'Connor, Jim 110
October, Gene 149
O'Donnell, Ollie 143, 161
O'Dowd, George (see Boy George)

O'Hara, Helen 179
Oldfield, Bruce 188
Oldham, Andrew Loog 20, 36, 58, 64, 67
Oldham, Todd 204
Only Ones 94
Ono, Yoko 102, 108
O'Power, Desmond 115
O'Rahilly, Ronan 60
Orbison, Roy 17
Ormsby-Gore, Jane 83
Orridge, Genesis P 149
Osbourne, Kelly 214
Osbourne, Sharon 55
Outkast 8, 208
Oxford, Elaine 177

P

Pablo & Delia 185
Page, Jimmy 82, 115
Page, Larry 54
Page, Robin 38
Pallenberg, Anita 77, 97, 108, 203
Palmer, Mark 83
Palmer, Robert 176
Palmer, Sir Mark 108
Parade, Nicky 116
Parker, Charlie 37
Parker, Colonel Tom 16, 19
Parker, Olaf 202, 211
Parker, Sarah Jessica 214
Parker, Tim 202
Parkinson, David 131, 142
Parkinson, Norman 50
Parma, Daniella 121
Parnes, Larry 30, 43, 130
Parsons, Gram 76-7, 93
Paterson, Jim 179
Paul, John 71
Pavement 210
Paytress, Mark 135-6, 142
Peaches 214
Pearl Jam 200
Pearse, John 36-7, 74, 76-7, 80-2, 106, 157
Peck, Gregory 28
Penati, Gianni 77
Pender, Mike 37
Pennebaker, DA 40
Perkins, Anthony 30
Perkins, Carl 17, 31
Perry, Fred 60
Perry, Mark 149
Pet Shop Boys 151, 199
Peterson, Gilles 192
Petri, Ray 191
Phillip, Steven 215
Phillips, Eddie 62, 66
Phillips, Peter 182
Phillips, Sam 15
Phoenix 216
Piaggi, Anna 71
Picasso, Pablo 32
Pig Face 207
Pink Floyd 9, 46, 74, 76, 106, 108, 136
Pirroni, Marco 142, 162, 168
Pitt, Brad 125
Pitt, Ken 15
Pizzicato Five 206
Plunket Green, Alexander 48, 50, 51
Poitier, Suki 108
Polecats, The 162
Pollock, Alice 108, 76, 83, 109
Pop, Iggy 93, 124, 137
Poor, The 92
Porter, Janet Street 134
Posen, Zac 208
Posh 203
Postuma, Simon 46
Poulignac, Catherine de 48
Powell, Mark 179, 188, 190, 205
Pratt, Mike 30
Prendergast, Eddie 194
Presley, Elvis 8, 12-20, 31, 34
Presley, Gladys 15
Presley, Priscilla 18
Pretenders, The 136, 164, 190
Pretty Things 55, 56, 62
Price, Antony 96, 105, 116-21, 132, 149, 174, 176, 210
Price, Lloyd 31
Pride, Dickie 30
Primal Scream 200, 207, 215
Priore, Dominic 31
Proby, PJ 45
Public Image Ltd 145
Pulp 202, 206, 211
Purple Gang 78, 79

Q

Quant, Mary 36, 48, 50, 50-1, 66, 76, 84, 86, 92, 176
Quarrymen, The 47
Queen 94, 97, 185

R

Rabb, Luther 78
Rachman, Peter 60
Rachon, Madame 38
Rackham, Arthur 74
Radiohead 212
Radley, Al 109
Raekwon 205
Rafaelson, Bob 92
Raincoats, The 152
Raindrops, The 26
Rainey, Michael 77, 83, 112, 208
Rains, Traver 214
Rakes, The 217
Rakim 192
Ram Jam Band 180
Ramones, The 158
Rampling, Danny 194
Randall, Tony 30
Ranking Roger 173
Rat Pack 29, 90, 206
Ravens, The 54
Raveonettes 210
Ray, Johnny 20, 43
Raynor, Steph 131, 140, 142-4, 149-51, 158, 160-1
Razorlight 217
Redding, Otis 17, 119
Reed, Barry 70, 73
Reed, Jimmy 62
Reed, Lou 86, 120-1, 135
Reeves, Martha & The Vandellas 50
Reeves, Paul 71, 125-7
Reeves, Vic 188
Reid, Jamie 139, 151
Reid, Kevin 197
Relf, Keith 56
Renta, Oscar de la 208
Rhodes, Bernie 36, 135-7, 152, 155-7, 178
Rhodes, Zandra 51, 56, 106, 182, 185, 188, 215
Ricard, Rene 89
Rich, Richie 214
Richard, Cliff 30, 40, 54, 57
Richards, Keith 34, 39, 65, 67, 77, 81, 97, 109, 116, 203
Richardson, Terry 187
Richmond, John 196
Ridgeley, Andrew 188
Roberts, Keith 110
Roberts, Michael 161
Roberts, Tommy 20, 24, 34, 37, 54, 71, 104, 110, 112-5, 122, 124, 134, 140, 213
Robinson, Helen 150-1, 160-1
Rock, Mick 124, 135
Rock, Sheila 173
Rocker, Johnny 190
Rocksteady Crew 192
Roger, Bunny 25, 67
Roland Rat 193
Rolling Stones 8, 37-9, 50, 52, 56, 59, 62, 72, 74, 76-7, 84, 96, 109, 112, 157, 164, 213, 216
Ronson, Mick 121
Rose, Tim 9
Ross, Diana 82
Ross, Jenny 177
Ross, Steve 150
Rotondi, Cesar 90
Rotten, Johnny (John Lydon) 136-8, 142, 144, 146, 148, 158, 214
Roulettes, The 45
Rowland, Kevin 98-101, 178-9, 205
Rowley, John (see Moke, Johnny)
Roxy Music 9, 50, 105, 113, 116, 118-20, 143, 210
Run DMC 192
Runaways, The 93
Ruocco, Chris 193
Rushdie, Salman 78-9
Russell, Leon 82
Rutherford, Paul 190
Ruttenstein, Kal 214
Rydell, Bryan 192
Rykel, Sonia 213

S

Saatchi, Charles 130
Sade 161
Sainsbury, Barry 59
Saint Laurent, Yves 71, 205
Saints, The 207
Salewicz, Chris 170
Sallon, Philip 167
Salter, Tom 58
Sallon, Philip 161
Samuel, Nicky 82
Sarne, Tanya 109
Savage, Jon 131, 164
Sayer, Leo 137
Scala, Mim 20, 30
Schatzberg, Jerry 84
Schlesinger, John 88
Schneider, Bert 92
Schooly D 191
Schuller, Charles 67
Schumacher, Joel 86
Scissor Sisters 216
Scott, Ronnie 26, 28, 30
Scutt, Judy 78
Scutt, Paul 78
Searchers, The 37
Sebadoh 210
Secret Affair 163
Secunda, Chelita 108, 126, 137
Secunda, Tony 108
Sedgwick, Edie 89
Sellers, Peter 32, 112
Sensational Alex Harvey Band 135
Sex Pistols 32, 104, 110, 114, 120, 131, 134-7, 139, 144, 146, 148, 151-2, 157-8, 161-3, 168, 198, 214
Sexton, Edward 47
Sha Na Na 140
Shadows, The 30, 37, 54
Shaffer, Serena 113
Shakin' Stevens & The Sunsets 130
Shakur, Tupac 205
Shankar, Ravi 92
Sharkey, Alix 164
Sharp, Don 29
Sharpe, Barrie 191
Shaw, Sandie 50, 68
Shears, Jake 216
Shepp, Archie 137
Sheppard, Eugenia 87
Shimeld, David "Che" 94, 105, 108, 116
Shotton, Pete 47
Showmen, The 64
Shrimpton, Chrissie 109
Shuel, Brian 79
Sigue Sigue Sputnik 165
Silas 213
Simmonds, Michael 52
Simmons, Kimora Lee 208
Simmons, Russell 204, 208
Simon, Frank 70
Simonon, Paul 152, 155, 158, 216
Simons, John 28-9, 68, 98
Simple Minds 166, 176
Simpson, Charlie 71, 122, 124
Sinatra, Frank 20, 43
Sinatra, Nancy 84, 92
Siouxsie Sioux (Susan Ballion) (& the Banshees) 104, 120, 135, 162-4, 167, 207
Sky, Rick (Ricky Skymanski) 135
Slade 120, 188, 198
Slimane, Hedi 208, 210, 216-17
Slits, The 145
Small Faces 55-6, 63-6, 76, 162, 202
Small, Peter 165-6
Smalls, Biggie 204
Smedley, John 171, 187, 197
Smile 94
Smith, Graham 161, 166, 193
Smith, Mandy 194
Smith, Patti 142, 155
Smith, Paul 8, 67, 113, 125-6, 180-5, 210, 213
Smith, Richard 22
Snoopy Doggy Dogg 200
Snowdon, Lord 47
Soft Machine 46
Solanas, Valerie 136
Sonic Youth 203, 210
Sonny & Cher 84, 90, 92
Soul, David 207
Soul II Soul 196
Spandau Ballet 161, 190, 193, 196
Specials, The 36, 162, 163, 178
Spencer Davis Group 65
Spice Girls, The 151, 204
Spiteri, Sharleen 215
Spivey, Victoria 39
Spooky Tooth 94
Springfield, Buffalo 92
Springfield, Dusty 40
Sprouse, Stephen 167
Spungen, Nancy 146, 158
Squires, The 62
Stamp, Chris 64
Stamp, Terence 59
Standells, The 92
Stansfield, Claire 215
Staples, Gilly 106
Stapleton, Cyril 20
Stardust, Alvin 96
Starr, Maureen 50
Starr, Ringo 41-3, 45, 47, 50, 130
Stax, John 56
Steampacket 9, 62
Stec, Joey 92
Steel Pulse 166, 191
Steele, Tommy (Thomas Hicks) 26, 30, 42
Stefani, Gwen 210-2, 214
Stephen, John 33, 43, 52-9, 178
Stevens, Guy 36, 39, 60, 62, 64, 80, 137
Stevenson, Nils 163
Stewart, Dave 115, 190
Stewart, Rod 9, 37, 61-3, 93, 96-7, 115, 127, 137, 180
Stewart, Stevie 190, 203, 212
Sting 163
Stirling, Ronnie 94, 105, 116
Stoeker, Karl 105
Stone, Elisa 86
Stone Roses, The 197
Stooges, The 207
Storey, Helen 104, 177
Strange, Steve 143, 158, 160-1, 164, 190, 193
Stray Cats, The 164
Streisand, Barbra 50, 71, 102, 125
Strokes, The 213
Strongman, Jay 143, 146, 148, 161-2, 164, 191, 206
Strongman, Phil 143, 144, 148-50
Strummer, Joe 135, 145, 152, 156
Stuart, Paul 28-30, 33
Stussy, Shawn 115, 191, 196-7, 203
Subway Sect 163
Suede 202
Sugar, Peter 52, 60
Sui, Anna 77, 109, 213
Suicide 207
Sullivan, Chris 143, 161, 164, 177, 179, 188, 193, 213
Sullivan, Ed 16
Sullivan, Nick 208
Sumac, Yma 206
Sumlin, Hubert 66
Summers, Donna 161
Sunglasses Ron 130
Supergrass 184
Supremes, The 50
Sutch, Pete 71, 125
Sutcliffe, Stuart 31
Sweet, The 93, 193
Sylvain Sylvain 88, 94, 134
Syn, The 102

T

Take That 205
Talking Heads 158
Talley, André Leon 208
Tamla Motown 62, 119
Tanner, Steve 64
Tarantino, Quentin 171
Taylor, Dick 56
Taylor, Elizabeth 58
Taylor, George 9
Taylor, James 125
Taylor, John 176
Taylor, Roger 94
Taylor, Steve 88
Teese, Dita von 215
Teller, Juergen 187
Temperance Seven 24
Temple, Julien 30
Templeman, Joan 94
Temptations, The 42, 45
Terry, Helen 190
Terry, Sonny 39
Texas 215
Thatcher, Margaret 185
Theatre Of Hate 166
Theskyens, Olivier 212
Thomas, Peter 23
Thomas, Rufus 17
Thompson, Richard 92
Thompson Twins 207
Thrashing Doves 194
Throbbing Gristle 149-50
Tilling, Gerald 113
Tolera, Christos 161, 205
Tonkin, Paul 131, 206
Tork, Pete 92
Townshend, Pete 56, 64-5, 116, 160, 163
Tree, Penelope 88-9
T.Rex 93, 108, 125-7
A Tribe Called Quest 200
Tridents, The 62
Trocchi, Alexander 136
Trojan 156, 196
Tucker, Mo 86
Tuffin, Sally 9, 50-1, 56, 86, 182, 185
Tupper, Cathy 152
Turner, Tina 93
Turpin, Sean 197
Twiggy 37, 63, 88, 102, 176
Tyler, Liv 211
Tyler, Steve 211
Tyson, Mike 192

U

U-Roy 82
Ultravox 173
Unit 4 Plus 2 97
Unwerth, Ellen von 187

V

Valentine, Bobby 42
Valentine, Dickie 20, 34
Valentino, Rudi 121
Vandellas, The (see Reeves, Martha & The Vandellas)
Velvet Underground 86-7, 89, 121
Vermorel, Fred 131, 135
Vermorel, Judy 131, 135
Versace, Donatella 205
Veruschka 86
Vicious, Sid 96, 139, 142, 144, 148, 158
Villeneuve, Justin de 102
Vincent, Gene 34, 42, 137, 161
Visage 161
Visconti, Tony 126
Voorman, Klaus 31
Vreeland, Diana 48, 50, 89

W

Wace, Robert 63
Wade, Andrew 139
Wain, Louis 74
Walford, John 51
Walker, Billy 57
Walker, T-Bone 39
Warhol, Andy 84, 87, 89, 132, 167
Warren, Andy 162
Washington, Geno 62
Waters, Muddy 31, 171
Watkins, Bob 199
Watson, EH 36
Watt, Judith 109
Watts, Michael 121
Waymouth, Nigel 34, 36, 38-9, 55, 71, 74-6, 78-9, 80-2, 137
Wedge, James 78
Welch, Raquel 88
Weller, Paul 98, 162-3, 202, 208, 216
West, Kanye 173
Westwood, Vivienne 22, 32, 33, 77, 82, 120, 124, 129-40, 142, 144, 146, 148, 151, 156, 158, 164-6, 168-73, 177, 197, 203, 208, 210, 212-5
Wet Wet Wet 205
Wham! 187, 193
White, Jack 213, 217
White, Meg 210
White, Michael 81
White Stripes 8, 210, 213
Whiteside, Jane 105, 116
Who, The 52, 56, 64-5, 76, 79, 157, 162-3
Wilbekin, Emil 204
Wilcox, Claire 138, 171
Wilcox, Toyah 193
Wild Angels 130
Wild, Colin 96
Wild Strawberries 171
Wilde, Marty 42, 45
Williams, Esther 14
Williams, Hank 20
Williams, Larry 31
Williams, Michael 83
Williams, Richard 9, 182
Williams, Robbie 173, 203
Williams, Sonny Boy 171
Williamson, Sonny Boy 39
Willis, Bruce 151
Willis, Tim 76
Wilson, Angus 23
Wilson, Carl 90
Wilson, Catherine 205
Wimpey, George 199
Windsor, Barbara 206
Winterbotham, Neil 78
Winters, P 177
Wintour, Anna 205, 210, 214
Withers, Simon 161
Wolfe, Tom 65, 84
Wong, Dexter 167
Wood, Chrissie (Chrissie Findlay) 96
Wood, Ronnie 56, 62, 65, 81, 96-7, 116
Woodentops 194
Woodhead, Colin 25-6, 28, 70, 72
Worthington, Charles 191
Wu-Tang Clan 204
Wyman, Bill 8

Y

Yamamoto, Kansai 121
Yamamoto, Yohji 174
Yardbirds, The 9, 56, 62, 73, 125
Yes 97, 137
York, Peter 113, 135
Young, Neil 185
Young, Paul 84, 86, 196
Young, Richard 60, 67, 98, 213

Z

Zappa, Frank 93, 180
Zeppelin, Led 93, 115, 125, 127, 184
Zombies, The 40, 97
Zoot Money 180
Zukie, Tapper 145, 191

Paul Gorman is a London-based writer whose work has appeared in publications from *GQ*, *Mojo* and *Heat* to *The Daily Telegraph* and *Radio Times*.

Gorman's books include:
In Their Own Write:
Adventures In the Music Press
(Sanctuary, 2001)
Nine Lives with Goldie
(Hodder & Stoughton, 2002)
Straight with Boy George
(Century, 2005)
Blood & Fire with Robin & Ali Campbell
(Century, 2005)

Adelita
A division of Metro Media Ltd
email: info@metromediauk.com
www.metromediauk.com

The Look CD

1. **ELVIS PRESLEY** – MYSTERY TRAIN

"Elvis was clean; he was sharp. I put a pink coat on him, black pair of pants, pink-and-black cummerbund, pretty shirt. They tore it off him, that's how crazy it was."
BERNARD LANSKY

Written by Herman "Little Junior" Parker/Sam Phillips,
published by Carlin Music Corp
Available on: The Memphis FLASH CR REV 137, www.revola.co.uk

2. **MILES DAVIS** – SMOOCH

"Miles was wearing dark, conservative clothes. There was a big fashion for a lightweight herringbone tweed suit and I think he had one of those on. Always a fashion animal, he had picked up on this look and made it his own."
RICHARD CHANNING

Written by Miles Davis and Charlie Mingus, published by Prestige Music
Recorded May 1953

3. **DAVID BOWIE** – I DIG EVERYTHING

"I was born with a David Bowie album in my hand; there can't be any stronger influence on how I grew up. I saw him in concert at the age of 13 or 14 and needed six months to recover!" HEDI SLIMANE

Written by David Bowie
Sparta Florida Music Group
℗ 1966 Sanctuary Copyrights Ltd
Licensed courtesy of Sanctuary Records Group

4. **THE PURPLE GANG** – GRANNY TAKES A TRIP

"You went into Granny Takes A Trip through a heavy bead curtain and were instantly blinded. The air was heavy with incense and patchouli oil and also the aromas of what the police called Certain Substances. Psychedelic music, big on feedback, terrorised your eardrums. After a time you became aware of a low purple glow, in which you could make out a few motionless shapes. These were probably clothes, probably for sale. You didn't like to ask."
SALMAN RUSHDIE

Written by Geoffrey Bowyer and Christopher Beard
Westminster Music Ltd
℗ 1967 Sanctuary Copyrights Ltd
Licensed courtesy of Sanctuary Records Group
www.sanctuaryrecordsgroup.co.uk

5. **MALCOLM McLAREN** – PARIS DEUX

"Fashion seemed to be the place where music and art came together. Creating my own clothes was like jumping into the musical end of painting. The shop became a natural extension of my studio. I was very anti-careeristic and, in my head, I was promoting failure."
MALCOLM McLAREN

Written by McLaren/Makaga/Gorman
Published by Chrysalis Music / Sony/ATV Tunes LLC (ASCAP) o/b/o Sony/ATV Music Publishing UK Ltd
Produced by Malcolm McLaren, Lee Gorman and Robin Millar
℗ 1997 World Attractions Ltd. under license to Gee Street Records, Inc.
originally released in 1995

6. **JOHN CALE & BRIAN ENO** – SPINNING AWAY

"Betsey Johnson was doing in fashion what we were doing in music. It seemed to me she knew everybody I knew. It was a match made in heaven." JOHN CALE

"We wanted to make the world sit up and pay attention to itself, and to reflect its images back to it in weird combinations that hadn't been seen before."
BRIAN ENO

Written by Brian Eno and John Cale,
published by Opal Music/John Cale Music Inc
Produced by Brian Eno and co-produced by John Cale
℗ and © 1990 All Saints Records under licence to Rykodisc
Licensed courtesy of Rykodisc
Available on: Wrong Way Up by Eno/Cale HNCD 1485
www.allsaintsrecords.com/www.rykodisc.co.uk

7. **BOY GEORGE** – SONG FOR A BOY IN DEEP WATER

"These days it's not enough to just look unusual. MTV and stylists are on the rampage and you can fool people more and more. Put enough eyeliner on a boil-in-the-bag pop starlet, add a CBGB's T-shirt and there it is: fake cool. That's not punk. My clothes are for people whose reputation precedes them." BOY GEORGE

Written by George O'Dowd/Richie Stevens, copyright control
© Boy George, 2005

8. **BLUE RONDO À LA TURK** – KLACTO PART TWO

"When the time came for me to stand up and be counted I turned the clock back to the period that probably had the most effect on me and the scene that attracted me to London in the first place; 1975 where gangs of guys and gals dressed in immaculate '40s and '50s clothes and danced to landmark funk in clubs such as Crackers and Chaguarama's." CHRIS SULLIVAN

Written by Mark Reilly, Kito Poncioni, Mike Lloyd Bynoe and Chris Sullivan,
published by Reformation Publishing
℗ 1982, © Blue Rondo A La Turk, 1982

9. **PAM HOGG** – OPEL EYES

"I was lounging on a sofa sipping cocktails, dressed up in my own gear – a black wet-look cat-suit with mesh panels giving a suspenders-and-stockings effect. Debbie Harry was looking me up and down and I said to her, 'You want this, don't you?'" PAM HOGG

Written by Pam Hogg, copyright control
© Pam Hogg, 2006

10. **KEVIN ROWLAND** – RAG DOLL

"When it comes to Kevin's ideas, at first they seem strange because he forces you to move out of the comfort zone. He's not dictated by fashion or current ideas. He always goes his own way, which is what an artist does, offering their interpretation of the world." PETE BARRETT

Written by Crew/Guadio, published by Winswept Pacific
℗ 1999 Creation Records, the copyright in this sound recording is owned by Kevin Rowland
Available on: My Beauty by Kevin Rowland

11. **WORLD ACCORDING TO** – FIRST DAY OF SPRING

"We set up along the lines of the rock business in that we viewed clothes as artists. You'd look at each collection as an album, and there needed to be a hit single. Everything we sell has kind of a feeling of being marketed; that's why we're not so much a fashion shop as a fashionable shop." MAX KARIE

Written by Pippa Brooks, copyright control
© Pippa Brooks, 2006

CD not available in the US. All enquiries info@metromediauk.com

Vivienne Westwood and Malcolm McLaren, Let It Rock, 1971

From the teenage Elvis Presley's pursuit of "high fashion" at the Lansky Bros store in Memphis in the early '50s to the multi-million dollar global fashion business of the new millennium, clothing and image remain as crucial in pop and rock as the music itself.

The Look is the definitive story of the explosive fusion of style and sounds, uncovering the influence of leading designers on individual performers and trends, and presenting the key clothing stores in the history of rock and pop. By highlighting the artists who encapsulate ultimate cool, *The Look* is a visual feast – the host of striking photographs and illustrations, many of which are rare and have never been previously published, are matched with detail to die for and adventures and tales from a maverick and influential cast of characters.

With an exclusive introduction by Paul Smith and an iconoclastic foreword by punk's provocateur Malcolm McLaren, *The Look* contains revealing contributions from the likes of Boy George, Rodney Bingenheimer, Katharine Hamnett, Wayne Hemingway, Bernard Lansky, Glen Matlock, Ronnie Wood, Kevin Rowland, Nancy Sinatra, Hedi Slimane, Paul Smith and many, many more, including the last-ever interviews with The Beatles' tailor Dougie Millings and John Stephen, the so-called "£1m Mod" and King of Carnaby Street.

For everyone capt [illegible] culture, *The Look* is [illegible] 1956 to Pete Doherty in 2006.

ISBN 0-9552017-0-5

9 780955 201707 >

£24.99

Published by Adelita

A division of Metro Media Ltd